



The Victoria Edition

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOL. III. TRAGEDIES

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ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at vari-
CAPULET, } ance with each other.

An old man, cousin to Capulet.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.

FRIAR JOHN, }

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses, Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE. *Verona; Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands
unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrow
Do with their death bury their parents'
strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd
love,

And the continuance of their parents'
rage,

Which, but their children's end, nought
could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our
stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive
to mend.

VOL. III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move

me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads: take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Ab. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Ab. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Ab. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[*They fight.*]

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what
• you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace!

I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans!

strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague, is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stin a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
 Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me:
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*]
Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more and fought on part and part.

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 That most are busied when they're most alone,

Pursued him humour not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out

And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bird bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but lean from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shift. Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Did a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed
you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And
she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is
soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss:
she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's
wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well
aim'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives
unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving
terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her
store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she
will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing
makes huge waste,

For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that
vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think
of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget
to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine
eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies'
brows

Being black put us in mind they hide the
fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight
lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a

Where I may read who pass'd that pass-
ing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to
forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else
die in debt. [Exit.

SCENE II. A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well
as I,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I
think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you
both;

And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my
suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said
before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world;

She hath not seen the change of fourteen
years;

Let two more summers wither in their
pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy
mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those
so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes
but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you, among the
store,

One more, most welcome, makes my
number more.

At my poor house look to behold this
night

Earth-treading stars that make dark
heaven light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh feather'd buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:

†Which on more view, of many mine being one

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper.*] Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. [*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[*Reads.*]

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valention and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,

With all the admired beauties of Verona: Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;

And these, who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world
began.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else
being by,

Herself poised with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales let there be
weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now
shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to
be shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ?
call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at
twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb ! what,
lady-bird !

God forbid ! Where's this girl ? What,
Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now ! who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse.
give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret :—nurse, come
back again ;

I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our
counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty
age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto
an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have
but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the
year,

Come Lammastide at night shall she be
fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian
souls !—

Were of an age : well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me : but, as I said,
On Lammastide at night shall she be
fourteen ;

That shall she, marry ; I remember it
well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven
years ;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall for-
get it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day :
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house
wall ;

My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the
nipple

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the
dug !

'Shake' quoth the dove-house : 'twas no
need, I trow,

To bid me trudge :

And since that time it is eleven years ;

For then she could stand alone ; nay, by
the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about ;
For even the day before, she broke her
brow :

And then my husband—God be with his
soul !

A' was a merry man—took up the child :
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy
face ?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast
more wit ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ?' and, by my holi-
dame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said
'Ay.'

To see, now, how a jest shall come about !

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone: A pailous knock; and it cried bitterly:

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?'

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament

And see how one another lends content,

And what obscured in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But let them measure us by what they will;

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romco, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor! what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the faeries' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Attwärt men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of filu

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squinel or old
 grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-
 makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by
 night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they
 dream of love ;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on
 court'sies straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
 on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
 dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
 plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats
 tainted are :
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's
 nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a
 suit ;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-
 pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's
 neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign
 throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish
 blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then
 anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and
 wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer
 or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very
 Mab
 That platts the manes of horses in the
 night,
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish
 hairs,
 Which once untangled much misfortune
 bodes :
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their
 backs,

That presses them and learns them first
 to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage :
 This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air
 And more inconstant than the wind, who
 woos

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from
 thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping
 south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us
 from ourselves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too
 late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind
 mi-gives

Some consequence yet hanging in the
 stars

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels and expire the
 term

Of a despised life closed in my breast
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But He, that hath the steerage of my
 course,

Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*]

* SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

Musicians waiting. *Enter Servingmen,
 with napkins.*

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he
 helps not to take away ? He shift a
 trencher ? he scrape a trencher !

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall
 lie all in one or two men's hands and
 they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools,
 remove the court-cupboard, look to the
 plate. Good thou, save me a piece of
 marchpane ; and, as thou lovest me, let
 the porter let in Susan Grindstone and
 Nell. Antony, and Potpan !

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much,
'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Some pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then
we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son
is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady
is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to
burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of
night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too
dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with
crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place
of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my
rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it,
sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Zyb. This, by his voice, should be a
Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares
the slave,

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flier and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman!
wherefore storm you so?

Zyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our
foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Zyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him
alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd
youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the
town

Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of
him:

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:

What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to:

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time. Well said, my hearts! You are a princeling; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. [To *Juliet*] If I profane with my unworshieth hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much.

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor, Her mother is the lady of the house, And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all; I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late: I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,

But to his foe supposed he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim, When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cætera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll benew baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me,
and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;

but trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I
joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease
to be

Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet,
good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next
we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose
and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my
breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so un-
satisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have
to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faith-
ful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst
request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for
what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee
again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea.

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within; dear love,
adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be
true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am
afraid,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and
good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-
morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform
the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the
world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st
not well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my
grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to
want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys
from their books,

But love from love, toward school with
heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a fal-
coner's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak
aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse
than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my
name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues
by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years
till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, nickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep
doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

* *Fri. L.* O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?

Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will surc run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already

dead: stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tunics of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these peidona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my

business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou was not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a

great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent;
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*sings*] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Mairy, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell

Be shruved and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she

looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful

blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

†But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy
man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O
Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them
merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet
news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave
awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt
have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones,
and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. good,
good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not
stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when
thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this
delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple
choice; you know not how to choose a
man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a
foot, and a body, though they be not to
be talked on, yet they are past compare:
he is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go
thy ways, wench; serve God. What,
have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know
before.

What says he of our marriage? what of
that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches!
what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side,—O, my back,
my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and
down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art
not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what
says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest
gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind,
and a handsome, and, I warrant, a vir-
tuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she
is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou
repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what
says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to
shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar
Laurence' cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your
cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is
dark:

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at
night.

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest
nurse, farewell. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon
this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us
not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what
sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her
sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy
words,

Then love-devouring death do what he
dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have
violent ends

And in their triumph die, like fire and
powder,

Which as they kiss consume: the sweet-
est honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness

And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore love moderately; long love
doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee,
daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks
too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy
joy

Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be
more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's
tongue

Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than
in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count
their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we
will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay
alone

Till holy church incorporate two in one.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page,
and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's
retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not scape a
brawl;

For now, these hot days, is the mad
blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those
fellows that when he enters the confines
of a tavern claps me his sword upon the
table and says 'God send me no need of
thee!' and by the operation of the second
cup draws it out on the drawer, when indeed
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a
Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as
soon moved to be moody, and as soon
moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such,
we should have none shortly, for one
would kill the other. Thou! why, thou
wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man
for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes: what
eye but such an eye would spy out such
a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels
as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head
hath been beaten as addle as an egg for
quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a
man for coughing in the street, because
he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain
asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out
with a tailor for wearing his new doublet
before Easter? with another, for tying

his new shoes with old rilband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place. And reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I • tender

As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.* Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets: Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch;
marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a
surgeon. *[Exit Page.]*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot
be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well,
nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis
enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a grave
man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this
world. A plague o' both your houses!
'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to
scratch a man to death! a braggart, a
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book
of arithmetic! Why the devil came you
between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house,
Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your
houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I
have it,

And soundly too: your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's
near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an
hour

Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercu-
tio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the
earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more
days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt
back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio
slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's
soul

Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Lither thou, or I, or both, must go with
him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst
consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom
thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

Enter Citizens, etc.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd
Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE,
CAPULET, their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of
this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my
brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the
blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou
art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody
fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's
hand did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him
bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged
withal

Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees
humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's
breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand
beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and
swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points.
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath
whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout
Tybalt slain.

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the
Montague;

Affection makes him false; he speaks not
true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black
strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one
life.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must
give;

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew
Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth
owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was
Mercutio's friend;

His fault concludes but what the law
should end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-
bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out
abuses:

Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in
haste,

Else, when he's found, that hour is his
last.

Bear hence this body and attend our
will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that
kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed
steeds,

Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wag-
goner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing
night,

That runaways' eyes may wink, and
Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil
night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,

I'lay'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my

cheeks,

With thy black mantle: till strange love,
grown bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou
day in night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-
brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes
 my nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue
 that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
 Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'

If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, -

(God save the mark!)—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did: alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! volkish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some
aqua vitae:

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows
make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to
shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be
crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that
kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is
my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall
smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have
mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill
my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my
husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native
spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have
slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain
my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than
Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished';

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship

And needly will be rank'd with other
griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's
dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or
both,

Which modern lamentation might have
moved?

But with a rearward following Tybalt's
death,

'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that
woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over
Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you
thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears:
mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banish-
ment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are
beguiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my
wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-
head!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find
Romeo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be hereat night:

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my
true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come
forth, thou fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the
prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship
lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses
sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished:

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,

But 'banished' to kill me?—'banished'? O fiar,

the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me

but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy
•love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.]

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of
heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of
eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!
Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile!
Stand up; [*Knocking.*]

Run to my study. By and by! God's
will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I
come! [*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?
what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and
you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy
friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with
his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress'
case,

Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and
blubbering.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a
man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and
stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's
the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is
it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our
joy

With blood removed but little from her
own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and
what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but
weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then
start-up,

And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo
cries,

And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed
hand

Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me,
friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I
may sack

The hateful mansion.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou
art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts
denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

On ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay
thyself?

And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven,
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all
three do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once
wouldest lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy
love, thy wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy
love, thy wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd
to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench, Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. J. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguised from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A room*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I:—Well, we were born to die. 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado,—a friend on two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me! it is so very very late,

That we may call it early by and by.

Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands up to on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearing,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go:

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*He goeth down.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murder'd lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runaway doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it:

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart
abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to
him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and
I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a
needy time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful
father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not
for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day
is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next
Thursday morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful
bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and
Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to
woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I
swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news in-
deed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell
him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth
drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still
in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the
sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy
body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy
sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with
them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now,
wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none,
she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me
with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give
us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her
blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride-
groom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thank-
ful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant
love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic!
What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank
you not;'

And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion,
you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday
next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you
baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you
mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my
knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a
word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me: My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her: Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her! You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossip, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl; For here we need it not.

I.a. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. †God's bread! it makes me mad:

†Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly

train'd, Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable

parts, Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,

I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

Foi, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! Delay this marriage for a month, a

week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

I.a. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it

doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not, Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, Having disvased my father, to Laurence's cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love; For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye: Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits: I hear thou must, and nothing may pro-

rogate it, On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it: If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise, And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed, Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both: Therefore, out of thy long-experienced

time, Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die, If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris, Thou hast the strength of will to slay

thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That copest with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower; Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rat-

tling bones, With reeky shanks and yellow chapless

skulls; Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt, To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed, And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse Shall keep his native progress, but sur-

cease: No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou

livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of
life:

Each part, deprived of supple govern-
ment,

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear
like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk
death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morn-
ing comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art
thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient
vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt
awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present
shame;

If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not
me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong
and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with
speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and
strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse,
and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are
writ. [*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir;
for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook
that cannot lick his own fingers: there-
fore he that cannot lick his fingers goes
not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this
time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar
Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some
good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift
with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where
have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to re-
pent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech
you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him
of this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow
morn'ing.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lau-
rence's cell;

And gave him what became love I might
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is
well: stand up;

This is as't should be. Let me see the
county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him
hither.

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into
my closet,

To help me sort such needful orna-
ments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there
is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

Ia. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.

What, ho!

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many oisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Ia. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

Ia. Cap. Good night:

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there. [*Laying down her dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air

breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years,
the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits
resort;—

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—

O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environ'd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pasty.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets.

What's there?

Now, fellow,

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs: Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would: I hear him near. [*Music within.*]

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; I'll go and chat with Paris: lie, make haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!

What, not a word? you take your penny-worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? [*Undraws the curtains.*]

What, diess'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. O son! the night before thy wedding-day Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir; My daughter he hath wedded: I will die, And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accused, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slam!

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced :

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :

She's not well married that lives married long ;

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rose-mary

On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church : For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral ; Our instruments to melancholy bells,

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,

Our solemn hymns to sullen dinges change,

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in ; and, madam, go with him ;

And go, Sir Paris ; every one prepare To follow this fair corse unto her grave :

The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;

Move them no more by crossing their high will. [*Exeunt Capulet,*

Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease : ' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe : ' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then ?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee ; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll re you, I'll fa you ; do you note me ?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men :

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound' ? why 'music with her silver sound' ? What say you, Simon Catling ?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too ! What say you, James Soundpost ?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ; you are the

singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty

seeds,

Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said

'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'

O, this same thought did but forerun my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins

That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath

As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,

Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength

Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice but full of charge

Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents;

But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;

Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along, Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. [*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my ob-equies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my lady's face;

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild, More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food! [*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. [*Comes forward.*]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate

Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself:

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations;
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of

Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd

youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty

makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]
How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced

there.

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth

in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I

believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster
keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with
thee;

And never from this palace of dim
night

Depart again: here, here will I re-
main

With worms that are thy chamber-maids;
O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious
stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes,
look you! last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips,
O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous-
kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury
guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run
on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary
bark!

Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true
apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss
I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard,
FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern,
crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed!
how oft to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!
Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one
that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me,
good my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his
light

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I
discern,

It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's
my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone
hence;

And fearfully did menace me with
death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone.

Fear comes upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-
tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought.

And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which
stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory
swords?

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what,
Paris too?

And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an
unkind hour.

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*]

Jul. O comfortable fiar! where is my
lord?

I do remember well where I should be.

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[*Voices within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady,
come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural
sleep:

A greater power than we can contra-
dict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come,
come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies
dead;

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of
thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. [*Exit Fri. I.*]

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain: And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried. Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets: Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's, Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that tumbles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run, With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man; With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house

Is empty on the back of Montague,— And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:

What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,

Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

To County Paris: then comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I wrot to

Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dieneight,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking, Came I to take her from her kindred's

vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But when I came, some minute ere the time

Of her awaking, here untimely lay The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for
a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say
in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of
Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monu-

This letter he early bid me give his
father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in
the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will
look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised
the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this
place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew
his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the
tomb;
And by and by my master drew on
him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good
the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her
death:
And here he writes that he did buy a
poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with
Juliet.

Where be these enemies? Capulet!
Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your
hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys
with love.

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are
punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me
thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no
more

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is
known,

There shall no figure at such rate be
set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his
lady's lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning
with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his
head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad
things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some
punished:

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.	FLAMINIUS, }	servants to Timon.
LUCIUS, }	LUCILIUS, }	
LUCULLUS, }	SERVILIUS, }	
SEMPRONIUS, }	CAPHIS, }	
VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.	PHILOTUS, }	servants to Timon's creditors.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.	TITUS, }	
APEMANTUS, a clownish philosopher.	LUCIUS, }	
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.	HORTENSIVS, }	
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.	And others, }	A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.
An old Athenian.	A Page. A Fool.	
	PHRYNIA, }	
	TIMANDRA. }	mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches?

See,

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself and like the current flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poct. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poct. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poct. Admirable: how this grace speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch; is't good?

Poct. I will say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poct. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poct. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors. I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With ampiest entertainment: my free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poct. I will unbolt to you. You see how all conditions, how all minds, As well of glib and slippery creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down

The knee before him and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poct. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,

That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

One do I personate of Lord Timon's fame,

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,

Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poct. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,

Some better than his value, on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him

Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poct. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood

Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows
of Fortune's

More pignantly than words. Yet you do well

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen

The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself countlessly to every sutor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt,
and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour!
[Exit.]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;

And my estate deserves an heir more raised

Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I,
no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present;
in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:

To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are Even such as they give out. I like your work;

And you shall find I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel

Haath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations. If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated As those which sell would give: but you well know,

Things of like value differing in the owners Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehen-

Apem. So thou apprehendest it : take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poct. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poct. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poct. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poct. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poct. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Play, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*]

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he out-
goes

The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus,
the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he
repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in for-
tunes! Shall we in?

First Lord. I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in
Timon's house.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great
banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others
attending; then enter LORD TIMON,
ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and
VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping
after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly,
like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember
my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To you free heart, I do return those
talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from
whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must
not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich
are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,

[*They all stand ceremoniously
looking on Timon.*]

Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow
welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there
needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my
fortunes

Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

First Lord. My lord, we always have
confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd
it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got
a humour there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to
blame.

They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis
est;' but yond' man is ever angry. Go,
let him have a table by himself, for he
does neither affect company, nor is he fit
for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,
Timon: I come to observe; I give thee
warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt
an Athenian, therefore welcome: I my-
self would have no power: prithee, let
my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould
choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.
O you gods, what a number of men eat
Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves
me to see so many dip their meat in one
man's blood; and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with
men:

Methinks they should invite them with-
out knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their
lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow
that sits next him now, parts bread with
him, pledges the breath of him in a
divided draught, is the readiest man to
kill him: 't has been proved. If I were
a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;

Grea^t men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Ape^m. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This and my food are equals; there's no odds:

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Ape^mantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot, for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good tideth thy good heart, Ape^mantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Ape^m. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends,

but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Ape^m. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes

And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Ape^m. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Ape^m. Much! [*Tucket, within.*]

Tim. What means that trumpet?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all

That of his bounties taste! The five
best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron; and
come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy
table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine
eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em
have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome!

[*Exit Cupid.*]

First Lord. You see, my lord, how
amplified you're beloved.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of
Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their
hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of
vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport our-
selves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to
their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me
now

Would one day stamp upon me: 't has
been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much
adoring of TIMON: and to show their
loves, each singles out an Amazon, and
all dance, men with women, a lofty strain
or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures
much grace, fair ladies.

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto 't and lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even
at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy;
and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
attends you:

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels
yet! [*Aside.*]

There is no crossing him in's humour;

Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I
should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then,
an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,

That man might ne'er be wretched for
his mind. [*Exit.*]

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you: look you,
my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel; accept it and
wear it,

Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in
your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles
of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern
you near.

Tim. Near! why then, another time
I'll hear thee:

I prithee, let's be provided to show them
entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour,
Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let
the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that
honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus,
entreats your company to-morrow to hunt
with him, and has sent your honour two
brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let
them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give
great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me
this,
To show him what a beggar his heart
is,

Being of no power to make his wishes
good:

His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt: he
owes

For every word: he is so kind that he
now

Pays interest for't; his land's put to their
books.

Well, would I were gently put out of
office

Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your
own merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common
thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of
bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord,
you gave
Good words the other day of a bay
coursier

I rode on: it is yours, because you liked
it.

Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon
me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord;
I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine
own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several
visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my
friends,

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy
living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands
thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously
bound--

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd--

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you,
Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus
and Timon.*]

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of
bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the
sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full
of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have
sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth
on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.]

Apem. So:
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Senator's house.*

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses. No porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased

With slight denial, nor then silenced when—

'Commend me to your master'—and the cap

Plays in the right hand. thus: but tell him,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn Out of mine own; his days and times are past

And my reliances on his fracted dates I have smit my credit: I love and honour him,

But must not break my back to heal his finger;

Immediate are my needs, and my relief Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

Put on a most importunate aspect, A visage of demand; for, I do fear, When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!'—take the bonds along with you.

And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account

How things go from him, nor resumes
no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear,
till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes
from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of
ISIDORE and VARRO.*

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords,
etc.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll
forth again,

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your
will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of cer-
tain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath
put me off

To the succession of new days this
month:

My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays
you

That with your other noble parts you'll
suit

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my
good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy pay-
ment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my
master's wants—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture,
my lord, six weeks

And past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off,
my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lord-
ship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep
on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exit Alcibiades and Lords.*]

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus en-
counter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke
bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due
debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship under-
stand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them
well entertain'd. [*Exit.*]

Flav. Play, draw near. [*Exit.*]

Enter APLMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool
with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport
with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*]
Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on
your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt
not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.
Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawls
between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithce, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my

mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from four-score to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord, At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you; you would throw
them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have
bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head
and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners,
pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did
endure

Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when
I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved
lord,

† Though you hear now, too late—yet
now's a time—

The greatest of you having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited
and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the
mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace.
What shall defend the interim? and at
length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land ex-
tend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is
but a word:

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or
falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors

And set me on the proof. So the gods
bless me,

When all our offices have been op-
press'd

With riotous feeders, when our vaults
have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every
room

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with
minstrelsy,

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty
of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and
peasants

This night englutted! Who is not
Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means,
but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy
this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is
made.

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter
showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my
heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the
conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure
thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by
borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly
use

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless you thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants
of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by
these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive
how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in
my friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and
other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally;
you, to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus
you: I hunted with his honour to-day;
you, to Sempronius: commend me to their
loves, and, I am proud, say, that my
occasions have found time to use 'em to-

ward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health,
I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o'
the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your sigret and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am
here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure,
cannot
Do what they would; are sorry-- you are
honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they
know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble
nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well
—'tis pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard
fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving
nods

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
Prithce, man, look cheerly. These old
fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom
flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not
kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward
earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and
heavy.

[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*]
Prithce, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I
speak,

No blame belongs to thee. [*To Ser.*]
Ventidius lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's
stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him
from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be
remember'd

With those five talents [*Exit Ser.*]. [*To
Flav.*] That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak,
or think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends
can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it
that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus' house.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant
to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he
is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's
men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits
right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer
to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius:
you are very respectively welcome, sir.
Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]
And how does that honourable, complete,
free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very
bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health
is well, sir: and what hast thou there
under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty
box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I

come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah [*Exit Serv.*]. Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidaires for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A public place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,— [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me:

He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens. I had done't now. Comment me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him

His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse, Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—

He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart: but, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum!—'bove all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found
base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in
him :

Must I be his last refuge? His friends,
like physicians,
†Thrive, give him over : must I take the
cure upon me?

Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry
at him,

That might have known my place : I see
no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me
first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me
now,

That I'll requite it last? No :
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought
a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the
sum,

Had sent to me first, but for my mind's
sake;

I'd such a courage to do him good. But
now return,

And with their faint reply this answer
join;

Who bates mine honour shall not know
my coin. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a
goodly villain. The devil knew not what
he did when he made man politic; he
crossed himself by't : and I cannot think
but, in the end, the villanies of man will
set him clear. How fairly this lord
strives to appear foul! takes virtuous
copies to be wicked, like those that under
hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on
fire :

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all
are fled,

Save only the gods : now his friends are
dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with
their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep
his house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in
Timon's house.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the
Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS,
HORTENSIUS, and other Servants of
TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming
out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good
morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for
mine

Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to
shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd
shorter with him :

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, re-
coverable.

I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's
purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes.

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness;

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine; I'll see, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *[Exit.]*

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Of money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

• *Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. *[Within]* Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it
now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em:
cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sunder.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my
lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods
fall upon you! [*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may
throw their caps at their money: these
debts may well be called desperate ones,
for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath
from me, the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends
again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:

All, sirrah, all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the
tide

Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll
provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my
voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as
mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall
bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compas-
sion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your
virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past
depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge
into't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his
fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a
paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if
they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set
quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the
world

When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and
make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his
raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord, —

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins
look clear:

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour,
pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to
battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more
valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion,
the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold
blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done

At Lacedaemon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done
fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous
wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much
plenty with 'em;

He's a worn rioter: he has a sin that
often

Drowns him, and takes his valour
prisoner:

If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink danger-
ous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died
in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his
own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to
move you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good
returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant
gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing
more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies;
urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure: friend or
brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills
another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be.

My lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen.

What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has
forgot me;

It could not else be, I should prove so
base,

To sue, and be denied such common
grace:

My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib.

Banish me!

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine,
Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And,
not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old
enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on
you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back
their foes,
While they have told their money and let
out
Their coin upon large interest, I my-
self
Rich only in large hurts. All those for
this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring
senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banish-
ment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be
banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer
up
My discontented troops, and lay for
hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at
odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as
gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A banquetting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. *Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.*

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, your dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better

remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*]
Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that pur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first piece: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were you godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. †The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to

me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*]

Live loathed and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Curst you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic fust—thou too—and thou;—

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now

he has beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee.
O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the
earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn
incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and
fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the
bench,
And minister in their steads! to general
filth
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts,
hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your
knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound
servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters
are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's
bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of
sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limp-
ing sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and
fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice,
truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbour-
hood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and
trades,

Degrees, observances, customs, and
laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, inci-
dent to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou, cold
sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may
halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and
liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our
youth,

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they
may strive,

And drown themselves in riot! Itches,
blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their
crop

Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship,

may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear
from thee,

But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take thou that too, with multiplying
bans!

Timon will to the woods; where he shall
find

The unkindest beast more kinder than
mankind.

The gods confound--hear me, you good
gods all--

The Athenians both within and out that
wall!

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate
may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and
low!

Amen.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's
house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three
Servants.*

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,
where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing re-
maining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,

I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone!
and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm,

And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,

So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows
with him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of
our fellows.

Enter oth. Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear
Timon's livery;

That see I by our faces: we are fellows
still,

Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,

And we, poor mates, stand on the dying
deck,

Hearing the surges threat: we must all
part

Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst
you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's
sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our
heads, and say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's for-

'We have seen better days.' Let each
take some;

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one
word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part
several ways.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory
brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth
exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or
to live

But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state
compounds

But only painted, like his vanish'd
friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his
own heart,

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual
blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too
much good!

Who, then, dares to be half so kind
again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still
mar men.

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most
accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched, thy great
fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas,
kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with
him to

Supply his life, or that which can com-
mand it.

I'll follow and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward
still. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the
sea-shore.*

Enter TIMON, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw
from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one

womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Scarce is dividant, touch them with
several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear
great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that
lord;
The senator shall bear contempt heredi-
tary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who
dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if
one be,
So are they all; for every guise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned
pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed
natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be ab-
horrd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon dis-
dains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield
me roots! [*Digging.*]
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his
palate
With thy most operant poison! What
is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear
heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white,
foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young,
coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you
gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from
your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below
their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the
accursed,

Make the hoar leprosy adored, place
thieves
And give them title, knee and approba-
tion
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed
again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous
sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms
and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned
earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that
put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make
thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*]
Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong
thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife,*
in warlike manner; PHRYNIA and
TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The
canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so
hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate
mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and
strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than
that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy
drum;

With man's blood paint the ground,
gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell
whore of thine

hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns

To thine own lips again.

Alcb. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcb. Noble Timon, What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to Mantain my opinion.

Alcb. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcb. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcb. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As time is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-checked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alcb. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and
grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
them,—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get
thee gone.

Alcb. I am thy friend, and pity thee,
dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom
thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcb. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcb. When I have laid proud Athens
on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcb. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in
thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcb. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—
go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vised city hang his
poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit
matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those
milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at
men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare
not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust
their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat
shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids,
nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments
bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay
thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury
spent,

Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be
gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take
the gold thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not,
heaven's curse upon thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold,
good Timon : hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore for-
swear her trade,

† And to make whores, a bawd. Hold
up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant : you are not oath-
able, —

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly
swear

Into strong shudders and to heavenly
agues

The immortal gods that hear you, — spare
your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions : be whores
still ;

And he whose pious breath seeks to con-
vert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him
up ;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : yet may your pains,

six months,
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor
thin roofs

With burthens of the dead ; — some that
were hang'd,

No matter : — wear them, betray with
them : whore still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold :
what then ?

Believe't, that we'll do any thing for
gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their
sharp shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the
lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the
flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the
nose,

Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite
away

Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make
curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the
war

Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There's more
gold :

Do you damn others, and let this damn
you,

And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with
more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ;
I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards
Athens ! Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see
thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee
away, and take

Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !
[*Drum beats. Excunt Alcibiades,*

Phrynia, and Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother,
thou, [Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite
breast,

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same
mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man,
is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gibb'd newt and eyeless venom'd
worm,
With all the abhorr'd births below crisp
heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth
hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor
root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves,
and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy up-
ward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root, — dear
thanks! —
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-
torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure
mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men re-
port

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost
use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not
keep a dog,

Whom I would imitate: consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but
infected;

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade?
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of
care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine,
lie soft;

Hug their diseased perfumes, and have
forgot

That ever Timon was. Shame not these
woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee: hinge
thy knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt
observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
strain,

And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that
bid welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most
just

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth
again,

Rascals should have't. Do not assume
my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw
away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself,
being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What,
think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous cham-
berlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? will these
moss'd trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy
heels,

And skip where thou point'st out? will
the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning
taste,

To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the
creatures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter
thee;

O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er
I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art
 a caitiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office or a
 fool's.
 Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold
 habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but
 thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be
 again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish: best state, con-
 tentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miser-
 able.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more
 miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender
 arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a
 dog.
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,
 proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world
 affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have
 plunged thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But my-
 self,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and
 hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame em-
 ployment,
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's
 brush

Fell from their boughs and left me open,
 bare
 For every storm that blows: I, to bear
 this,
 That never knew but better, is some
 burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance,
 time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why
 shouldst thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast
 thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor
 rag,
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put
 stuff
 To some she beggar and compounded
 thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of
 men,
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apem. I, that I was
 No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now:
 Were all the wealth I have shut up in
 thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee
 gone.
 That the whole life of Athens were in
 this!
 Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*
Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
 [*Offering him a root.*
Tim. First mend my company, take
 away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by
 the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is
 but botch'd;
 If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to
 Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind.
 If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I
 have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and

still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me that thou art alive; I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst !
Tim. Away,
 Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall
 lose
 A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]
Apem. Beast !
Tim. Slave !
Apem. Toad !
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !
 I am sick of this false world, and will
 love nought
 But even the mere necessities upon't.
 Then, Timon, presently prepare thy
 grave ;
 Lie where the light foam of the sea may
 beat
 Thy grave-stone daily : make thine
 epitaph,
 That death in me at others' lives may
 laugh.
 [*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer,
 and dear divorce
 Twist natural son and sire ! thou bright
 defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant
 Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate
 wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated
 snow
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible
 god,
 That soldier'st close impossibilities,
 And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with
 every tongue,
 To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
 Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy
 virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that
 beasts
 May have the world in empire !
Apem. Would 'twere so !
 But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st
 gold :
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to !
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery.
Tim. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit*
Apemantus.] I am quit.

Moe things like men ! Eat, Timon, and
 abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this
 gold ? It is some poor fragment, some
 slender ort of his remainder : the mere
 want of gold, and the falling-from of his
 friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass
 of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay
 upon him : if he care not for't, he will sup-
 ply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it,
 how shall's get it ?

Sec. Ban. True ; for he bears it not
 about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men
 that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want
 much of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the
 earth hath roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred
 springs ;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;
 The bounteous housewife, nature, on each
 bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want !
 why want ?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass,
 on berries, water,
 As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves,
 the birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must
 you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you
 work not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood
 of the grape,

Till the high fever settle your blood to
 loth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the
 physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives
 together;
 Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with
 thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great at-
 tion
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant
 thief,
 And her pale face she snatches from the
 sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge re-
 s-
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a
 thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture
 stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a
 thief:
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their
 rough power
 Have unlock'd theft. Love not your-
 selves, away,
 Rob one another. There's more gold.
 Cut throats:
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens
 go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
 I give you: and gold confound you how-
 soe'er!
 Amen.

Third Pan. Has almost charmed me
 from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of man-
 kind that he thus advises us; not to have
 us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy,
 and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in
 Athens: there is notime so miserable but a
 man may be true. [Exeunt Banditti.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
 Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour
 Has desperate want made!
 What viler thing upon the earth than
 friends
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest
 ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's
 guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me than those
 that do!
 Has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my
 lord,
 Still serve him with my life. My dearest
 master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have for-
 got all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I
 have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to
 villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come
 nearer. Then I love thee,
 Because thou art a woman, and dis-
 claim'st

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never
 give

But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's
 sleeping:

Strange tunes, that weep with laughing,
 not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good
 my lord,

To accept my grief and whilst this poor
 wealth lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfort-
 able?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man

Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!

And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master;
in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:

You should have fear'd false times when
you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly
honest man,

Here, take: the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich
and happy;

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build
from men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons
swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false
bloods!

And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and
free:

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see
thee. [*Exit Flavius.*]

Timon retires to his cave.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it
cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
does the rumour hold for true, that he's
so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it;
Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him:
he likewise enriched poor straggling
soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he
gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has
been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him
a palm in Athens again, and flourish with
the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we
tender our loves to him, in this supposed
distress of his: it will show honestly in
us; and is very likely to load our pur-
poses with what they travail for, if it be

a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-
corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and
offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and
plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for
aye

Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone
obey!

Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two
honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends
fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred
spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large
enough:

What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and
influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and
cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't
the better:

You that are honest, by being what you
are,

Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself

Have travail'd in the great shower of
your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer
you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how
shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?
no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to
do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard
that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're
honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord;
but therefore

Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st
a counterfeit

Best in all Athens : thou'rt, indeed, the best ;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom : yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in company ;

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack ! there's gold ; you came for gold, ye slaves :

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me ;
there's payment for you : hence !

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist ; make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs ! [*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself

That nothing but himself which looks like man

Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave :

It is our part and promise to the Athenians

To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same : 'twas time and griefs

That framed him thus : time, with his fairer hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !

Look out, and speak to friends : the Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :

Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !
Speak, and be hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ! and each false

Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen. Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague, Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget What we are sorry for ourselves in thee. The senators with one consent of love Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought On special dignities, which vacant lie For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon; And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs

And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it; Surprise me to the very brink of tears: Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name

Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild, Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen, Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,

'Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,

In pity of our aged and our youth, I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,

And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,

There's not a whistle in the unruly camp But I do prize it at my love before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous gods, As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;

It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness

Of health and living now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not

One that rejoices in the common wreck, As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like
great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their
griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident
throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sus-
tain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some
kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will
return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here
in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut
down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my
friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of de-
gree
From high to low throughout, that
whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his
haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the
axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my
greeting.

Flavi. Trouble him no further; thus
you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say
to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting man-
sion
Upon the beached verge of the salt
flood;
Who once a day with his embossed
flood
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither
come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language
end:
What is amiss plague and infection
mend!

Graves only be men's works and death
their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done
his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*]

First Sen. His discontents are unre-
moveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let
us return,
And strain what other means is left unto
us

In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully dis-
cover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if
they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine
ancient friend;

Whom, though in general part we were
opposed,

†Yet our old love made a particular
force,

And made us speak like friends: this man
was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which im-
ported

His fellowship i' the cause against your
city,

In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing
of him expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful
scouring

Doth choke the air with dust: in, and
prepare:

Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave,
and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer!
What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days;
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES
with his powers.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure, making your wills

The scope of justice; till now myself and such

As slept within the shadow of your power

I have wander'd with our traversed aims and breathed

Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,

When crouching marrow in the bearer strong

Cries of itself 'No more:' now breathless wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,

And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,

We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom

You have received your griefs; nor are they such

That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall

For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess

Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,

Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death—

If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take

On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,

Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,

Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:

Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin

Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall

With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile

Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress

And not as our confusion, all thy powers

Shall make their harbour in our town,
till we

Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own

Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof

Fall and no more: and, to atone your fears

With my more noble meaning, not a man

Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws

At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;

Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which

With wax I brought away, whose soft impression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads the epitaph*] 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.
Dead

Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint

war, make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		A Soothsayer.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar	CINNA, a poet. Another poet.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		LUCILIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		TITINIUS,
CICERO,	} senators.	MESSALA,
PUBLIUS,		Young CATO,
POPILIUS LÆNA,		VOLUMNIUS,
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} conspirators against Julius Cæsar.	VARRO,
CASSIUS,		CLITUS,
CASCA,		CLAUDIUS,
TRIFONIUS,		STRATO,
LIGARIUS,		LUCIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,		DARDANIUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,		
CINNA.		PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.		
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidus, a teacher of Rhetoric.		CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar. PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE *Rome, the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain
Commoners.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle crea-
tures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you
not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the
sign

Of your profession? Speak, what trade
art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and
thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel
on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a

fine workman, I am but, as you would
say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer
me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope,
I may use with a safe conscience; which
is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou
naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be
not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir,
I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that?
mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is
with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's
matters, nor women's matters, but with
awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old
shoes; when they are in great danger, I

recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot, wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I: disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cass. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Brut. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass. [*Senect. Exit all except Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Brut. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spir't that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Brut. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brut. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome, Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them
hard

And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I
do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have
it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love
him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so
long?

What is it that you would impart to
me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the
other,

And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear
death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you,
Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward
favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can
both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her
shores,

Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius,
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the
word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of contro-
versy;

But ere we could arrive the point pro-
posed,

Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I
sink!'

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his
shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves
of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did
shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe
the world

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their
books,

Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink,
Titinius,'

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze
me

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on
Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the
narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their
fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough, When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further moved. What you have said

I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve; And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

• *Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train:

Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat: Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer and he looks Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music; Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. [*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered

it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he can't, thus
sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll
ne'er look you in the face again: but those
that understood him smiled at one another
and shook their heads; but, for mine own
part, it was Greek to me. I could tell
you more news too: Marullus and Flavius,
for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are
put to silence. Fare you well. There
was more foolery yet, if I could remem-
ber it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night,
Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind
hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown
to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to
school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his
words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I
will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of
the world. [*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is
meet

That noble minds keep ever with their
likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves
Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this
night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein
obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days
endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from
opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword
drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you
Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare
you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all
the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding
winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have
seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and
foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more
wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know
him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame
and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his
hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my
sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly
by,

Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore
they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the
streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-
place,

Hoooting and shrieking. When these
prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons; they are
natural;'

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed
time:

But men may construe things after their
fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things
themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid
Antony

Send word to you he would be there to-
morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this dis-
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest
men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens
menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth
so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the
streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-
stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd
to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens
send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those
sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and
gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in
wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the
heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding
ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and
kind,

Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their
ordinance

Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall
find

That heaven hath infused them with these
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and
warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is
it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans
now

Have thews and limbs like to their
ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds
are dead,

And we are govern'd with our 'nother's
spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us
womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators
to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and
land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this
dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak
most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of
iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world be-
sides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*]

Casca.

So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a
wolf,

But that he sees the Romans are but
sheep:

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty
fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is
Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it
serves

For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak
this

Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am
arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to
such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have moved
already

Some certain of the noblest-minded
Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here
comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by
his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that?
Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for,
Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful
night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen
strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna,
take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw
this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you
shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*]
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius,
I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say!
what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study,
Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous,

And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet,
sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the

Give so much light that I may read by them [*Opens the letter and reads.*]
 'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
 Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
 What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
 Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow
 by night,

When evils are most free? O, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here

But honours you; and every one doth wish
 You had but that opinion of yourself
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward
the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one
by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Brut. No, not an oath: if not the face
of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's
abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if
these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then,
countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke
the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men
cautulous,

Old feeble carriages and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes
swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our per-
formance

Did need an oath; when every drop of
blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we
sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion

And buy men's voices to commend our
deeds:

It shall be said, his judgement ruled our
hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Brut. O, name him not: let us not
break with him;

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Der. Shall no man else be touch'd but
only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is
not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: weshall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his
means,

If he improve them, may well stretch
so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,

Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brut. Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the
limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,
Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's
spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle
friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall
make

Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to
Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think
of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for
Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is
given

To sports, to wildness and much com-
pany.

Treb. There is no fear in him: let
him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this here-
after.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day,
or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so re-
solved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with
holes,

Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flat-
tered.

Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there
to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the
uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail
not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar
hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of
Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of
him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along
by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him
reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion
him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's:
we'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but
all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves
true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and
merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal con-
stancy:

And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no
matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of
men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? where-
fore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold
morning.

Por. Not for yours neither. You've
ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at
supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms
across,

And when I ask'd you what the matter
was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks;

I urged you further; then you scratch'd
your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your
foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and
withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with
every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your
shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your con-
dition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear
my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of
grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and
that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not
in health,
He would embrace the means to come
by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia,
go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the
humours

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus
sick,

And will he steal out of his wholesome
bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my
Brutus;

You have some sick offence within your
mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my
place,

I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended
beauty,

By all your vows of love and that great
vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,

That you unfold to me, yourself, your
half,

Why you are heavy, and what men to-
night

I have had resort to you: for here have
been

Some six or seven, who did hide their
faces

Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were
gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me,
Brutus,

Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort
your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I
but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable
wife,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I
know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Loid Brutus took to
wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not dis-
close 'em:

I have made strong proof of my con-
stancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with
patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in
awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows :
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]
 Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
 Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
 'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice

And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar. think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
 Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions

Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once;
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow,
worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to-day: tell them so,
Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays meat home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings,
and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall
press

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well ex-
pounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard
what I can say :

And know it now : the senate have con-
cluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not
come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it
were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not
whisper

'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem
now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my tobe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,
METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and
CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch
me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you
lean.

What is't o'clock?

Brut. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and
courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow,
Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Tre-
bonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. [Aside] Cæsar, I will : [Aside] and so
near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had
been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste
some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go
together.

Brut. [Aside] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take
heed of Cassius; come not near Casca;
have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre-
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber :
Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but
one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not im-
mortal, look about you: security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods
defend thee! Thy lover,

'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst
live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same
street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-
house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and
here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and
tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy
lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good
note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to
him.

Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : which way
hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet : I go to take
my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar,
hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will
please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's
intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much
that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is
narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.
[*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak
a thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a
suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow
faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my
lord ;

Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to
thee. [*Exitunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol ;
the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of people ; among them ANTEMI-
DORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*
*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TRE-
BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of
March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to
o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for
mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer : read it, great
Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be
last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it in-
stantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in
the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart,—

[Kneeling.

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well moved, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cas. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-

place,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Thorough the hazards of this untold state
With all true faith. So says my master
Antony.

Brut. Thy master is a wise and valiant
Roman;

I never thought him wise.

Tell him, so please him come unto this
place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*]

Brut. I know that we shall have him
well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I
a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving
still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Brut. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie
so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,
spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee
well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is
rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords,
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this
world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek
and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand
years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of
death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this
age.

Brut. O Antony, beg not your death
of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and
cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have
done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For
your part,

To you our swords have leaden points,
Mark Antony:

† Our arms, in strength of malice, and our
hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and
reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as
any man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

Brut. Only be patient till we have
appeased

The multitude, beside themselves with
fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck
him,

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with
you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours,
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca,
yours;

Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebolionius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery
ground,

That one of two bad ways you must con-
ceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy
death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy
hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy
lethc.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of
thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many
princes,

Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising
Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with
us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our
friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but
was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down
on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you
all,

Upon this hope, that you shall give me
reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spec-
tacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you
do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be
moved

By that which he will utter?

Bru.

By your pardon;

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like
it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you
Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech
blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of
Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and
follow us. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding
piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly
blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their
ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my
tongue—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they
behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile that will not love his
country? If any, speak; for him have
I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I
have done no more to Cæsar than you
shall do to Brutus. The question of his
death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory
not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,
nor his offences enforced, for which he
suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with
CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark
Antony: who, though he had no hand in
his death, shall receive the benefit of his
dying, a place in the commonwealth; as
which of you shall not? With this I
depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for
the good of Rome, I have the same
dagger for myself, when it shall please
my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph
home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his
ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart
alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with An-
tony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace
his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark
Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear
Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the
public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding
to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of
Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no
harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what An-
tony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen,
lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to

Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar

hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this

ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words?

He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and
you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of
Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testa-
ment—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
'The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger
through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus
stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's
angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar
loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'
arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his
mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great
Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you
feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you
but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look
you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn!
Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble
Antony.

Sæ. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow
him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let
me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are
honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I
know not,

That made them do it: they are wise
and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer
you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your
hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt
man,

That love my friend; and that they know
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of
him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right
on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor
poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an
Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should
move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of
Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five diachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

*Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,-- briefly.

Cin. Briefly. I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; hurr all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS,
seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that

I do appoint him store of provender:

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On objects, orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,

Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius,

Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore let our alliance be combined,

†Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;

And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the
stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts,
I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before
Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS,
LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and
PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius
near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is
come

To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master,
Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to
wish

Things done, undone: but, if he be at
hand,

I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word,
Lucilius;

How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple
faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at
hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody
spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful
jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis
to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arrived.

[Low march within.]

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

" *Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word
along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have
done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I
mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a
brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours
hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you
well.

Before the eyes of both our armies
here,

Which should perceive nothing but love
from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move
away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your
griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges
off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let
no man

Come to our tent till we have done our
conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fiet till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say 'better' ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to

you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :

For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than
to winge

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection : I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool that brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aware of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd,
vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet

They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

ompanion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

I'prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death

That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty
power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-
same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of
outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well
agree:

Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my
lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ
of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught
of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell
me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the
truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange
manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must
die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses
should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as
you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What
do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his
soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying
still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force,
give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,
'Come on refresh'd, new-added, and en-
couraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him
off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must
note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our
friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is
ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon
our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius ! [*Enter Lucius.*] My
gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala :

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble
Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our
souls !

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother !

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instru-
ment ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art
o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my
tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent
and sleep ;

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and
watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down,
good sirs ;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought
for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not
give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am
much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or
two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art
willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past
thy might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of
rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt
sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous
slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my
boy,

That plays thee music ? Gentle knave,
good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to
wake thee :

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy
instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy,
good night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf
turn'd down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who
comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil,

That makest my blood cold and my hair
to stare ?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me
at Philippi.

Bru. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi,
then. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with
thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs,
awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his
instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that
thou so criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I
did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou
see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah,
Claudius!

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in
your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Not I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my
brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
and we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their
army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are
answered:

You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here;
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and
I know

Wherefore they do it: they could be
content

To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have
courage;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly
on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep
thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this
exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will
do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and
their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have
parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must
out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign
of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on
their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have
some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so,
countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as
you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad
strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you
give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's
heart,

Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas.

Antony.

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Ifybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Brut. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when
your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and
fawn'd like hounds,

And how'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's
feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, be-
hind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you
flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank
yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-
day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up
again?

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
be well avenged; or till another Caesar

Have added slaughter to the sword of
traitors.

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by
traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brut. O, if thou wert the noblest of
thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more
honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of
such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and
their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell
billow and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with
you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my
general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,

Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they
perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers'
hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and

kites,

Fly o'er our heads and downward look
on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows
seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas.

I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we
may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to
age!

But since the affairs of men rest still in-
certain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself, I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life : arming myself with patience

To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun ;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;

If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;

If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known. Come, ho !
away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again ; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field. [*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now,
keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, SFRATO, VOL-
UMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

in our own proper entrails.

[*Love alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come: And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS,
STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends,
rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light,
but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying
is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee,
Clitus. [*Whispers.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for
all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.
[*Whispers.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make
to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he
meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of
grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius;
list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, thus, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to
me

Two several times by night; at Sardis
once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi
fields:

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarms.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good

Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school
together:

Even for that our love of old, I
prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run
on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend,
my lord. [*Alarm still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no
tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and
you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while
asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Country-
men,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my
life

I found no man but he was true to
me.

I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain
unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus'
tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones
would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this
hour.

[*Alarm.* *Cry within,* 'Fly, fly, fly!']

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour
in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

} courtiers.

MARCELLUS, } officers.
BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him*
BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to us.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward
from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part
of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look,
where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king
that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it,
Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark
it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with
fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this
time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I
charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge
thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble
and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this
believe

! Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway com-
bated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry
parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at
this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our
watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to
work I know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our
state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell
me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant
watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose
sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the
week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty
haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with
the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I:
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last
king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to
us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of
Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate
pride,

Dared to the combat; in which our
valiant Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world
esteem'd him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his
lands

Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—

As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch; so like the king

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

†As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precursor of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climates and countrymen.—
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [*Cock crows.*]

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night
long:

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no
planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part
believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle
clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward
hill:

Break we our watch up; and by my
advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to
him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him
with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't. I pray; and I this
morning know

Where we shall find him most conve-
niently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room of state in the castle.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET,
POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear
brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us
befitted

To bear our hearts in grief and our whole
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with
nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on
him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our

queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike
state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in
marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and
dole,—

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely
gone

With this affair along. For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young
Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's
death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advan-
tage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with
message,

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much
for him.

Now for ourself and for this time of meet-
ing:

Thus much the business is: we have here
writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to sup-
press

His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all
made

Out of his subject: and we here dis-
patch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Nor-
way;

Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than
the scope

Of these delated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend
your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we
Vol. } show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily
farewell. [*Exeunt Voltimand and
Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will! But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolence is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unschool'd: For what we know must be and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense, Why should we in our peevish opposition Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature, To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,

'This must be so.' We pray you, throw
to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our
throne;

And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his
son,

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen Let not thy mother lose her
prayers, Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to
Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you,
madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair
reply:

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of
Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks
to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall
tell,

And the king's rouse the heavens shall
bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come
away. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh
would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O
God! God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and
gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come
to this!

But two months dead: nay, not so much,
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my
mother

That he might not beteem the winds of
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang
on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on: and yet, within a
month—

Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy
name is woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even
she—

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer—married
with my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like
my father

Than I to Hercules: within a month:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to
post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart; for I must hold
my tongue.

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO.*

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your
poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change
that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg,
Horatio?

Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.
Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from
Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
 My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. Where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead vast and middle of the night,
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like
 your father,
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,

Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him.
 This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 And I with them the third night kept the watch:
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like. •
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
 But answer made it none: yet once methought
 It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. }
Ber. } We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ber. }
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.

Ger. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

! A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night; perchance 'twill wall again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, give it an understanding, but no tongue:

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Lacr. My necessities are embark'd: farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Lacr. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,

I hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Lacr. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will: but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this whole state;

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it As he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may
sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his
songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste trea-
sure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affec-
tion,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious
strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the
spring,

Too oft before their buttons be dis-
closed,

And in the morn and liquid dew of
youth

Contagious blastments are most im-
minent.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else
near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good
lesson keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good
my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to
heaven;

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless liber-
tine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance
treads,

And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long: but here my father
comes. X

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard,
for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your
sail,

And you are stay'd for. There; my
blessing with thee!

VOL. III.

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts
no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his
act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adop-
tion tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel;

But do not dull thy palm with enter-
tainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of
thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not
gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and
station

†Are of a most select and generous chief
in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in
thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my
leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go; your
servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and re-
member well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said
to you?

N

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought : 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late Given private time to you; and you yourself Have of your audience been most free and bounteous : If it be so, as so 'tis put on me, And that in way of caution, I must tell you, You do not understand yourself so clearly As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? give me up the truth

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl, Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a-making, You must not take for fire. From this time Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence; Set your entreatments at a higher rate Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young, And with a larger tether may he walk Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers, Not of that dye which their investments show, But mere implorators of unholy suits, Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, The better to beguile. This is for all: I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any moment leisure, As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse, Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels; And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray
out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind, though I am native
here

And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the
observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other
nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
phrase

Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though per-
form'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in
them,

As, in their birth—wherein they are not
guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of
reason,

Or by some habit that too much o'er-
leavens

The form of plausible manners, that these
men,

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one de-
fect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as
grace,

As aspires as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take cor-
ruption

From that particular fault: the dram of
scale

Doth all the noble substance ~~of~~ a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace
defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin
damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or
blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in
death,

Have burst their cerements; why the
sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble
jaws,

To cast thee up again. What may this
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete
steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of
nature

So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should
we do? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will
follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the
flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible
form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that
lets me!

I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to
obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will
this come?

✓ *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state
of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the platform.*

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me?
speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting
flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when
thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the
night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of
nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that I
am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy
young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from
their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list,
O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most un-
natural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best
it is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat
weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now,

Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused: but know, thou noble
youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulter-
ate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the
power

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! From me, whose love was of that dignity That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;

Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body, And with a sudden vigour it doth posset And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about, Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled, No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there; And thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain, Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables,—meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

I have sworn't.

Mar. } [Within] My lord, my lord,—
Hor. }

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart
of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor. }
Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling
in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord,
come from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall
point you;

For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling
words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you,
heartily;

Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there
is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this
vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between
us,

O'ermaster't as you may. And now,
good friends,

As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you
have seen to-night.

Hor. }
Mar. } My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so?
art thou there, trucepenny?

Come on—you hear this fellow in the
cellarage—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you
have seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift
our ground.

'Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work
i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! Once more remove,
good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is
wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give
it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,

That you, at such times seeing me, never
shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could,

an if we would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be,

an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need

help you,

Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
 [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending
 to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in
 together;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these
 notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely,
 good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquirie
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said.

Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and
 where they keep,
 What company, at what expense; and
 finding

By this encompassment and drift of question
 That they do know my son, come you
 more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant know-
 ledge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him:' do you mark this,
 Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may
 say 'not well:

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
 Addicted so and so:' and there put on him
 What forgeries you please; marry, none
 so rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
 But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 quarrelling,

Drabbling: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour
 him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it
 in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency;
 That's not my meaning: but breathe his
 faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit:
 You laying these slight sullies on my
 son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the
 working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would
 sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
 He closes with you in this consequence;
 'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentle-
 man,'

According to the phrase or the addition
 Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he
 does—what was I about to say? By the
 mass, I was about to say something:
 where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,'
 at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,
 marry;

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman;
 I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
 Or then, or then; with such, or such;
 and, as you say,

There was a gaming; there cuttook in's
rouse;

There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of
truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have
you not?

Rep. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rep. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rep. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rep. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been
so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my
closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all un-
braced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings
foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking

each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held
me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his

brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;

At last, a little shaking of mine arm

And thrice his head thus waving up and
down,

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being: that done, he lets me
go:

And, with his head over his shoulder
turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his
eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their
helps,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek
the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself

And leads the will to desperate under-
takings

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words
of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you
did command,

I did repel his letters and denied

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and
judgement

I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did
but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew
my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the
king:

This must be known; which, being kept
close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see
you,

The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you
heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus
hath put him

So much from the understanding of him-
self,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up
with him,

And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and
haviour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our
court

Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to
gather,

So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts
him thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much
talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men there are not
living

To whom he more adheres. If it will
please you

To show us so much gentry and good
will

As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have
of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into com-
mand

Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full
bent

To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle
Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle
Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some
of you,

And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet
is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and
our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway,
my good lord,

Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father
of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my
good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I
long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the am-
bassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great
feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and
bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath
found

The head and source of all your son's
distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the
main;

His father's death, and our o'erhasty
marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND
and CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother
Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat
grieved,

That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out
arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your
majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in
annual fee,

And his commission to employ those
soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enter-
prise,

On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll
read,

Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-
took labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast to-
gether:

Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is
time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day
and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward
flourishes,

I will be brief: your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at
all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now
remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter—have while she is
mine—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and
surmise. [*Reads.*]

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase;
'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you
shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*]

'In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.'

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will
be faithful. [*Reads.*]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these
numbers; I have not art to reckon my
groans: but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

This, in obedience, hath my daughter
shown me,

And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and
place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and hon-
ourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me—what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
 This must not be:' and then I prescripts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed—a short tale to make—
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
 Into the madness whereto now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
 That I have positively said 'Tis so,'
 When it proved otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
 Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.
Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
 I'll board him presently. [Exit *King*, *Queen*, and *Attendants*.]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O, give me leave:
 How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord!
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Pol. [Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical

rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!
[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a stumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. }
Guil. } We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man

delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘man delights not me’?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and luther are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o’ the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for’t: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains ‘em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers

do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hei-cules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragic-comical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked

within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,'—

it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers,
daughters, sons,

Baked and impasted with the parching streets,

That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in
wrath and fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate
gore,

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish
Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken,
with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Stalking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,

Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,

Which was declining on the milky head

Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,

Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne

Will less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!

All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and felines from
her wheel,

And bow the round nave down the
hill of heaven,

As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with
your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a
jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say
on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had
seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is
good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and
down, threatening the flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that
head

Where late the diadem stood, and for
a robe,

About her lank and all o'er-teemed
loins,

A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught
up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in
venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason
have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her
then

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious
sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's
limbs,

The instant burst of clamour that she
made,

Unless things mortal move them not at
all,

Would have made milch the burning
eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned
his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray
you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak
out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you
see the players well bestowed? Do you

hear, let them be well used; for they are
the abstract and brief chronicles of the
time: after your death you were better
have a bad epitaph than their ill report
while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them accord-
ing to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much
better: use every man after his desert, and
who should 'scape whipping? Use them
after your own honour and dignity: the
less they deserve, the more merit is in
your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear
a play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with
all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou
hear me, old friend; can you play the
Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night.
You could, for a need, study a speech of
some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would
set down and insert in't. could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord;
and look you mock him not. [*Exit First
Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you
till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye; [*Exit
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I
am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage
wax'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function
suited

With forms to his conceit? and all for
nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What
would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage
with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my
cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a
coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate
across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my
face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the
lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me
this?

Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot
be

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy
villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kind-
less villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most
brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and
hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart
with words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I
have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue,
will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have
these players

Play something like the murder of my
father

Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but
blench,

I know my course. The spirit that I
have seen

May be the devil: and the devil hath
power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and
perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the
thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the
king. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUIL-
DENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of
circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this
confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself
distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means
speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to
be sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some
confession

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his
disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our
demands,

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your
majesties

To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth
much content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet
hither,

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing,
unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy
cause

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope
your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious,
so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*]
Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may
colour

Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in
this,—

'Tis too much proved—that with de-
votion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give
my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plas-
tering art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted
word:

O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's with-
draw, my lord. [*Exeunt King and
Polonius.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is
the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die:
to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we
end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to
sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: ay,
there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams
may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal
coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's
delay,

The insolence of office and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy
takes,

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death,
The undiscover'd country from whose
bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we
have

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of
us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and
moment

With this regard their currents turn
awry,

And lose the name of action.—Soft you
now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy
orisons

Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a
day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well,
well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances
yours

That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know
right well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet
breath composed

As made the things more rich: their
perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove
unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair,
your honesty should admit no discourse
to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have
better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of
beauty will sooner transform honesty
from what it is to a bawd than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness: this was sometime a paradox,
but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me
believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed
me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our
old stock but we shall relish of it: I
loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why
wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?
I am myself indifferent honest; but yet
I could accuse me of such things that it
were better my mother had not borne
me: I am very proud, revengeful, am-
bitious, with more offences at my beck
than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time
to act them in. What should such
fellows as I do crawling between earth
and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all;
believe none of us. Go thy ways to a
nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon
him, that he may play the fool no where
but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give
thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou
as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to
a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou
wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise
men know well enough what monsters
you make of them. To a nunnery, go,
and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings,
too, well enough; God has given you
one face, and you make yourselves an-
other: you jig, you amble, and you lisp,
and nick-name God's creatures, and
make your wantonness your ignorance.

Go to, I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger: which for to prevent,

I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute: Haply the seas and countries different

With variable objects shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart, Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his grief: let her be round with him;

And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him, or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor:

suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exit Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.
[Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. { We will, my lord.
Guil. }

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is
playing,

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I
must be idle:
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING,
QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSEN-
CRANZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the cham-
meleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-
crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer,
Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*]
My lord, you played once i' the university,
you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was
accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was
killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to
kill so capital a calf there. Be the players
ready?

Res. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet,
sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal
more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you
mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country
matters

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie be-
tween maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker.
What should a man do but be merry?
for, look you, how cheerfully my mother
looks, and my father died within these
two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my
lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the
devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of
sables. O heavens! die two months ago,
and not forgotten yet? Then there's
hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he
must build churches, then; or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-
horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O,
the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly;
the Queen embracing him, and he her.
She kneels, and makes show of protesta-
tion unto him. He takes her up, and
declines his head upon her neck: lays
him down upon a bank of flowers: she,
seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon
comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,
kisses it, and pours poison in the King's
ears, and exit. The Queen returns;
finds the King dead, and makes passion-
ate action. The Poisoner, with some
two or three Mutes, comes in again,
seeming to lament with her. The dead
body is carried away. The Poisoner
wooos the Queen with gifts: she seems
loath and unwilling awhile, but in the
end accepts his love. [Exit.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;
it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the
argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow:
the players cannot keep counsel; they'll
tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[*E. vii.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath
Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd
ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd
sheen

About the world have times twelve
thirties been
Since love our hearts and Hymen did
our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the
sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be
done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former
state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I
distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing
must:

For women's fear and love holds
quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made
you know;

And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts
are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great
love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee,
love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions
leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world
behind,

Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as
kind

For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my
breast:

In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd
the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second
marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of
love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what
now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on
the tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow
be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is
debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose
lose.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves
destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most
lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender
accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not
stange

That even our loves should with our
fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else
fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his
favourite flies;

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none
of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband
wed;

But die thy thoughts when thy first
lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give
food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day
and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of
joy

Meet what I would have well and it
destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting
strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet,
leave me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would
beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us
twain! [*Exit.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much,
methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument?
Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison
in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how?
Tropically. This play is the image of a
murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the

duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you
shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of
work: but what o' that? your majesty
and we that have free souls, it touches
us not: let the galled jade wince, our
withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my
lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you
and your love, if I could see the puppets
dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are
keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to
take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.
Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable
faces, and begin. Come: 'the croaking
raven doth bellow for revenge.'

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt,
drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature
seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds
collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice
infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden
for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the
story is extant, and writ in choice Italian:
you shall see anon how the murderer gets
the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some
must sleep;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a city of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDEN-
STERN.*

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall

please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can flet me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I
drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to
my mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, con-
sent! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it
safe with us

To let his madness range. Therefore
prepare you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with
you:

The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is
bound,
With all the strength and armour of the
mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much
more

That spirit upon whose weal depend and
rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy
wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand
lesser things

Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when
it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general
groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this
speedy voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. } We will haste us.
Guil. }
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll
 tax him home:
 And, as you said, and wisely was it
 said,
 'Tis meet that some more audience than
 a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should
 o'erhear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well,
 my liege:
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven:
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not.
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed
 hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's
 blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet
 heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto
 serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold
 force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll
 look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of
 prayer
 Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my
 foul murder'?
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition and my
 queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the
 offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by
 justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves
 compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our
 faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what
 rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as
 death!

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make
 assay!

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with
 strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. *[Retires and kneels.]*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he
 is praying;

And now I'll do't. And so he goes to
 heaven;

And so am I revenged. That would be
 scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as
 flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows
 save heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of
 thought,

'Tis heavy with him: and am I then
 revenged,

To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No!

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid
 hent:

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no reli-sh of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick
at heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother
stays:

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
[*Exit.*]

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my
thoughts remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven
go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look
you lay home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad
to bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and
stood between

Much heat and him. I'll sconce me
even here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother,
mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear menot: withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father
much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father
much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with
an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a
wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;

And—would it were not so!—you are
my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to
you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down;
you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of
you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt
not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help,
help!

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain!

[*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody
deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad,
good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his
brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers*
Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool,
farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy
fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some
danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace!
sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I
shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it
so

That it be proof and bulwark against
sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou
darest wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of
modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent
love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-
vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a
deed

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion
makes

A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth
glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the
index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture,
and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two
brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this
brow;

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove
himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
mand;

A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his
seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now,
what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd
ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have
you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to
feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have
you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's
humble,

And waits upon the judgement: and what
judgement

Would step from this to this? Sense,
sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion; but
sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not
err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What
devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without
sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling
sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Re-
bellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no
shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the
charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very
soul;

And there I see such black and grained
spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and
making love

Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine
ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the
tithes

Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem
stole,

And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul:

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrescements,

Start up, and stand an end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do

Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful music: it is not madness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which

madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to

heaven;

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, cumber and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,

And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more
easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of
nature,

†And either . . . the devil, or throw
him out

With wondrous potency. Once more,
good night:

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same
lord, [*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased
it so,

To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good
night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins and worse remains
behind.

One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I
bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you
his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let
him know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober,
wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concerns hide? who would
do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous
ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be
made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to
breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know
that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my
two schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders
fang'd,

They bear the mandate; they must sweep
my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it
work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer

Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go
hard

But I will delve one yard below their
mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis
most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly
meet.

This man shall set me packing:

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this coun-
seller

Is now most still, most secret and most
grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with
you.

Good night, mother. [*Exeunt severally;
Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. There's matter in these sighs,
these profound heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. *[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit, Behind the arras hearing something stir, Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!' And, in this brainish apprehension, kills The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all; To you yourself, to us, to every one. Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease, To keep it from divulging, let it feed Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore

Among a mineral of metals base, Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. *[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

†And what's untimely done. . . .

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } *[Within]* Hamlet! Lord Ham-
Guil. } let!

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, where-to 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence.

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but
their eyes:

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge
is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all
smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd,
my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to
know your pleasure.

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King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are c'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

[To some Attendants.]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must
send thee hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare
thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if they knew't our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England! *[Exit.]*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away! for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste. *[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers, *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promised march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. *[Exit.]*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt all except Hamlet.]

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Smile, he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but
one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength
and means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How
stand I then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood
And let all sleep? while, to my shame,
I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand
men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the
cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing
worth! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. *[Sings]*

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Sings]

Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings.] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit *Horatio*.
O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain: Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: the people muddled,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

'For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[A noise within.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord: The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king:'

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide

I'll ope my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear :—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst
persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*]

You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the
false steward, that stole his master's
daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for re-
membrance; pray, love, remember: and
there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts
and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and col-
umbines: there's rue for you; and here's
some for me: we may call it herb-grace
o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue
with a difference. There's a daisy: I
would give you some violets, but they
withered all when my father died: they
say he made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion,
hell itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*]

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed:

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.
God be wi' ye. [*Exit.*]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with
your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends
you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you
and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our king-
dom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call
ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er
his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven
to earth,

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great
axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak
with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have
letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord
Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please
him. There's a letter for you, sir; it
comes from the ambassador that was
bound for England; if your name be
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou
shalt have overlooked this, give these

fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

‘He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.’
Come, I will make you way for these
your letters;
And do’t the speedier, that you may
direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my
acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for
friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing
ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these
feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr’d up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much
unsinew’d,
But yet to me they are strong. The
queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for my-
self—

My virtue or my plague, be it either
which—

She’s so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his
sphere,

I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear
him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affec-
tion,

Would, like the spring that turneth wood
to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my
arrows,

Too slightly timber’d for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim’d them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father
lost;

A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back
again,

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will
come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that:
you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and
dull

That we can let our beard be shook with
danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall
hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to
imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought
them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I
saw them not:

They were given me by Claudio; he
received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shal: hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see you kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.
'Naked!'

And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

'Thus diddest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him

As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears

Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,

And they can well on horseback: but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,

As he had been incorpsed and deminated

With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report

For art and exercise in your defence
And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,

If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we
would do,

We should do when we would; for this
'would' changes

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a spend-
thrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick
o' the ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you
undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in
deed

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But,
good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your
chamber.

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your ex-
cellence

And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in
fine together

And wager on your heads: he, being
remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with
ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my
sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so
rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from
death

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch
my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him
slightly,

It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;

Weigh what convenience both of time
and means

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad
performance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this
project

Should have a back or second, that might
hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft! let
me see:

We'll make a solemn wager on your
cunnings:

I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and
dry—

As make your bouts more violent to that
end—

And that he calls for drink, I'll have
prepared him

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but
sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd
stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon
another's heel,

So fast they follow : your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant
a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream ;

There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser
name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers
call them :

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet
weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver
broke ;

When down her weedy trophies and her-
self

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes
spread wide ;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore
her up :

Which time she chanted snatches of old
tunes ;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element : but long it could
not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their
drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious
lay

To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou,
poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will : when these
are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord :
I have a speech of fire, that fain would
blaze,

But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :

How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I this will give it start again ;

Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, etc.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Chris-
tian burial that wilfully seeks her own
salvation ?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is : and there-
fore make her grave straight : the crowner
hath sat on her, and finds it Christian
burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she
drown'd herself in her own defence ?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo ;'
it cannot be else. For here lies the point :
if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an
act : and an act hath three branches ; it
is, to act, to do, and to perform : argal,
she drown'd herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman
delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies
the water ; good : here stands the man ;
good : if the man go to this water, and
drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he
goes,—mark you that ; but if the water
come to him and drown him, he drowns
not himself : argal, he that is not guilty
of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law ?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't ; crowner's
quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't ?
If this had not been a gentlewoman, she
should have been buried out o' Christian
burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st : and
the more pity that great folk should have
countenance in this world to drown or
hang themselves, more than their even
Christian. Come, my spade. There is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners,
ditchers, and grave-makers : they hold
up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman ?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever
bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digg'd:' could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to 'Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

*[Exit Sec. Clown.
(He digs, and sings.)*

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my bebove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [Sings]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clo. [Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of

a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that

were wont to set the table on a roar?
Not one now, to mock your own grinning?
quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithce, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,

Enter Priests, etc. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

For do it own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth: And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou hest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'ertrip old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose
grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase
of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes
them stand

Likewonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy
hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen, --

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and
they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him
upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand
brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do
for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what
thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast?
woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning
zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are dis-
closed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me
thus?

I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his
day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait
upon him. [*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in
our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your
son.

This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Eacunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall
you see the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a
kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought
I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.
Rashly,

And praised be rashness for it, let us
know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that
should teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,--

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the
dark

Groped I to find out them; had my
desire,

Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found,
Horatio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and Eng-
land's too,

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my
life,

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it
at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with
villanies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my
brains,

They had begun the play.—I sat me
down,

Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,

A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir,
now

It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou
know

The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,

As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might
flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland
wear

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these
contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not striving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven
ordinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't the impression,
placed it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the
next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was
sequent

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz
go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love
to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their
defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature
comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand
me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whored
my mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my
hopes,

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect
conscience,

To quit him with this arm? and is't not
to be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him
from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is
mine;

And a man's life's no more than to say
'One.'

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his
favours:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did
put me

Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, good mylord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make

true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Bar-

bary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing-time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tunc of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fford and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osr., who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or

whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, etc.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong
Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies
it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if't
be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous
thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the
house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir
me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of
honour

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known
honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till
that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in
mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest
night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the
weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen
you both:

But since he is better'd, we have there-
fore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see
another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils
have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon
that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance
fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better
breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive
kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give
me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens
to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come,
begin:

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet,
this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health. [*Trumpets sound,
and cannon shot off within.*]

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it
by awhile.

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what
say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy
brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune,
Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you,
pardon me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup:
it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam;
by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost
'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes:
you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.
[*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. I have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in
scuffling, they change rapiers,
and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come, again.

[*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How
is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine
own springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—

O my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.
[*Dies.*]

Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door
be lock'd:

Treachery! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet,
thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee
good;

In thee there is not half an hour of
life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king's to
blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I
am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murder-
ous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble
Hamlet:.

Mine and my father's death come not
upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it!

I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen,
adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this
chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant,
death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll
have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live
behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath
in pain,

To tell my story. [*March afar off, and
shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest
come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :

I cannot live to hear the news from England ;

But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more
and less,

Which have solicited. The rest is
silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good
night, sweet prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ?

[*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English
Ambassadors, and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your
search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O
proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

First Amb. The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too
late :

The ears are senseless that should give
us hearing,

To tell him his commandment is ful-
fill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are
dead :

Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their
death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody ques-
tion,

You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arrived, give order that these
bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing
world

How these things came about : so shall
you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaugh-
ters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced
cause,

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this
can I

'Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this
kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth
invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause
to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw
on more :

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest
more mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally : and, for
his passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies : such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much
amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing
off the dead bodies ; after which a
peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, son to Gloucester.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.

CURAN, a courtier.

Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.

Fool.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

A Captain employed by Edmund.

Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,

REGAN,

CORDELIA,

} daughters to Lear.

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Britain.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *King Lear's palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order

of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
 In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age;
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
 Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—
 Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,—
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where nature doth with merit challenge.
 Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I love you more than words
 can wield the matter;
 Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health,
 beauty, honour;
 As much as child e'er loved, or father
 found;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech
 unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love
 you.
Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do?
 Love, and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from
 this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champains
 rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted
 meads,

We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's
 issue
 Be this perpetual. What says our second
 daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?
 Speak.
Reg. Sir, I am made
 Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true
 heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense
 possesses;
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.
Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my
 love's
 More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary
 ever
 Remain this ample third of our fair
 kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now,
 our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose
 young love
 The vines of France and milk of Bur-
 gundy
 Strive to be interest'd; what can you
 say to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters?
 Speak,
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing:
 speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot
 heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your
 majesty
 According to my bond; nor more nor
 less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend
 your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, loved
 me: I
 Return those duties back as are right
 fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour
 you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they
 say
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall
 wed,
 That lord whose hand must take my
 plight shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care and
 duty:
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then,
 be thy dower:
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the
 night;
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to
 be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and
 me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The
 barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my
 bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and re-
 lieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
 Come not between the dragon and his
 wrath.
 I loved her most, and thought to set my
 rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid
 my sight!
 So be my grave my peace, as here I
 give

Her father's heart from her! Call
 France; who stirs?
 Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest
 this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness,
 marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by
 monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we
 still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a
 king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the
 rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to con-
 firm,
 This coronet part betwixt you.
[Giving the crown.]
Kent. Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Loved as my father, as my master
 follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my
 prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn,
 make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the
 fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent un-
 mannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wilt thou
 do, old man?
 Think'st thou that duty shall have dread
 to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To
 plainness honour's bound,
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse
 thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness: answer my life
 my judgement,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love
 thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted whose low
 sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
 The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
 [Laying his hand on his sword.]
Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }
Kent. Do:
 Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
 Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
 On thine allegiance, hear me!
 Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
 Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
 To come between our sentence and our power,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world;
 And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
 This shall not be revoked.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear.

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
 That good effects may spring from words of love.
 Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
 He'll shape his old course in a country new. *[Exit.]*
Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.
Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
 We first address towards you, who with this king
 Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
 I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
 But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
 If aught within that little seeming substance,
 Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
 Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
 Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
 Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*]
For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way

Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;

But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature

Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love's not love

When it is mingled with regards that stand

Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriized precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone

Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;

And like a sister am most loath to call Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him: But yet, alas, stood I within his grace, I would prefer him to a better place. So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scantied,

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true,

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base

Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

EDGAR.'

Hum—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently:

convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar*—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit* *Edgar.*]

A credulous father! and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he dislike it, let him to our sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by my life,

Old fools are babes again; and must be used

With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.

Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

That can my speech defuse, my good intent

May carry through itself to that full issue For which I razed my likeness. Now,

banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,

Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgement; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a

most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father'! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold

shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To *Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg 'i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown 'i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

[Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped

for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retainers
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo
so long,

That it had its head bit off by it
young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions, that of late transform you

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus?

Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings,
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble
thee:

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your
disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—
[*To Alb.*] O, sir, are you come? •
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare
my horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in
a child

Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou
liest:

My train are men of choice and rarest
parts,

That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most
small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame
of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my
heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear,
Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*]

And thy dear judgement out! Go, go,
my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am
ignorant

Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must
teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may
live,

And be a thwart disnatured torment to
her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of
youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her
cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may
feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away,
away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods that we adore
whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know
the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at
a clap!

Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee: [*To Gon.*] Life
and death! I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my man-
hood thus;

That these hot tears, which break from
me perforce,

Should make thee worth them. Blasts
and fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's
curse

Pierce every sense about thee! Old
fond eyes,

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you
lose,

To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with
her nails

She'll flay thy wolvis visage. Thou
shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee. [*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!

[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter:

So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:

—a hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear, Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*]

No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of you,— Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN meets him.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but car-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing, of a queasy question,

Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!

Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?

Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me;

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:

Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!

Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father, father!

Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanced mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Fled suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it, That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,

'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,

If I would stand against thee, would the reposal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee

Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce

My very character,—I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,

If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs

To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!

Would he deny his letter? I never got him. [*Tucket within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means

To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

To have the expense and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister

Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice; and received

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours:

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice: Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I least thought it fit To answer from our home; the several messengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Gloucester's castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pin-fold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

[*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so

ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the walls of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy

Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness,
doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the
garb

Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter,
he,

An honest mind and plain, he must
speak truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's
plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in
this plainness

Harboui more craft and more corrupter
ends

Than twenty silly ducking observants

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere
verity,

Under the allowance of your great
aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of
radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,--

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which
you discommend so much. I know, sir,
I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you
in a plain accent was a plain knave;
which for my part I will not be, though
I should win your displeasure to entreat
me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave
him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master very
late

To strike at me, upon his misconstruc-
tion;

When he, conjunct, and flattering his
displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, in-
sulted, rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the
king

For him attempting who was self-
subdued;

And, in the fleshment of this dread
exploit,

Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the
king;

On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I
have life and honour,

There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord;
and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your
father's dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same
colour

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away
the stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*]

Glou. Let me beseech your grace not
to do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his
master

Will check him for't: your purposed low
correction

Is such as basest and contemn'd st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses

Are punish'd with: the king must take
it ill,

That he's so slightly valued in his
messenger,

Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much
more worse,

To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]
Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.*]

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis
the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well
knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll
entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watched
and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at
heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke's to blame in this;
'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve
the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this underglobe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees
miracles

But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find
time

†From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and
o'erwatch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night: smile once more;
turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*]

SCENE III. A wood.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no
place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I
may 'scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime
with filth;

Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots;

And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of
rosemary;

And with this horrible object, from low
farms,

Poor pelling villages, sheep-cotes, and
mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime
with prayers,

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod!
poor Tom!

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing
am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before Gloucester's castle.

Kent in the stocks.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so
depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose
in them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters.
Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and
bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins,
and men by the legs: when a man's over-
lusty at legs, then he wears wooden
nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much
thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—

Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—

Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many

dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. *[Exit.]*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain.

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death!
onfusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester,
Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall
and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have
inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou
understand me, man?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with
Cornwall: the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, com-
mands her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath
and blood!

Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot
duke that—

No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Intimacy doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are
not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands
the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier
will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state!
wherefore [*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant
forth.

Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak
with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth
and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the
dium

Till it cry sleep to death.

Glou. I would have all well betwixt
you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising
heart! but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney
did to the eels when she put 'em i' the
paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the
coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down,
wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother
that, in pure kindness to his horse,
battered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOU-
CESTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know
what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not
be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's
tomb,

Sepulchring an adulteress. [*To Kent*] O,
are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved
Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath
tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,
here: [*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not
believe

With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I
have hope

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the
least

Would fail her obligation: if, sir, per-
chance

She have restrain'd the riots of your
followers,

'Tis on such ground, and to such whole-
some end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and
led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than thou yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[*Kneeling.*

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed,
and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan!
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with
her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young
bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart
your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you
wish on me,

When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never
have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are
fierce; but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better
know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not
forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
[*Tucket within.*

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this
approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-
borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he
follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Whostock'd my servant? Regan,
I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes
here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet
sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take
my part!

[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon
this beard?

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the
hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir?
How have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man
i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own
disorders

Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak,
seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my
sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to
me:

I am now from home, and out of that pro-
vision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with
her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-
less took

Our youngest born, I could as well be
brought

To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pen-
sion beg

To keep bare life afoot. Return with
her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and
sumpter

To this detested groom.

[Pointing at Oswald.]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make
me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; fare-
well:

We'll no more meet, no more see one
another:

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art
a boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not
call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging
Jove:

Mend when thou canst; be better at thy
leisure:

I can be patient: I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to
my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your
passion

Must be content to think you old, and
so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty
followers?

Is it not well? What should you need
of more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge
and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How,
in one house,

Should many people, under two com-
mands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impos-
sible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord,
receive attendance

From those that she calls servants or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanced to slack you,

We could control them. If you will
come to me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my
depositories;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I
come to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you
so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no
more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do
look well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being
the worst

Stands in some rank of praise. *[To Gon.]*
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:

What need you five and twenty, ten, or
five,

To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
 And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks? No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!
[Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool. Storm and tempest.]
Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
 Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure
 Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord;
 'tis a wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A heath.

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-
sco'n

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear
would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours
to out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There
is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and
Cornwall:

Who have - as who have not, that their
great stars

Throned and set high?—servants, who
seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and specu-
lations

Intelligent of our state: what hath been
seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them
have borne

Against the old kind king; or something
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-
ings;

But, true it is, from France there comes
a power

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at
point

To show their open banner. Now to
you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall
find

Some that will thank you, making just
report

Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breed-
ing;

And, from some knowledge and assurance,
offer

This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and
take

What it contains. If you shall see Cor-
delia,—

As fear not but you shall,—show her this
ring;

And she will tell you who your fellow
is

That yet you do not know. Fie on this
storm!

I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you
no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more
than all yet;

That, when we have found the king,—in
which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights
on him

Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath.*
Storm still.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your
cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples,
drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing
furies,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-
bolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-
shaking thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill
at once,

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, count holy-water in a
dry house is better than this rain-water
out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask
thy daughters' blessing: here's a night
pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Humble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!
 spout, rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my
 daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-
 ness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you
 children,
 You owe me no subscription: then let
 fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand,
 your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old
 man:
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters
 join'd
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a
 head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis
 foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's
 head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
 Before the head has any,
 The head and he shall house;
 So beggars marry many.
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but
 she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all
 patience;
 I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-
 piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things
 that love night
 Love not such nights as these; the wrath-
 ful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves: since
 I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
 thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I
 never

Remember to have heard: man's nature
 cannot carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our
 heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble,
 thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou
 bloody hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of
 virtue

That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces
 shake,

That under covert and convenient seem-
 ing

Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-
 up guilt,

Rive your concealing continents, and
 cry

These dreadful summoners grace. I am
 a man

More shinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a
 hovel;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst
 the tempest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard
 house—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis
 raised;

Which even but now, demanding after
 you,

Denied me to come in—return, and
 force

Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
 Come on, my boy: how do'st, my boy?
 art cold?

I am cold myself. Where is this straw,
 my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious.

Come, your hovel.
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in
 my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Singing]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come,
bring us to this hovel.

[Exeunt Lear and Kent.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a
coun'tezan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than
matter;

When brewers mair their malt with
water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches'
suitors;

When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanderers do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the
field;

And bawds and whores do churches
build;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to
see't,

That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I
live before his time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like
not this unnatural dealing. When I
desired their leave that I might pity him,
they took from me the use of mine own
house; charged me, on pain of their
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain
him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There's
a division betwixt the dukes; and a worse
matter than that: I have received a letter
this night: 'tis dangerous to be spoken;

I have locked the letter in my closet:
these injuries the king now bears will be
revenged home; there's part of a power
already footed: we must incline to the
king. I will seek him, and privily relieve
him: go you and maintain talk with the
duke, that my charity be not of him
perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and
gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no
less is threatened me, the king my old
master must be relieved. There is some
strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you,
be careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall
the duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must
draw me

That which my father loses; no less than
all:

The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent Here is the place, my lord;
good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too
rough

For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own.
Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this
contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun
a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging
sea,

Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth.

When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my
mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling
else

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:

No, I will weep no more. In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here. •

Lear. Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.

[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!

Through the shaip hawthorn blows the cold wind.

Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flaine, and through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,—and there, —and there again, and there.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:

Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented: 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
I have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

[*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late: I loved him, friend;
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out

the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience : the gods reward your kindness ! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithce, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done ; I will arraign them straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes !

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amazed :
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his joke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side : [*To Kent*] you are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there !

Arms, arms, sword, fire ! Corruption in the place !

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity ! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, sec, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or tundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail :
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa ! Come, march

to wakes, and fairs and market-towns.
Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan;
see what breeds about her heart. Is
there any cause in nature that makes
these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir,
I entertain for one of my hundred; only
I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments: you will say they are Persian
attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here
and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise;
draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go
to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is
the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,
his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him
in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where
thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up
thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his
life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend
him,

Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some pro-
vision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balm'd thy
broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come,
help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing
our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows
behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth
o'erstep,

When grief hath mates, and bearing
fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems
now,

When that which makes me bend makes
the king bow,

Ile childed as I father'd! Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself be-
wray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought
defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles
thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape
the king!

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. Gloucester's castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,
EDMUND, and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your
husband; show him this letter: the army
of France is landed. Seek out the
villain Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.
Edmund, keep you our sister company:
the revenges we are bound to take upon
your traitorous father are not fit for your
beholding. Advise the duke, where you
are going, to a most festinate preparation:
we are bound to the like. Our posts
shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.
Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord
of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath con-
vey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords de-
pendants,

Are gone with him towards Dover; where
they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell. [*Exeunt*

General, Edmund, and Oswald.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before
us. [*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his
life

Without the form of justice, yet our
power

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which
men

May blame, but not control. Who's
there? the traitor?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two
or three.*

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good
my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play,
friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm
none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain,
thou shalt find—

[*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most
ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glou. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from
my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am
your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will
you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you
late from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know
the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you
with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent
the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set
down,

Which came from one that's of a neutral
heart,

And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glou. To Dover.

* *Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast
thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him
first answer that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I
must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy
cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy
fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare
head

In hell-black night endured, would have
buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens
to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that
stern time,

Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter,
turn the key,'

All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such
children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows,
hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my
foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he
be old,

Give me some help! O cruel! O you
gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the
other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—
First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
 I have served you ever since I was a
 child;
 But better service have I never done
 you
 Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
First Serv. If you did wear a beard
 upon your chin,
 I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do
 you mean?
Corn. My villain!
[They draw and fight.]
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and
 take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant
 stand up thus! *[Takes a sword,*
and runs at him behind.]
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord,
 you have one eye left
 To see some mischief on him. O! *[Dies.]*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.
 Out, vile jelly!
 Where is thy lustre now?
Glou. All dark and comfortless.
 Where's my son Edmund?
 Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of
 nature,
 To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
 Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it
 was he
 That made the overture of thy treasons
 to us;
 Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was
 abused.
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper
 him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and
 let him smell
 His way to Dover. *[Exit one with Gloucester.]* How is't, my lord? how
 look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt: follow
 me, lady.
 Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this
 slave
 Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed
 apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: give me your
 arm. *[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.]*
Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wicked-
 ness I do,
 If this man come to good.
Third Serv. If she live long,
 And in the end meet the old course of
 death,
 Women will all turn monsters.
Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl,
 and get the Bedlam
 To lead him where he would: his roguish
 madness
 Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some
 flax and whites of eggs
 To apply to his bleeding face. Now,
 heaven help him! *[Exit severally.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to
 be condemn'd,
 Than still continu'd and flatter'd. To
 be worst,
 The lowest and most dejected thing of
 fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in
 fear:
 The lamentable change is from the
 best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome,
 then,
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto
 the worst
 Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who
 comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.
 My father, poorly led? World, world.
 O world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us
 hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O, my good lord, I have
 been your tenant, and your father's
 tenant, these fourscore years.

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;

Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,

Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst'?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

Which made me think a man a worm: my son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,

They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,

Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;

And bring some covering for this naked soul, Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parcel that I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

I let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that
place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's
palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our
mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man
so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were
coming;

His answer was 'The worse:' of Glou-
cester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me
sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side
out:

What most he should dislike seems pleasant
to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no
further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel
wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes
on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to
my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give
the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty
servant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are
like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
speech; [*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst
speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[*Exit Edmund.*]

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:

That nature, which contemns it origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must
wither

And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile
seem vile:

Filth's savour but themselves. What have
you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you
perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have
you maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible
spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile
offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief.

Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,

With plumed helm thy state begins to threaten;

Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest

'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing,
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd
with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd
him dead;

But not without that harmful stroke,
which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did
take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him
back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their
punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst
the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither.
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so
suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in
the state, which since his coming forth is
thought of; which imports to the kingdom
so much fear and danger, that his personal
return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him
general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read
them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd
down

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a
queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and
sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You
have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and
tears

†Were like a better way: those happy
smilets,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not
to know

What guests were in her eyes; which
parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In
brief,

Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved
the name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies!
sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm?
i' the night?

Let pity not be believed!' There she
shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she
started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not
beget

Such different issues. You spoke not
with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king re-
turn'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed
Lear's i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, re-
members

What we are come about, and by no
means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows
him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction,
turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear
rights

To his dog-hearted daughters, these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning
shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's
powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our
master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear
cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not
grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray
you, go

Along with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA,
Doctor, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met
even now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-
weeds,

With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown
field,

And bring him to our eye. *[Exit an
Officer.]* What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward
worth.

Doct. There is means, madam:

Ours foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in
him,

Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and
remediate

In the good man's distress! Seek, seek
for him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hither-
ward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our prepara-
tion stands

In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's
right:

Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set
forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with
your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's
letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on
serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes
being out,

To let him live: where he arrives he
moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think,
is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam,
with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow:
stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this busi-
ness.

Reg. Why should she write to Ed-
mund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Be-
like,

Something—I know not what: I'll love
thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love
her husband;

I am sure of that: and at her late being
here

She gave strange œillades and most
speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of
her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you
are, I know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this
note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have
talk'd;

And more convenient is 'he for my
hand

Than for your lady's: you may gather
more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him
this;

And when your mistress hears thus much
from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind
traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him
off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam!
I should show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Fields near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dress'd like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep,
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He falls forward.*]

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: had he been where
he thought,

By this, had thought been past. Alive
or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but
gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou
dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not;
speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say 'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;

I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No: The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers. Behold yond simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presages snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the
sulphurous pit,

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption;
fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce
of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my
imagination: there's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells
of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This
great world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou
know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well
enough. Dost thou squiny at me?
No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not
love. Read thou this challenge; mark
but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all the letters suns, I
could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from re-
port; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me?
No eyes in your head, nor no money in
your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy
case, your purse in a light: yet you see
how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may
see how this world goes with no eyes.
Look with thine ears: see how yond
justice rails upon yond simple thief.
Hark, in thine ear: change places; and,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which
is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's
dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the
cur? There thou mightst behold the

great image of authority: a dog's obeyed
in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody
hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip
thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The
usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do
appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate
sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless
breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does
pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none;
I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have
the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee
glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now,
now, now, now:

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency
mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes,
take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is
Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying
hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we
smell the air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to
thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that
we are come

To this great stage of fools: this' a good
block;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in
proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-
in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner?

I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have
surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bride-
groom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we
obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, if
you get it, you shall get it with running.
Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the
meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast
one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general
curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a
battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every
one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the
main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on
special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my
breath from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame
to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling
sorrow,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me
your hand,

I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glou. Heartly thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most
happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first
framed flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old un-
happy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

[*Edgar interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?

Hence;

Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without
vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,
and let poor volk pass. An chuu ha' bin
zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha'
bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay,
come not near th' old man; keep out, che
vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or
my ballow be the harder: chill be plain
with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come;
no matter vor your foins. [*They fight,*

and Edgar knocks him down.]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain,
take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st
about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him
out
Upon the British party: O, untimely
death! [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable
villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that
he speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am
only sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame
us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip
their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Read.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be
remembered. You have many oppor-
tunities to cut him off: if your will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully
offered. There is nothing done, if he
return the conqueror: then am I the
prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the
loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and
supply the place for your labour.

'Your—wife, so I would say

'Affectionate servant,

'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here,
in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature
time

With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis
well

That of thy death and business I can
tell.

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is
my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were dis-
tract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from
my griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.*

*LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music play-
ing; Gentleman, and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I
live and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will
be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam,
is o'er-paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worse
hours:

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.

[*To the Doctor*] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath
slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge,
and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he
array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness
of his sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
 I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
 Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
 Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
 Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
 Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
 To be opposed against the warring winds?
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—
 poor perdu!—
 With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood
 that night
 Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor
 father,
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues
 forlorn,
 In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak
 to him.
Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How
 fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me
 out o' the grave:
 Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own
 tears
 Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when
 did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Doct. He's scarce awake: let him
 alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where
 am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die
 with pity,
 To see another thus. I know not what
 to say.
 I will not swear these are my hands:
 let's see;
 I feel this pin prick. Would I were
 assured
 Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er
 me:
 No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more
 nor less;
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know
 this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly
 ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I
 have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I
 know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not
 laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith.
 I pray, weep not:
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know you do not love me; for your
 sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam:
 the great rage,
 You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is
 danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has
 lost.
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
 Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration

And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:

She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.

Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom,
I fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;

For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.
—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech
with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.
[Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.]
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope
 this letter.
 If you have victory, let the trumpet
 sound
 For him that brought it: wretched though
 I seem,
 I can produce a champion that will
 prove
 What is avouched there. If you mis-
 carry,
 Your business of the world hath so an
 end,
 And machination ceases. Fortune love
 you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
 When time shall serve, let but the herald
 cry,
 And I'll appear again.
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'er-
 look thy paper. *[Exit Edgar.]*

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up
 your powers.
 Here is the guess of their true strength
 and forces
 By diligent discovery; but your haste
 Is now urged on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *[Exit.]*
Edm. To both these sisters have I
 sworn my love;
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall
 I take?
 Both? one? or neither? Neither can be
 enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive: to take the widow
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister
 Goneril;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then
 we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which
 being done,
 Let her who would be rid of him devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear and to Cor-
 delia,

The battle done, and they within our
 power,
 Shall never see his pardon; for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and
 colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers,
 over the stage; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of
 this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right
 may thrive;
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
[Exit Edgar.]

*Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter
 EDGAR.*

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy
 hand; away!
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter
 ta'en:
 Give me thy hand; come on.
Glou. No farther, sir; a man may rot
 even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again?
 Men must endure
 Their going hence, even as their coming
 hither:
 Ripeness is all: come on.
Glou. And that's true too. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The British camp near
 Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours,
 EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA,
 prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, etc.*

Edm. Some officers take them away:
 good guard,
 Until their greater pleasures first be
 known

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
 Who, with best meaning, have incur'd
 the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;

Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;

And take upon's the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,

The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark,

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded Does not become a sword: thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives

That were the opposites of this day's strife:

We do require them of you, so to use them

As we shall find their merits and our safety

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king To some retention and appointed guard;

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side, And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed

By those that feel their sharpness:

The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been
demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our
powers;
Bore the commission of my place and
person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should
husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-
squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I
should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patri-
mony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are
thine:

Witness the world, that I create thee
here

My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good
will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [To *Edmund*] Let the drum
strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund,
I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attainst,
This gilded serpent [pointing to *Gon.*].

For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to
me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let
the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a
glove]; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust
medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [throwing
down a glove]: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares
- approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will main-
tain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for
thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to
my tent. [Exit *Regan*, led.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet
sound,—

And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet!

[A trumpet sounds.]

Her. [Reads] 'If any man of quality
or degree within the lists of the army will
maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl
of Gloucester, that he is a manifold
traitor, let him appear by the third sound
of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound! [First trumpet.]

Her. Again! [Second trumpet.]

Her. Again! [Third trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

*Enter EDGAR, at the third sound,
armed, with a trumpet before him.*

Alb. Call him his purposes, why he
appears

Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Hec. What are you?
 Your name, your quality? and why you
 answer
 This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
 By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-
 bit:
 Yet am I noble as the adversary
 I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund
 Earl of Gloucester?
Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to
 him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
 That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
 Thy arm may do thee justice: here is
 mine.
 Behold, it is the privilege of mine
 honour,
 My oath, and my profession: I protest,
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and
 eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword and fire-new
 fortune,
 Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a
 traitor;
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
 father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious
 prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy
 head
 To the descent and dust below thy foot,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou
 'No,'
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,
 are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I
 speak,
 Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy
 name;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and
 warlike,
 And that thy tongue some say of breeding
 breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well
 delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and
 spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy
 head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy
 heart;
 Which, for they yet glance by and
 scarcely bruise,
 This sword of mine shall give them
 instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets,
 speak! [*Alarums. They fight.*
Edmund falls.
Alb. Save him, save him!
Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
 By the law of arms thou wast not bound
 to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not van-
 quish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguiled.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it: Hold,
 sir;
 Thou worse than any name, read thine
 own evil:
 No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
 [*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine,
 not thine:
 Who can arraign me for't?
Alb. Most monstrous! oh!
 Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know.
 [*Exit.*
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate;
 govern her.
Edm. What you have charged me
 with, that have I done;
 And more, much more; the time will
 bring it out:
 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art
 thou
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt
 noble,
 I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
 I am no less in blood than thou art,
 Edmund;
 If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
 My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
 The gods are just, and of our pleasant
 vices
 Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee
he got

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true:
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did pro-
phesy

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of
your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List
a brief tale;

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart
would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives'
sweetness!

That we the pain of death would hourly
die

Kather than die at once!—taught me to
shift

Into a madman's rags; to assume a
semblance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this
habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became
his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from
despair;

Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto
him,

Until some half-hour past, when I was
arm'd:

Not sure, though hoping, of this good
success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd
heart,

Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and
grief,

Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved
me,

And shall perchance do good: but speak
you on;

You look as you had something more to
say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful,
hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but an-
other,

To amplify too much, would make much
more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there
in a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then,
finding

Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong
arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd
out

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my
father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and
him

That ever ear received: which in recount-
ing

His grief grew puissant, and the strings
of life

Began to crack: twice then the trumpets
sounded,

And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent;
who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him
service

Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's
dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and
her sister

By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both:
all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they
alive or dead:

This judgement of the heavens, that makes
us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good
night:

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and
where's Cordelia?

See'st thou this object, Kent? [*The bodies
of General and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I
mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly
send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my
writ

Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath
the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my
sword,

Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy
wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him
hence awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in
his arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others
following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O,
you are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use
them so

That heaven's vault should crack. She's
gone for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one
lives;

She's dead as earth. Lend me a
looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the
stone,

Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. O! image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if
it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all
sorrows

That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers,
traitors all!

I might have saved her; now she's gone
for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was
ever soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in
woman.

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging
thee.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good
biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old
now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who
are you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell
you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved
and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you
not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your
servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell
you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead
and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the
very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of differ-
ence and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheer-
less, dark, and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fordone them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says: and
vain it is

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our
intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar
and Kent*] you, to your rights;

With boot, and such addition as your
honours

Have more than merited. All friends
shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see,
see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd!
No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have
life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt
come no more,

Never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you,
sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look,
her lips,

Look there, look there! [*Dies*

Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him
pass! he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough
world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured
so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our
present business

Is general woe [*To Kent and Edgar*]
Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state
sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to
go;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we
must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought
to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are
young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.	RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
BRABANTIO, a senator.	MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Other Senators.	Clown, servant to Othello.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.	
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.	DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.	EMILIA, wife to Iago.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.	BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.
IAGO, his ancient.	

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Venice; a Sea-port in Cyprus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes, says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
†A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had
the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the
proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd
and calm'd
By debtor and creditor: this counter-
caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant
be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moor-
ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affined
 To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious
 bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's
 as,
 For nought but provender, and when
 he's old, cashier'd:
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
 are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on
 their lords,
 Do well thrive by them and when they
 have lined their coats
 Do themselves homage: these fellows
 have some soul;
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
 In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and
 duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth
 demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the
 thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him: make after him, poison his
 delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets; incense his
 kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies: though that his
 joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll
 call aloud.
Iago. Do, with like timorous accent
 and dire yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the
 fire
 Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior
 Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio!
 thieves! thieves! thieves!
 Look to your house, your daughter and
 your bags!
 Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
 summons?
 What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for
 shame, put on your gown;
 Your heart is burst, you have lost half
 your soul;
 Even now, now, very now, an old black
 ram
 Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
 Or else the devil will make a grandsire
 of you:
 Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you
 know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
 I have charged thee not to haunt about
 my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now,
in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering
draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them
power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?
this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those
that will not serve God, if the devil bid
you. Because we come to do you service
and you think we are ruffians, you'll have
your daughter covered with a Barbary
horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to
you; you'll have coursers for cousins and
gennets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell
you your daughter and the Moor are now
making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know
thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing.

But, I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise
consent,

As partly I find it is, that your fair
daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the
night,

Transported, with no worse nor better
guard

But with a knave of common hire, a
gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allow-
ance,

We then have done you bold and saucy
wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners
tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not
believe

That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and tifle with your
reverence:

Your daughter, if you have not given her
leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy
yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my
place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the
state,

Howe'er this may gall him with some
check,

Cannot with safety cast him, for he's
embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for
their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you
shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So,
farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants
with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she
is;
And what's to come of my despised time

Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy
girl!

With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would
be a father!

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she
deceives me

Past thought! What said she to you?
Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred. Are they married,
think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out?
O treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your
daughters' minds

By what you see them act. Is there not
charms

By which the property of youth and
maidhood

May be abused? Have you not read,
Roderigo,

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would
you had had her!

Some one way, some another. Do you
know

Where we may apprehend her and the
Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if
you please

To get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every
house I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons,
ho!

And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your
pains. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants
with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I
have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the con-
science

To do no contrived murder: I lack
iniquity

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten
times

I had thought to have jerk'd him here
under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking
terms

Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray
you, sir,

Are you fast married? Be assured of
this,

That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential

As double as the duke's: he will divorce
you;

Or put upon you what restraint and
grievance

The law, with all his might to enforce
it on,

Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite;

My services which I have done the
signiory

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis
yet to know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an
honour,

I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and
being

From men of royal siege, and my de-
merits

May speak unbonneted to as proud a
fortune

As this that I have reach'd: for know,
Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condi-
tion

Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what
lights come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and
his friends:

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general, And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:

It is a business of some heat: the galleys Have sent a dozen sequent messengers This very night at one another's heels, And many of the consuls, raised and met, Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;

He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense, If she in chains of magic were not bound, Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd The wealthy curled darlings of our nation, Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on;

'Tis probable and palpable to thinking. I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time Of law and course of direct session Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;

The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night! Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A council-chamber.*

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—

As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor [Within] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk.
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskillful

To leave that latest which concerns him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you
thus,

And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-
post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and
the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO,
RODERIGO, and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must
straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you;
welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help
to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your
grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor ought I heard of
business.

I hath raised me from my bed, nor doth
the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular
grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing
nature

That it engulfs and swallows other
sorrows

And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and cor-
rupted

By spells and medicines bought of
mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of
sense,

Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul
proceeding

I hath thus beguiled your daughter of
herself

And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter
letter

After your own sense, yea, though our
proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor, whom now,
it seems,

Your special mandate for the state-
affairs

I hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry
for't.

Duke. [*To Othello*] What, in your
own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend
signiors,

My very noble and approved good
masters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's
daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married
her:

The very head and front of my offending
I hath this extent, no more. Rude am I
in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of
peace:

For since these arms of mine had seven
years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they
have used

Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil and
battle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your

gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,

I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of
nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing,

To fall in love with what she fear'd to
look on!

It is a judgement maim'd and most im-
perfect

That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be
driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch
again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er
the blood,

Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likeli-
hoods

Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's
affections?

Or came it by request and such fair
question

As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best
know the place.

[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited
me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges,
fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish
days,

To the very moment that he bade me
tell it;

Wherein I spake of most disastrous
chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent
deadly breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption
thence

And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose
heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the
process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This
to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence:

Which ever as she could with haste dis-
patch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I ob-
serving,

Took once a pliant hour, and found
good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something
heard,

But not intently: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful
stroke

That my youth suffer'd. My story being
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of
sighs:

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she
wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man:
she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that
loved her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Dcs. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education:
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;

I am hitherto your daughter: but here's
 my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be wi' you! I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state-
 affairs:

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all
 my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake,
 jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child:
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

To hang clogs on them. I have done,
 my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and
 lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise or step, may help these
 lovers

Into your favour.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are
 ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes
 depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and
 gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune
 takes

Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something
 from the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless
 grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us
 beguile;

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well that nothing
 bears

But the free comfort which from thence
 he hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the
 sorrow

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience
 borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
 But words are words; I never yet did hear
 That the bruised heart was pierced
 through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the
 affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty
 preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello,
 the fortitude of the place is best known
 to you; and though we have there a
 substitute of most allowed sufficiency,
 yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,
 throws a more safer voice on you: you
 must therefore be content to slubber the
 gloss of your new fortunes with this more
 stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Ofh. The tyrant custom, most grave
 senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch
of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your
state,

I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous
ear;

And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live
with him,

My downright violence and storm of
fortunes

May trumpet to the world: my heart's
subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,

And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft
me,

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with
him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg
it not,

To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young
affects

In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that
you think

I will your serious and great business
scant

For she is with me: no, when light-
wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton
dullness

My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my
business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm.
And all indign and base adversities

Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately
determine,

Either for her stay or going: the affair
cries haste,

And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. A' nine i' the morning here
we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:
With such things else of quality and
respect

As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace
shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*]

And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use
Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast
eyes to see:

She has deceived her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest
Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;

And bring them after in the best advan-
tage.

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction.

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than

now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration:—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of this drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my pur-e;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will

In double knavery—I how, how?—Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land.

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,

That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio,
though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial
blue

An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this
warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the
heavens

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous
sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and
his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to
death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within* 'A sail, a sail, a sail!']

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on
the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A
sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the
governor. [*Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot
of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your
general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved
a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning
pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to
the general.

Cas. Has had most favourable and
happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas and howl-
ing winds,
The gutter'd rocks and congregated
sands,—

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless
keel,—

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great
captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our
thoughts

A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello
guard,
And swell his sail with thine own power-
ful breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall
ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's
arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO,
RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your
knees.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of
heaven,
Before, behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my
lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know
I aught

But that he's well and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you
company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea
and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[*Within* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to
the citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]

Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I 'extend my manners; 'tis my
breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much
of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are
pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your
kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being
offended,
Players in your housewifery, and house-
wives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a
Turk:

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me
to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one
gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my
invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does
from frize;

It plucks out brains and all: but my
Muse labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be
black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto
have a wit,

She'll find a white that shall her black-
ness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that
was fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to
make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What
miserable praise hast thou for her that's
foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish
thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise
ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest
the worst best. But what praise couldst
thou bestow on a deserving woman
indeed, one that, in the authority of her
merit, did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never
proud,

Had tongue at will and yet was never
loud,

Never lack'd gold and yet went never
gay,

Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I
may,'

She that being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure
fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's

tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose
her mind,

See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight
were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To saddle fools and chronicle
small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas

Olympus-high and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the
Turks are down'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;

I have found great love amongst them.
O my sweet,

I juggle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,

Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come,
Desdemona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant-to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for

bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hand at hand comes the

master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whercof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul

Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgement cannot cure. Which
 thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting
 on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and
 reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet
 confused:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till
 used. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation;
 People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble
 and valiant general, that, upon certain
 tidings now arrived, imputing the mere
 perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man
 put himself into triumph; some to dance,
 some to make bonfires, each man to what
 sport and revels his addiction leads him:
 for, besides these beneficial news, it is the
 celebration of his nuptial. So much
 was his pleasure should be proclaimed.
 All offices are open, and there is full
 liberty of feasting from this present hour
 of five till the bell have told eleven.
 Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our
 noble general Othello! [Exit.

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO,
 and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the
 guard to-night:
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal
 eye

Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with
 your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [*To
 Desdemona*] Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to
 ensue;

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and
 you.

Good night. [*Exit Othello,
 Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the
 watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis
 not yet ten o' the clock. Our general
 cast us thus early for the love of his
 Desdemona; who let us not therefore
 blame: he hath not yet made wanton
 the night with her; and she is sport for
 Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of
 game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and
 delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks
 it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks
 right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not
 an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets!
 Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine;
 and here without are a brace of Cyprus
 gallants that would fain have a measure
 to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have
 very poor and unhappy brains for drink-
 ing: I could well wish courtesy would
 invent some other custom of entertain-
 ment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but
 one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-
 night, and that was craftily qualified too,
 and, behold, what innovation it makes
 here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity,

and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen; Servants following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink,
clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thou auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, 'ery well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.

I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much

To cure him of this evil—But, hark!
what noise?

[*Cry within: 'Help! help!'*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say;
go out, and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,
—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch
indeed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell?—
Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant,
hold!

You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt
to the death. [*Faints.*]

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—
Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and
duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold,
hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence
arise this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do
that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this bar-
barous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve for his own
rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his
motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the
isle

From her propriety. What is the matter,
masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with
grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—

As if some planet had unwitting men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odd-;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:

Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something
now offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this
night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement
collided,

Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to
know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at
a birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war.
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of
fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of
safety!

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued
in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from
my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael
Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is,
general.

Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determined
sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift
of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the
rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of
swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which till to-
night

I ne'er might say before. When I came
back—

For this was brief—I found them close
together,

At blow and thrust; even as again they
were

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report:

But men are men; the best sometimes
forget:

Though Cassio did some little wrong to
him,

As men in rage strike those that wish
them best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this
matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love
thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come
away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your
surgeon:
Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is*
led off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl
distracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with
strife. [*Exeunt all but Iago and*
Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputa-
tion! O, I have lost my reputation! I
have lost the immortal part of myself,
and what remains is bestial. My reputa-
tion, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I
thought you had received some bodily
wound; there is more sense in that than
in reputation. Reputation is an idle
and most false imposition; oft got with-
out merit, and lost without deserving:
you have lost no reputation at all, unless
you repute yourself such a loser. What,
man! there are ways to recover the
general again: you are but now cast in
his mood, a punishment more in policy
than in malice; even so as one would
beat his offenceless dog to affright an
imperious lion: sue to him again, and
he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised
than to deceive so good a commander
with so slight, so drunken, and so in-
discreet an officer. Drunk? and speak
parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?
and discourse fustian with one's own
shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine,
if thou hast no name to be known by,
let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed
with your sword? What had he done
to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things,
but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but
nothing wherefore. O God, that men
should put an enemy in their mouths to
steal away their brains! that we should,
with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well
enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunken-
ness to give place to the devil wrath:
one unperfectness shows me another, to
make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a
moralist: as the time, the place, and the
condition of this country stands, I could
heartily wish this had not befallen; but,
since it is as it is, mend it for your own
good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again:
he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had
I as many mouths as Hydra, such an
answer would stop them all. To be now
a sensible man, by and by a fool, and
presently a beast! O strange! Every
inordinate cup is unblessed and the in-
gredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a
good familiar creature, if it be well used:
exclaim no more against it. And, good
lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I
drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be
drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what
you shall do. Our general's wife is now
the general: I may say so in this respect,

for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal to thinking and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful

As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: for whiles this honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness make the net

That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Two things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Musi.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

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Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,

To send in to your wife: my suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*]

I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant:

I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it;

And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus

And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you

And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the safest occasion by the front

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry,
Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.
[*Exit Cassio.*]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio.
Good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him
back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona;
some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or
Tuesday morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednes-
day morn:

I prithee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common
reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make
examples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he
come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should
deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What!
Michael Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so
many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much
to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do
much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come
when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your
gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you
warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person: nay, when I have
a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me
this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell,
my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll
come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies
teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition
catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee
not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you
woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why
dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my
thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been ac-
quainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us
very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st
thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost
mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst
not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst
not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criest
‘Indeed!’

And didst contract and purse thy brow
together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love
me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou’rt full of love and
honesty,

And weigh’st thy words before thou givest
them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me
the more:

For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are ticks of custom, but in a man that’s
just

They are close delations, working from
the heart

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might
seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they
seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio’s an
honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there’s more in this:

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst
of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are
vile and false;

As where’s that palace whereinto foul
things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast
so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy
friend, Iago,

If thou but think’st him wrong’d and
makest his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—

Though I perchance am vicious in my
guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature’s plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your
wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself
a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom.
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman,
dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse steals trash; ’tis
something, nothing;

’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I’ll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were
in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst ’tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth
mock

The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives
in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his
wronger;

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o’er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet
strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich
enough,

But riches fineless is as poor as winter

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe

defend

From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh surpisions? No; to be once
 in doubt
 Is once to be resolved: exchange me for
 a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to
 make me jealous
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
 company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances
 well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I
 draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt,
 prove;
 And on the proof, there is no more but
 this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy!
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall
 have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am
 bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of
 proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with
 Cassio;
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble
 nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the
 pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their
 best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't un-
 known.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father,
 marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear
 your looks,
 She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a
 seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am
 much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd
 your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you're
 moved:
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my
 worthy friend—
 My lord, I see you're moved.
Oth. No, not much moved:
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live
 you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from
 itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as—to
 be hold with you—
 Not to affect many proposed matches
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most
 rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
 But pardon me; I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judge-
 ment,
 May fall to match you with her country
 forms
 And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know
 more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. [Going] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have, or for I am declined

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

She's gone. I am abused; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;

Prerogatives are they less than the base;

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death: Even then this forked plague is fated

to us When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner, and the generous islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

[He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work
ta'en out,
And give't Iago: what he will do
with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what's that to you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,
poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,

But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did

say so:

Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which you owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the
shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing
fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude
throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours
counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my
love a whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born
a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the
least, so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor
loop

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy
life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and
torture me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amazed;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or
sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office. O
wretched fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take
note, O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and from
hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such
offence.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be
honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's
a fool

And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest and think she
is not;

I think that thou art just and think thou
art not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that
was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and
black

As mine own face. If there be cords, or
knives,

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

I'll not endure it. Would I were satis-
fied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with
passion:

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satis-
fied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape
on—

Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I
think,

To bring them to that prospect: damn
them then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how
then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as
monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as
gross

As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I
say,

If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may
have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's
disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of
soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their
affairs:

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Des-
demona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring
my hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss
me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips: then laid his
leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd;
and then

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the
Moor!'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone con-
clusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a
dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken
other proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see
nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but
this,

Have you not sometimes seen a handker-
chief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's
hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my
first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a
handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-
day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was
hers,

It speaks against her with the other
proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty
thousand lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my re-
venge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here,
Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to
heaven.

'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow
cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted
throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with
thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind
perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like to the Pontic
sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due
on

To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with

violent pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to
humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond

marble heaven,

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred
vow

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.

[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning lights
above,

You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here *Iago* doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him

command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with accept-
ance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee
say

That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at
your request :

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn
her !

Come, go with me apart ; I will with-
draw,

To furnish me with some swift means of
death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my
lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where
Lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clow. He's a soldier, and for one to say
a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to : where lodges he ?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to
tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and
for me to devise a lodging and say he lies
here or he lies there, were to lie in mine
own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be
edified by report ?

Clow. I will catechize the world for him ;
that is, make questions, and by them
answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither :
tell him I have moved my lord on his
behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this is within the compass
of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt
the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that hand-
kerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have
lost my purse

Full of crusadoes : and, but my noble
Moor

Is true of mind and made of no such
baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the sun where
he was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till
Cassio

Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O,
hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : this hand is
moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known
no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and
liberal heart :

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours
requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and
prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout ;

For here's a young and sweating devil
here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good
hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my
heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old
gave hands ;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come
now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come
speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum
offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
 That handkerchief
 Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
 She was a charmer, and could almost
 read
 The thoughts of people: she told her,
 while she kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable and subdue
 my father
 Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathed and his spirits
 should hunt
 After new fancies: she, dying, gave
 it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have
 me wive,
 To give it her. I did so: and take heed
 on't;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;
 To lose't or give't away were such
 perdition
 As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the
 web of it:
 A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
 The sun to course two hundred com-
 passes,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed
 the silk;
 And it was dyed in mummy which the
 skilful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look
 to't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had
 never seen't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startlingly
 and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it
 out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it
 were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will
 not now.
 This is a trick to put me from my
 suit:
 Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my
 mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
 You'll never meet a more sufficient
 man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your
 love,
 Shared dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*]
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
 Sure, there's some wonder in this hand-
 kerchief:
 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us
 a man:
 They are all but stomachs, and we all
 but food;
 They eat us hungerly, and when they are
 full,
 They belch us. Look you, Cassio and
 my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she
 must do't:
 And, lo, the happiness! go, and impor-
 tune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's
 the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit; I do
 beseech you
 That by your virtuous means I may
 again

Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be de-
lay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present
sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced con-
tent,

And shut myself up in some other
course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I
know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his dis-
pleasure

For my free speech! you must awhile be
patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice
you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen
the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the
air,

And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother:—and can he be
angry?

Something of moment then: I will go
meet him:

There's matter in't indeed, if he be
angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*]

Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd
practice

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to
him,

Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in
such cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior
things,

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis
even so;

For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that
sense

Of pain: nay, we must think men are
not gods,

Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much,
Emilia,

I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my
soul;

Put now I find I had suborn'd the wit-
ness,

And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters,
as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him
cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be
answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a
monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from
Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio,
walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your
suit

And seek to effect it to my utter-
most.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair
Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your
house.

Bian. And I was going to your
lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days
and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers'
absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score
times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts
been press'd;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet

Bianca, [*Giving her Desdemona's
handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's
teeth,

From whence you have them. You are
jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some re-
membrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in
my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be de-
manded—

As like enough it will—I'd have it
copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this
time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a
little,

And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can
bring you;

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be
circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend
in bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not
mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they
tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial
slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord;
and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any
man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour
too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's
not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly
have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my
memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What,

If I had said I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such
abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate
suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,

No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy: This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course: If not, he foams at mouth and by and by breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will recover straight: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked

May draw with you: there's millions now alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, Bade him anon return and here speak with me;

The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my
patience;

But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you
withdraw? [*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a
creature

That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the
strumpet's plague

To beguile many and be beguiled by
one:

He, when he hears of her, cannot re-
frain

From the excess of laughter. Here he
comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go
mad;

And his unbookish jealousy must con-
strue

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light
behaviour,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now,
lieutenant?

Cas. The worse that you give me the
addition

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you
are sure on't.

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in
Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man
so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'
faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and
laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well
said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall
marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do
you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what? a customer!
Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do
not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha,
ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that
win.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you
shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving
out: she is persuaded I will marry her,
out of her own love and flattery, not out
of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins
the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she
haunts me in every place. I was the
other day talking on the sea-bank with
certain Venetians; and thither comes
the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls
me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it
were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps
upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha,
ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked
him to my chamber. O, I see that nose
of yours, but not that dog I shall throw
it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she
comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry,
a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of
me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt
you! What did you mean by that same
handkerchief you gave me even now? I was
a fine fool to take it. I must take out the

work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing

the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure.

'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'
Lod. Ife did not call; he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
 To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter moved him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. [*Striking her*] Devil!
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
 Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
 Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
 [*Going.*]
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!

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Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
 Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
 I am commanded home. Get you away; I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt! [*Exit Desdemona.*]
 Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together:
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*]
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
 What he might be: if what he might be is not,
 I would to heaven he were!
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod. Is it his use?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
 It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

Y

And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go
after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in
him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did
suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and
she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and
then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up be-
tween them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her
mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she
is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think
other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your
bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your
head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's
curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and
true,

There's no man happy; the purest of
their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple
bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a
subtle whore,

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have
seen her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your func-
tion, mistress;

Leave procreants alone and shut the
door;

Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dis-
patch. [*Exit Emilia.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your
speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils
themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be
double damn'd:

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art
false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom?
how am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona! away! away!
away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do
you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my
lord?

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have
lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare
head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost
hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write 'whore' upon ? What committed !

Committed ! O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed !

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it. What committed !
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then :

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*] You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell !

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you !

We have done our course ; there's money for your pains :

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me, Emilia ;

I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee,

to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets : remember ;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed !

[*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ?
How is't with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good
faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so
bewhored her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms
upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say
I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore : a beggar
in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his
callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure I am
none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep.
Alas the day !

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore ? would it not make
one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't !
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal
villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some
office,

Have not devised this slander ; I'll be
hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is
impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven
pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell
gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps
her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ?
what likelihood ?

The Moor's abused by some most vil-
lanous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow.

O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the
world

Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them ! Some such
squire he was

That turn'd your wit these amyside without,
And made you to suspect me with the
Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light
of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual
deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him
dearly,

Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may
do much ;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say
'whore !'

It doth abhor me now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could
make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but
his humour :

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you :

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to
supper !

The messengers of Venice stay the meat :
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be
well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and
Emilia.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dallest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all convenience than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votaist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not ap-

peared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.
Des. Your honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.
Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]
Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Des. He says he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.
Emil. Dismiss me!
Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.
Emil. I would you had never seen him!
Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
 That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
 Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
 If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
 In one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
 She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
 And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 And she died singing it: that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I count moe women, you'll couch with moe men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ing, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well: else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona;
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
 No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest! [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:

I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*Stabs Roderigo.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is't, brother!

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;

Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo! no:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air.

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life
as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see
poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another
tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath
happ'd.
Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This
is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me
quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle.*
DESDEMONA in bed asleep; a light
burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause,
my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste
stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her
blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than
snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more
men.
Put out the light, and then put out the
light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out
thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling
nature,
I know not where is that Promethean
heat
That can thy light relume. When I have
pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the
tree. [*Kissing her.*]
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost
persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more,
one more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will
kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and
this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's
heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona?
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desde-
mona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any
crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean
by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will
walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forbid! I would not kill
thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will
not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are
fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should
fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I
feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural that kills
for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether
lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very
frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I
hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
 Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
 For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven
 As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief
 in's hand.
 O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And makest me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
 I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
 I never gave it him: send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late.
[He stifles her.]
Emil. *[Within]* My lord, my lord!
 what, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruel am yet merciful;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
 So, so.
Emil. *[Within]* What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. *[Within]* O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
 The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?—
 I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?
 If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
 O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. *[Within]* I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:
 Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
 Where art thou? *[Unlocks the door.]*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's
foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the
moon;

She comes more nearer earth than she
was wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a
young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's
out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my
lady's voice.

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak
again!

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress,
speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, fare-
well! [*Des.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be mur-
der'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was
not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs
report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burn-
ing hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was
a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou
art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly
true!

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy
husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in
hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew
it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she
been true,

If heaven would make me such another
world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made
mocks with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the
word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest
Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious
soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the
heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy
bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy
heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power
to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O
dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—I help! help, ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!

I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—

I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—

O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:

It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace! No, I will speak as liberal as the north:

Let heaven and men and devils, let them
all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll
speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that hand-
kerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my
husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a
trifle,

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I
found it,

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not,
gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! what should
such a fool

Do with so good a woman?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?—

Precious villain! [*He runs at Iago:*

Iago, from behind, stabs

Emilia, and exit

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath
kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my
mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's
kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take
you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the
Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him
not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same
villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my
sword:

But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play
the swan,

And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow,
willow, willow.—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee,
cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak
true;

So speaking as I think, I die, I die.

[*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this
chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's
temper:—

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come
forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it
will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must
suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak
with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the
day,

That, with this little arm and this good
sword,

I have made my way through more im-
pediments

Than twenty times your stop: but, O
vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so
now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me
weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my
butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost
fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello
go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and Officers with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that belike Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber: And he himself confess'd but even now

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came

That I was cast: and even but now he
spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and
go with us:

Your power and your command is taken
off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this
slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold
him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner
rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be
known

To the Venetian state. Come, bring him
away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before
you go.

I have done the state some service, and
they know't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your
letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds
relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing exten-
uate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then
must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too
well;

Of one not easily jealous, but being
wrought

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose
hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl
away

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose
subdued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down
this;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised
dog,

And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no
way but this;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*]

Cav. This did I fear, but thought he
had no weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the
sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

This is thy work: the object poisons
sight;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord
governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish
villain;

The time, the place, the torture: O, en-
force it!

Myself will straight aboard; and to the
state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS, } friends to
DERCETAS, } Antony.
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,

MECÆNAS, }
AGRIPPA, } friends to Cæsar.
DOLABELLA,
PROCULIUS,
THYREUS,

GALLUS, } friends to Pompey.
MENAS,
MENEGRATES,
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to An-
tony.

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's
army.

EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from An-
tony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, } attendants on
MARDIAN, a Eunuch, } Cleopatra.
SELEUCUS,
DIONÆDES,

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to
Antony.

CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *In several parts of the Roman empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in
Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our
general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly
eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the
war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now
bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath
burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all
temper,

And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA,
her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs
fanning her.*

Look, where they come :

Take but good note, and you shall see in
him

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how
much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that
can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be
beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out
new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who
knows

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this,
or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise
that;

Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your
dismission

Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it,
Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I
would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's
queen,

Thou bluest, Antony; and that blood
of thine

Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek
pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The
messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and
the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my
space.

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I
bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love
her?

I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft
hours,

Let's not confound the time with con-
ference harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should
stretch

Without some pleasure now. What sport
to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to
laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets
and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not
to us. [*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*
with their train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius prized
so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not
Antony,

He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you
happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas
most any thing Alexas, almost most abso-
lute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that
you praised so to the queen? O, that I
knew this husband, which, you say, must
charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir
that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrets
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly
wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,

And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force
'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:

Things that are past are done with me.
'Tis thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.]
Ant. Forbear me.

[Exit Sec. Messenger.]
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ill I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer

moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She's cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea: our slippery people,

Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,

The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires

Ours quick remove from hence

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way,
cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to
my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian;
I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of
nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye,
there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You
may go:

Would she had never given you leave to
come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be
mine and true,

Though you in sweating shake the
throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous
madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made
vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour
for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued
staying,

Then was the time for words: no going
then;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts
so poor,

But was a race of heaven: they are so
still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou
shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus

Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of
Rome:

Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated,
grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not
thrived

Upon the present state, whose numbers
threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would
purge

By any desperate change: my more
particular,

And that which most with you should
safe my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not
give me freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia
die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure
read

The garboils she awaked; at the last,
best:

See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst
fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I
see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received
shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared
to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the
fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from
hence

Thy soldier, servant; making peace or
war

As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which
stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pithce, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one
scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this
is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee,
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's
not it:

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's
not it;

That you know well: something it is I
would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should
take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive
me;

Since my becoming kill me, when they
do not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you
hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! upon your
sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with
me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with
thee.

Away! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Caesar's house.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,
LEPIDUS, and their Train.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and
henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and
wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more
manlike

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of
Ptolemy

More womanly than he; hardly gave
audience, or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners:
you shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of
heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness; heredi-
tary,

Rather than purchased; what he cannot
change,

Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us
grant, it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a
slave;

To reel the streets at noon, and stand the
buffet

With knaves that smell of sweat: say
this becomes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—
yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do
bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he
fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his
bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such
time,
That drums him from his sport, and
speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be
chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in
knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present
pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done;
and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have re-
port
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at
sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the
ports
The discontents repair, and men's re-
ports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal
state,
That he which is was wish'd until he
were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er
worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This
common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying
tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them, which they ear
and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot
inroads
They make in Italy; the borders mari-
time
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth
revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as
soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name
strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou
once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou
slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st
against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience
more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst
drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded
puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate
then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on
the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange
flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all
this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it
now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy
cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to
that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be
able

To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you
shall know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you,
sir,

To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great
gap of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take
no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou
affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can
do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands
he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of
Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom
thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking
now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of
old Nile?'

For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on
me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches
black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-
fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground,
I was

Amorsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in
my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled
kisses,—

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in
my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt
sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all
the east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he
nodded,

†And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt
steed,

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would
have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !
Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ;
but note him :

He was not sad, for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his ; he was not merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy ; but between both :

O heavenly mingle ! Be'st thou sad or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :

Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper,
Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I,
Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis !

Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement : cold in blood,

To say as I said then ! But, come, away ;

Get me ink and paper :

He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

Menc. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

Menc. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;

My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money
where

He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Menc. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Menc. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms
of love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prologue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd
his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us
rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring
'Can from the lap of Egypt's widow
pluck

The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet to-
gether:

His wife that's dead did trespasses to
Cæsar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although,
I think,

Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to
greater.

Were't not that we stand up against
them all,

'Twere pregnant they should square be-
tween themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear
of us

May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be't as our gods will have't! It only
stands

Our lives upon to use our strongest
hands.

Come, Menas. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Rome. The house of
Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy
deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat
your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move
him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By
Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born
in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters
must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here
comes

The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to
Parthia:

Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great,
and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we de-
bate

Our trivial difference loud, we do com-
mit

Murder in healing wounds: then, noble
partners,

The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweet-
est terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. *[Flourish.]*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit,
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill
 which are not so,
 Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing or a little, I
 Should say myself offended, and with
 you
 Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at,
 that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to
 sound your name
 It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
 What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here
 at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you
 there
 Did practise on my state, your being in
 Egypt
 Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at
 mine intent
 By what did here befall me. Your wife
 and brother
 Made wars upon me; and their contesta-
 tion
 Was theme for you, you were the word of
 war.
Ant. You do mistake your business;
 my brother never
 Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
 And have my learning from some true
 reports,
 That drew their swords with you. Did
 he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours;
 And make the wars alike against my
 stomach,
 Having alike your cause? Of this my
 letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
 quarrel,
Ant. As matter whole you have not to make
 it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
 By laying defects of judgement to me;
 but
 You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
 I know you could not lack, I am certain
 on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which
 he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those
 wars
 Which fronted mine own peace. As for
 my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such an-
 other:
 The third o' the world is yours; which
 with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. Would we had all such wives,
 that the men might go to wars with the
 women!
Ant. So much uncurbable, her gar-
 boils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, which not
 wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving
 grant
 Did you too much disquiet: for that you
 must
 But say, I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with
 taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
 He fell upon me ere admitted: then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and
 did want
 Of what I was i' the morning; but next
 day
 I told him of myself; which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this
 fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
 The article of your oath; which you
 shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No,
 Lepidus, let him speak:
 The honour is sacred which he talks on
 now,
 Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on,
 Cæsar;
 The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when
 I required them;
 The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
 And then when poison'd hours had bound
 me up
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly
 as I may,
 I'll play the penitent to you: but mine
 honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor
 my power
 Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars
 here;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive,
 do
 So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce
 no further
 The griefs between ye: to forget them
 quite
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's
 love for the instant, you may, when you
 hear no more words of Pompey, return
 it again: you shall have time to wrangle
 in when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak
 no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent I
 had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence; there-
 fore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; your considerate
 stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter,
 but
 The manner of his speech; for't cannot be

We shall remain in friendship, our con-
 ditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from
 edge to edge
 O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's
 side,
 Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
 Were well deserved of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let
 me hear Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your
 hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of
 men;
 Whose virtue and whose general graces
 speak
 That which none else can utter. By this
 marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import
 their dangers,
 Would then be nothing: truths would be
 tales,
 Where now half tales be truths: her love
 to both
 Would, each to other and all loves to
 both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have
 spoke;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is
 touch'd
 With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
 To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly
shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have
thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this
hour
The heart of brothers govern in our
loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no
brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts;
and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my
sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and
great
Of late upon me: I must thank him
only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by
sea

He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste
we for it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dis-
patch we

The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,
and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy

Mecænas! My honourable friend,
Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that
matters are so well digested. You
stayed well by't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of
countenance, and made the night light
with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole
at a breakfast, and but twelve persons
there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle:
we had much more monstrous matter of
feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if
report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,
she pursed up his heart, upon the river
of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or
my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
throne,

Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the

oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
and made

The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her
own person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side
her

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they
did cool,

And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Ne-
reides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

And made their bends adornings : at the
helm
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken
tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-
soft hands,
That yarely flame the office. From the
barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit
alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for
vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too ,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent
to her,

Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : our courteous An-
tony,

Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman
heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
feast,

And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to
bed :

He plough'd her, and she crop'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street ;
And having lost her breath, she spoke,
and panted,

That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her
utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes
hungry

Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy
priests

Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can
settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA
between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office
will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my
prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's
report :

I have not kept my square ; but that to
come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good
night, dear lady.

Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and
Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah ; you do wish your-
self in Egypt ?

Sooth. Would I had never come from
thence, nor you

Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue :
but yet

Hee you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's
or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy
angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd:
therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more,
but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:
[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey
him;

And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he
speeds;

His cocks do win the battle still of
mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails
ever

Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to
Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my
peace,

I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's
ready;

I'll follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and
AGRIPPA.*

Lep. Trouble yourselves no' further:
pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll
follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your
soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the
Mount

Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter:
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. } Sir, good success!

Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music,
moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards:
come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with
Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd

As with a woman. Come, you'll play
with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd,
though't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none
now:

Give me mine angle; we'll to the river:
there,

My music playing far off, I will be-
tray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook
shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them
up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when
your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which
he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next
morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his
bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him,
whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead!—If thou say so,
villain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and
free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and
here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to
that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and
pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if
Antony

Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not

well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd
with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere
thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to
him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends
than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does
allay

The good precedence; sie upon 'But
yet'!

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithée,
friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends
with Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou
say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no
such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence
upon thee! [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy

head: [*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and
stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the
match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will
give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow
thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to
rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

{ Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good To bring bad news: give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst, So half my Egypt were submerged and made

A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do Seems much unequal; he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. [*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas [*To Mardian.*]

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends; since Julius
Caesar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That moved pale Cassius to conspire;
and what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman,
Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they
would

Have one man but a man? And that
is it

Hath made me rig my navy; at whose
burthen

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I
meant

To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful
Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey,
with thy sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land,
thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's
house:

But, since the cuckoo builds not for him-
self,

Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you
take

The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to,
but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Kild all the sea of pirates; then, to
send

Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed
upon,

To part with unhack'd edges, and bear
back

Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I
lose

The praise of it by telling, you must
know,

When Caesar and your brother were at
blows,

Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you
here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft;
and thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose
hither;

For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon
my face;

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we
are agreed:

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first

Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard: And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand; I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I have praised ye,

When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Menas. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, what-some'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Menas. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance.

Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the checks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany; In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor!

[*To Antony.*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,

And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands, Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:

The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey,
good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver
business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's
part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong
Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own
tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise
hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what?
we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes!
what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud fare-
well

To these great fellows: sound and be
hang'd, sound out! [*Sound a
flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my
cap.

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph,
with SILIUS, and other Romans,
Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of
PACORUS borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou
struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus'
death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's
body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword
is warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur
through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain
Antony

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note
well,

May make too great an act: for learn
this, Silius;

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we
serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost
his favour.

Who does it the wars more than his
captain can

Becomes his captain's captain: and am-
bition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice
of loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt
write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his
name,

That magical word of war, we have
effected;

How, with his banners and his well-paid
ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. Hepurposeth to Athens: whither,
with what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there;
pass along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps

To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar:' go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [Trumpets within.] So; This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter the fortress of it; for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find, Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, farewell thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort! farewell.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide, And neither way inclines.

Eno. [Aside to Agr.] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud
in's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the
worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, in-
deed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

Ces. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time
shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of
love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars
give light

To thy fair way!

Ces. Farewe'l, farewell!

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?

Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she
shrill-tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she
is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot
like her long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impos-
sible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of
tongue, and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observation.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive't: there's nothing in her
yet:

The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind?
is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are
foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her fore-
head

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness
ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find
thee

Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared.

Char. *[Exit Messenger.]*
A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks,
by him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty,
and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else
defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask
him yet, good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him
to me

Where I will write. All may be well
enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only
that,—

That were excusable, that, and thousands
more

Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his
will, and read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he
could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and
sickly

He vented them; most narrow measure
lent me:

When the best hint was given him, he
not took't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord
and husband!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win,
win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point,
which seeks

Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless. But, as you
requested,

Yourself shall go between's: the mean
' time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother: make you
soonest haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak,
most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain
would be

As if the world should cleave, and that
slain men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where
this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our
faults

Can never be so equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide
your going;

Choose your own company, and command
what cost

Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Ero!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made
war upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him
in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently
denied him rivalry; would not let him

partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threats the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of't: I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them.

Unto her

He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,

He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received

His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain

All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

That he his high authority abused, And did deserve his change: for what

I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I

Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach

Long ere she did appear; the trees by
the way
Should have borne men; and expectation
fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the
dust

Should have ascended to the roof of
heaven,

Raised by your populous troops: but you
are come

A market-maid to Rome; and have pre-
vented

The ostentation of our love, which, left
unshown,

Is often left unloved: we should have
met you

By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but
did

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war,
acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister;
Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given
his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath
assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king,
Adallas;

King Malchus of Arabia; King of
Pont;

Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two
friends

That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking
forth;

Till we perceived, both how you were
wrong led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your
heart:

Be you not troubled with the time, which
drives

O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome
to Rome;

Nothing more dear to me. You are
abused

Beyond the mark of thought: and the high
gods,

To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of
comfort;

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large

In his abominations, turns you off;

And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome:
pray you,

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st
sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's
camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt
it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in
these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why
should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares
together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares
would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle
Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain,
from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is
already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in
Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues
not
That speak against us! A charge we
bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom,
will
Appear there for a man. Speak not
against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne? You have heard
on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best
of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to
single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at
Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but
these offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he
shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's
fleet

Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey
fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no
disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein
throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite
forego

The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and
hazard,

From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none
better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we
burn;

And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the
head of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we
fail,

We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he
is descried;

Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis
impossible;

Strange that his power should be. Cani-
dius,

Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by
land,

And our twelve thousand horse. We'll
to our ship:

Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;

Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt

This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well; away!

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,

And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour,
and throes forth,

Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune
lies

Upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond
side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army
one way over the stage; and TAURUS,
the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way.
After their going in, is heard the noise
of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I
can behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the
rudder:

To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world
is lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd
pestilence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag
of Egypt,—

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o'
the fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes look sick at the sight, and
could not

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting
mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after
her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er
before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of
breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our
general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone
well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they
fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will
attend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings
already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though
my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread
no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come
hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever: I have a
ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it;
fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have in-
structed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends,
be gone;

I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the
white

Reprove the brown for rashness, and
they them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone:
you shall

Have letters from me to some friends
that will

Sweep your way for you. Pray you,
look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the
hint

Which my despair proclaims; let that be
left

Which leaves itself: to the sea-side
straightway:

I will possess you of that ship and
treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you
now:

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost
command,

Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by
and by. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS; EROS following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,
comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why: what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi
kept

His sword e'en like a dancer; while I
struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and
'twas I

That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice
had

In the brave squares of war: yet now—
No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to
him:

He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen
approaches:

Her head's declined, and death will
seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me,
Egypt? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine
eyes

By looking back what I have left be-
hind

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the
strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and
that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the
gods

Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties,
dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness;
who

With half the bulk o' the world play'd
as I pleased,

Making and marring fortunes. You did
know

How much you were my conqueror; and
that

My sword, made weak by my affection,
would

Obeys it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of
them rates

All that is won and lost: give me a
kiss;

Even this repays me. We sent our
schoolmaster;

Is he come back? Love, I am full of
lead.

Some wine, within there, and our viands!

Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers
blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Caesar's camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,
with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from
Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when
hither

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from
Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from
Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes
thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt: which not
granted,

He lessens his requests; and to thee
sues

To let him breathe between the heavens
and earth,

A private man in Athens: this for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;

Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there: this if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, And in our name, what she requires; add more,

From thine invention, offers: women are not

In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,

When half to half the world opposed, he being

The tuncered question: 'twas a shame no less

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,

And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she

Will yield us up.

Euph.

He says so.

Ant.

Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalities.

Cleo.

That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world should note

Something particular: his coin, ship, legions,

May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child as soon

As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declined, sword against sword,

Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,

Against a sword! I see men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast
subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See,
my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop
their nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him,
sir. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I be-
gin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does
make

Our faith mere folly: yet he that can
endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master
conquer,

And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to
Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar
has;

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our
master

Will leap to be his friend: for us, you
know

Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar
entreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not
Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour,
therefore, he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not
yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so
leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking,
for

Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly
begs

To be desired to give. It much would
please him,

That of his fortunes you should make a
staff

To lean upon: but it would warm his
spirits,

To hear from me you had left Antony,
†And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation

I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I
am prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to
kneel:

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I
hear

The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Give me grace
to lay

My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms
in,

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and
worthiest

To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite!

Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when
I cried 'Ho!'

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start
forth,

And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?
I am

Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him. •

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with
a lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the great-
est tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I
find them

So saucy with the hand of she here,—
what's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him,
fellows,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his
face,

And whine aloud for mercy: take him
hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's
shall

Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:
ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow
hard—

O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth drop our clear judge-
ments; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we
strut

To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold
upon

Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a
fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter
hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance
should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take re-
wards

And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly
seal

And plighter of high hearts! O, that
I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage
cause;

And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman
thank

For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him
repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and
be thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back
to Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he
seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I
am.

Not what he knew I was: he makes me
angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,
I have empty left their orbs, and shot their
fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he
has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman,
whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or
torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone!

[*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you
mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender
hail,

And poison it in the source; and the
first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion
smite!

Till by degrees the memory of my
womb,

Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discarding of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of
Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by
land

Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening
most sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost
thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once
more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in
blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,
breathed,

And fight maliciously: for when mine
hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom
lives

Of me for jests; but now I'll set my
teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me.
Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night: call
to me

All my sad captains; fill our bowls once
more;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought to have held it poor; but,
since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my
lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and
to-night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.
Come on, my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I
do fight,

I'll make death love me; for I will
contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning.

To be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that
mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I
see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys
on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will
seek

Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS, with his Army; CÆSAR reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look,
they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it
thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My
heartly friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort; did
desire you

To burn this night with torches: know,
my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead
you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to
supper, come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way:
fare you well.

I heard you of nothing strange about the
streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour.
Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night,
good night. [*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute
hope

Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music of the*

hautboys as under the stage.]

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom
Antony loved,

Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other
watchmen

Do hear what we do?

[*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [*Speaking together*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is't not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do
you hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as
we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the
palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
MIAN, and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come;
mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false;
this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must
be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my
good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a
storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a
squire

More tight at this than thou: dispatch.

O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day,
and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a war-
like charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted
trim,

And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins be-
times.

So, so; come, give me that: this way;
well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes
of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable

[Kisses her.]

And worthy shameful check it were, to
stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll
leave thee

Now, like a man of steel. You that will
fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.
Adieu. *[Exeunt Antony,*

Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.]

Char. Please you, retire to your
chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and
Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and
EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy
day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars
had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the
soldier

That has this morning left thee, would
have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's
camp

Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure
after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to
him—

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and
greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes
have

Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—
Enobarbus! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-
nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the
van,

That Antony may seem to spend his
fury

Upon himself.

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to
Jewry on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to
Cæsar,

And leave his master Antony: for this
pains

Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and
the rest

That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure,
with

His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is
now

Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed the
bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine
office,

Or would have done't myself. You
emperor

Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the
earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou
have paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This
blows my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter
mean

Shall outstrike thought: but thought will
do't, I feel.

I fight against thee! No: I will go
seek

Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st
best fits

My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the
camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter
AGRIPPA and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged our-
selves too far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our op-
pression

Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

*Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS
wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is
fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven
them home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was
like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes:
I have yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares,
behind:

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of
Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, in a march;
SCARUS, with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp:
run one before,

And let the queen know of our gestic.
To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the
blood

That has to-day escaped. I thank you
all;

For doughty-handed are you, and have
fought

Not as you served the cause, but as't
had been

Each man's like mine; you have shown
all Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your
friends,

Tell them your feats; whilst they with
joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds,
and kiss

The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*]
Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy
acts,

Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*]
O thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire
and all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and
there

Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What,
girl! though grey

Do something mingle with our younger
brown, yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this
man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-
day

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it car-
buncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy
hand:

Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that
owe them:

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup
together,

And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's
ear;

Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their
sounds together,

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within
this hour,

We must return to the court of guard:
the night

Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

The poisonous damp of night disponge
upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault:

Which, being dried with grief, will break
to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

Sec. Sold. Let's speak
To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the
things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad
a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak
to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath
raught him. [*Drums afar off.*]

Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us
bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our
hour

Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with
their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or
i' the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our
foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

†They have put forth the haven . . .

Where their appointment we may best
discover,

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be
still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best
force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where
yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallow's have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the
augurers

Say they know not, they cannot tell;
look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge.
Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and
fear,

Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and
yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse to-
gether
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd
whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all
fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly;
begone. [*Exit Scarus.*]
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even
here
Do we shake hands. All come to this?
The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I
gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their
sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is
bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I
am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave
cham,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and
call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief
end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against
his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy
deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him
take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting
plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest
spot

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be
shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and
let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

[*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one
death
Might have prevented many. Eros,
ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach
me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the
moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the
heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch
shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold
me, and I fall
Under this plot; she die for't. Eros,
ho! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is
more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar
of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word
you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in
parting

Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my-
self;

Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence,
Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air: thou hast
seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even
with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy
captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my
knave.

I made these wars for Egypt: and the
queen,—

Whose heart I thought I had, for she
had mine;

Which whilst it was mine had annex'd
unto't

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd
my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is
left us

Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes
mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace
She hath betray'd me and shall die the
death.

Mar. Death of one person can be
paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou
wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand: the last she
spake

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'

Then in the midst a tearing groan did
break

The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd
life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's
task is done,

And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That
thou depart'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go.

[*Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot
keep

The battery from my heart. O, cleave,
my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne. From me
awhile. [*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be,

for now
All length is torture: since the torch is
out,

Lie down, and stray no farther: now all
labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force
entangles

Itself with strength: seal then, and all
is done.

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—
Stay for me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll
hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the
ghosts gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros,

Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the
gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my
sword

(Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Nep-
tune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself
to lack

The courage of a woman; less noble
mind

Than she which by her death our Cæsar
tells

'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art
sworn, *Eros*,

That, when the exigent should come,
which now

Is come indeed, when I should see
behind me

The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my com-
mand,

Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the
time is come:

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou
defeat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome
and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,
bending down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd
seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him,
branded

His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound
I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou
hast worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free,
sworest thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at
once;

Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and
come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble
countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world
lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I
strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do
escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My
queen and *Eros*

Have by their brave instruction got upon
me

A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and,

Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not
dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me
dead.

First Guard. Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit Decretas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord, My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard!

The guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not: All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument; His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun, Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace! Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but
Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs,
serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come,

Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw
thee up:

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How
heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great
Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch
thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come
a little,—

Wishers were ever fools,—O, come,
come, come; [*They heave*

Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! die where thou
hast lived:

Quickened with kissing: had my lips that
power,

Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a
little.

Cleo. Let me speak; and let me
rail so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break
her wheel,

Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your
safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll
trust;

None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my
end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your
thoughts

In feeding them with those my former
fortunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o'
the world,

The noblest; and do now not basely
die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is
going;

I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O, 'ee, my women,

[*Antony dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My
lord!

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys
and girls

Are level now with men; the odds is
gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were
for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal
theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin To rush into the secret house of death, Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look, Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold: Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MEENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas; Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy

Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master; and I wore my life To spend upon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack: 't' the round world Should have shook lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar:

Not by a public minister of justice, Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand, Which writ his honour in the acts it did, Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword; I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

Agp. And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours Waged equal with him.

Agp. A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day. Or look on thine; we could not stall together In the whole world: but yet let me lament. With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war. The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—
 that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Hear me, good
 friends,—

But I will tell you at some meetest season :

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
 We'll hear him what he says. Whence
 are you ?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The
 queen my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee !

[*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go
 and say,

We purpose her no shame : give her
 what comforts

The quality of her passion shall requite,
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal
 stroke

She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph : go,
 And with your speediest bring us what
 she says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit*
Gallus.] Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius ?

All. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember
 now

How he's employ'd : he shall in time be
 ready.

Go with me to my tent ; where you shall
 see

How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings : go with me, and see
 What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

VOL. III.

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the
 monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
 IRAS.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to
 make

A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's
 knave,

A minister of her will : and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents and bolts up
 change ;

Which sleeps, and never palates more
 the dug,

The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument,
 PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the
 Queen of Egypt ;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceived,
 That have no use for trusting. If your
 master

Would have a queen his beggar, you
 must tell him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear
 nothing :

Make your full reference freely to my
 lord,

Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need : let me report to him
 Your sweet dependency ; and you shall
 find

A conqueror that will pray in aid for
 kindness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

2 C

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is
pitted
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be
surprised:

*[Here Proculeius and two of the
Guard ascend the monument
by a ladder placed against a
window, and, having descended,
come behind Cleopatra. Some
of the Guard unbar and open
the gates.]*

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard
her till Cæsar come. *[Exit.]*

Gas. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken,
queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in
this

Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and
take a queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not
drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house
I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's
court;

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting vailetry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in
Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus'
mud

I lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you
shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar
knows,

And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.

[To Cleo.] To Cæsar I will speak what
you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exit Proculeius and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have
heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard
or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor
Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens;
and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course,
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his
rear'd arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to
friends ;

But when he meant to quail and shake
the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn
'twas

That grew the more by reaping : his de-
lights

Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back
above

The element they lived in : in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra ! *

Cleo. Think you there was, or might
be, such a man

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the
gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : nature
wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to
imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst
fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you
bear it

As answering to the weight : would I
might never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that
smites

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with
me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I
would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know't.

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make
way there : Cæsar !'*]

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS,
MELENAS, SELEUCUS, and others of
his Train.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall
remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
I have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce :

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you
shall find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your
children

To that destruction which I'll guard them
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world :

'tis yours ; and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of con-
quest, shall

Hang in what place you please. Here,
my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for
Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate,
and jewels,

I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;

Not petty things admitted. Where's
Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him
speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth,
Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you
have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I
approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now
be yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would
be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no
more trust

Than love that's hired! What, goest
thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch
thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless
villain, dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding
shame is this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant
should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods!
it smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*]
Prithee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert
thou a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest,
are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we
fall,

We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what
acknowledged,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't
yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with
you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore
be cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons:
no, dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed,
and sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exit Cæsar and
his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words
me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee,
Charmian. [*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright
day is done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by
your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three
days

You with your children will be send
before:

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

[*Exit Dolabella*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,
shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:
saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and
scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I
shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for, I am sure,
my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go
fetch

My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch
indeed;

And, when thou hast done this chare,
I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown
and all.

Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness'
presence:

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in.

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me
liberty.

My resolution's placed, and I have nothing

Of woman in me: now from head to foot

I am marble-constant; now the fleeting
moon

No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus
there,

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I
would not be the party that should desire
you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom
or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have
died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women
too. I heard of one of them no longer
than yesterday: a very honest woman,
but something given to lie; as a woman
should not do, but in the way of honesty:
how she died of the biting of it, what
pain she felt: truly, she makes a very
good report o' the worm; but he that
will believe all that they say, shall never
be saved by half that they do: but this
is most fallible, the worm's an odd
worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. [*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist
this lip:

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks
I hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give
men

To excuse their after wrath: husband, I
come:

Now to that name my courage prove my
title!

I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of
my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long
farewell. [*Kisses them. Iras
falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost
fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou
lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the
world

It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain;
that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the cued Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend
that kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come,
thou mortal wretch, [*To an asp,
which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous
fool,

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst
thou speak,

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar
ass

Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air,
as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay— [*Dies.*]

Char. In this vile world? So fare
thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession
lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows,
close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's
awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!']

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman,
that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood
and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown:

The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail:
and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names
ARVIRAGUS, { of Polydore and Cadwal,
supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario. }

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

SCENE : *Britain ; Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter ?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow

That late he married—hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she's wedded ;

Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king

Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king ?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too ; so is the queen, That most desired the match ; but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so ?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her—

I mean, that married her, alack, good man !

And therefore banish'd—is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within
himself,

Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the
root: his father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his
honour

Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in
question,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the
time

Died with their swords in hand; for
which their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such
sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the
babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus
Leonatus,

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-
chamber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his
time

Could make him the receiver of; which
he took,

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest, lived
in court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised,
most loved,

A sample to the youngest, to the more
mature

A glass that feated them, and to the
graver

A child that guided dotards; to his
mistress,

For whom he now is banish'd, her own
price

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue;

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you,
tell me

Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.

He had two sons: if this be worth your
hearing,

Mark it: the eldest of them at three
years old,

I' the swathing-clothes the other, from
their nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in
knowledge

Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?
First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children
should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so
slow,

That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be
laugh'd at,

Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here
comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and
IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assured you shall not
find me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner,
but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you,

Posthumus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry,

yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what
patience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the
king
Hath charged you should not speak to-
gether. [*Exit.*]

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this
tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My
dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but
nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be
gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight
troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my
queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words
you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*]
Yet I'll move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow.
Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air your-
self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here,
love;

This diamond was my mother's: take it,
heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the*
ring.] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And,
sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence,
from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the
court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'lt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the
court!

I am gone! [*Exit.*]
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou
heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wiath; a touch
more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that
way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole
son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I
chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Post-
humus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!
Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus,
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet
sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself
some comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline*
and Lords.]

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir!
What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my
master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than
fought

And had no help of anger: they were
parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend;
he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both to-
gether;

Myself by with a needle, that I might
prick

The goer-back. Why came you from
your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not
suffer me

To bring him to the haven; left these
notes

Of what commands I should be subject
to,

When't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine
honour

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at
least

Go see my lord aboard: for this time
leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to
shift a shirt; the violence of action hath
made you reek as a sacrifice: where air
comes out, air comes in: there's none
abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to
shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No, 'faith; not so
much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a
passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is
a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in
debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No; but he fled
forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have
land enough of your own: but he added
to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as
you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Sheshines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul
sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my
needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But,
good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him,
but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could
tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have
charged him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at
midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in
my father

And like the tyrannous breathing of the
north

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get
them dispatch'd.

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him
in Britain: he was then of a crescent
note, expected to prove so worthy as since

he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore,

upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so your brace of unprizable estimations ; the one is but frail and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to converse the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and

my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke !

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million ; a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ? I shall but lend my diamond till your return : let there be covenants drawn between's : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours : provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer : if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to

her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers; Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. I have
I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd
me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve?
yea, so

That our great king himself doth woo me
oft

For my confections? Having thus far
proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not
meet

That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures
as

We count not worth the hanging, but
none human,

To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them
gather

Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard
your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal;
upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now,
Pisanio!

Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio.*] Hark thee, a
word.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She
doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her
spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those
she has

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on
cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it
makes,

More than the locking-up the spirits a
time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou?
Dost thou think in time

She will not quench and let instructions
enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou
work:

When thou shalt bring me word she loves
my son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to
decay

A day's work in him. What shalt thou
expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no
friends,

So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen
drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*]
Thou takest up

Thou know'st not what; but take it for
thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the
king

Five times redeem'd from death: I do
not know

What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee,
take it;

It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress
how

The case stands with her; do't as from
thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on,
but think

Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my
son,

Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move
the king

To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I
chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my
women:

Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaken; the agent for his
master

And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given
him that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople
her

Of liegers for her sweet, and which she
after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be
assured

To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well,
Pisanio;

Think on my words.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove un-
true,

I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for
you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in
the palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame
false;

A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O,
that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those
repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-
stol'n,

As my two brothers, happy! but most
miserable

Is the desire that's glorious: blest be
those,

How mean soe'er, that have their honest
wills,

Which seasons comfort. Who may this
be? Fic!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of
Rome,

Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir :

You're kindly welcome.

Iach. *[Aside]* All of her that is out of
door most rich !

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I

Have lost the wager. Boldness be my
friend !

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying
fight ;

Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads]* 'He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most in-
finitely tied. Reflect upon him accord-
ingly, as you value your trust—

'LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thank-
fully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find
it so

In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

What, are men mad ? Hath nature given
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich
crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish
'twixt

The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd
stones

Upon the number'd beach ? and can we
not

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes
and monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this
way and

Contemn with mows the other ; nor i'
the judgement,

For idiots in this case of favour would

Be wisely definite ; nor i' the appetite ;
Sluttry to such neat excellence opposed

Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that

tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the
lamb

Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well. *[To*

Pisano] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him :
he

Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. *[Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His
health, beseech you ?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth ? I hope
he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a
stranger there

So merry and so gamesome : he is
call'd

The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-
times

Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion,
one

An eminent monsieur, that, it seems,
much loves

A Gallian girl at home ; he furnaces

The thick sighs from him, whiles the
jolly Briton—

Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free
lungs, cries 'O,

Can my sides hold, to think that man,
who knows

By history, report, or his own proof,

What woman is, yea, what she cannot
choose

But must be, will his free hours languish
for

Assured bondage ?'

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter :
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman.

But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself,
'tis much ;

In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?
You look on me : what wreck discern
you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me :
pray you, —

Since doubting things go ill often hurts
more

Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely
knowing,

The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose
touch,

Whose every touch, would force the
feeler's soul

To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine
eye,

Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd
then,

Slaver with lips as common as the stans,
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with
hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood—false-
hood, as

With labour ; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were
fit

That all the plagues of hell should at
one time

Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your
graces

That from my mutest conscience to my
tongue

Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth
strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A
lady

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—
to be partner'd

With tomboys hired with that self ex-
hibition

Which your own coffers yield ! with dis-
eased ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such
boil'd stuff

As well might poison poison ! Be re-
venged ;

Or she that bore you was no queen, and
you

Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged !
How should I be revenged ? If this be
true,—

As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,

How should I be revenged ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold
sheets,

Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,

In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness

Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!

A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress,
only

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,

That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured

To try your taking of a false report; which hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement

In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;

And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage: may it please you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make hold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:

I have outstood my time; which is material

To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,

And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jack-anapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing

in the earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman
that

Bears all down with her brain; and this
her son

Cannot take two from twenty, for his
heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame
govern'd,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens
hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep un-
shak'd

That temple, thy fair mind, that thou
mayst stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great
land! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in
Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one
corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady
attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:
mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to
bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the
clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized
me wholly. *[Exit Lady.]*

To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the
night

Guard me, beseech ye. *[Sleeps.]*
Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's
o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin
thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh
lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I
might touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breath-
ing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'
the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep
her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure
laced

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But
my design,

To note the chamber: I will write all
down:

Such and such pictures; there the window;
such

The adornment of her bed; the arras;
figures,

Why, such and such; and the contents o'
the story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her
body,

Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon
her!

And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come
off: *[Taking off her bracelet.]*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness out-
wardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left
breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson
drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a
voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make: this
secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the
lock and taken

The treasure of her honour. No more.
To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's
riveted,

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been
reading late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd
down

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night,
that dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is
here. [*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three: time, time! [*Goes into
the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining
Imogen's apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most
patient man in loss, the most coldest that
ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to
lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient
after the noble temper of your lordship.
You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into
courage. If I could get this foolish
Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's
almost morning, is't not.

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come:
I am advised to give her music o' mornings;
they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her
with your fingering, so; we'll try with
tongue too: if none will do, let her re-
main; but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good-conceited thing; after,
a wonderful sweet air, with admirable
rich words to it: and then let her con-
sider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,

And Phoebus' gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise.

Clo. So, get you gone. If this pene-
trate, I will consider your music the
better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears,
which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor
the voice of unpaved cunuch to boot, can
never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for
that's the reason I was up so early: he
cannot choose but take this service I have
done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our
stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music,
but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too
new;

She hath not yet forgot him: some more
time

Must wear the print of his remembrance
out,

And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the
king,

Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your-
self

To orderly soliciting, and be friended

With aptness of the season: make denials

Increase your services; so seem as if

You were inspired to do those duties
which

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal
tends,

And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors
from Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must re-
ceive him

According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness fore-
spent on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to
your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have
need

To employ you towards this Roman.
Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her;
if not,

Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks*]
By your leave, ho!

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis
gold

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea,
and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer;
and 'tis gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and
saves the thief;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and
true man: what

Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me: for

I yet not understand the case my self.
[*Knocks*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as
yours,

Can justly boast of. What's your lord-
ship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to
report of you

What I shall think is good?—The
princess!

- Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister,
your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out
too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks
I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep
with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is
still

That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I
yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare
me: 'faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great
knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness,
'twere my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry,

sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners.

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here

pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for
you,

And am so near the lack of charity—

To accuse myself—I hate you; which I
had rather

You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father.
For

The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold
dishes,

With scraps o' the court, it is no contract none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,

On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,

Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated

For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee,

Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman lie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's:
'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pros. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

[Exit Pisanio.]

Clo. You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. *[Exit.]*

Clo. I'll be revenged:

'His meanest garment!' Well. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure

To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,

Quake in the present winter's state and wish

That warmer days would come: in these
sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness and your company

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius
Lucius

Will do's commission thoroughly: and I think

He'll grant the tribute, send the
arrearages,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 Statist though I am none, not like to be,
 That this will prove a war; and you
 shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have
 tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our country-
 men
 Are men more order'd than when Julius
 Cesar
 Smiled at their lack of skill, but found
 their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
 Now mingled with their courages, will
 make known
 To their approvers they are people such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted
 you by land;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your
 sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your
 answer made
 The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd
 upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let
 her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false
 hearts
 And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain
 court
 When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or
 is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness
 which
 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
 Your loss your sport: I hope you know
 that we
 Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
 If you keep covenant. Had I not
 brought
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I
 grant
 We were to question further: but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the
 wronger
 Of her or you, having proceeded but
 By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed, my
 hand
 And ring is yours; if not, the foul
 opinion
 You had of her pure honour gains or
 loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves
 both
 To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
 Being so near the truth as I will make
 them,
 Must first induce you to believe: whose
 strength
 I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt
 not,
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you
 shall find
 You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
 Where, I confess, I slept not, but pro-
 fess
 Had that was well worth watching—it
 was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the
 story

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her
Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or
for

The press of boats or pride: a piece of
work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did
strive

In workmanship and value; which I
wonder'd

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here,
by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-
piece

Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent
her,

Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise
reap,

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her
andirons—

I had forgot them—were two winking
Cupids

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—
and praise

Be given to your remembrance—the
description

Of what is in her chamber nothing
saves

The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Showing the bracelet.

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this
jewel; see!

And now 'tis up again: it must be
married

To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!*

Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir—I thank her—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her
yet;

Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
and said

She prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here,
take this too; [Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no
honour

Where there is beauty; truth, where
semblance; love,

Where there's another man: the vows of
women

Of no more bondage be, to where they
are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is
nothing.

O, above measure false!

I'h. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet
won:

It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being
corrupted,

Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my
ring:

Render to me some corporal sign about
her,

More evident than this; for this was
stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter
he swears.

'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true:
I am sure

She would not lose it: her attendants
are

All sworn and honourable:—they introduced to steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

The cognizance of her incontinency Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: This is not strong enough to be believed Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't; She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek For further satisfying, under her breast— Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud

Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,

I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember

This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns; Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there and do't, i' the court, before

Her father. I'll do something— [*Exit.*]

Phi. Quite besides The government of patience! You have won:

Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time: so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that

I thought her As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?

Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it, The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,

Nice longing, slanders, mutability, All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all; For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing
still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against
them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater
skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their
will:
The very devils cannot plague them
better. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in
Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN,
CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and
at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and At-
tendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus
Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose re-
membrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and
tongues
Be thence and hearing ever, was in this
Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine
uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit
less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by
thee lately

Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing
pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to
resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my
liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which
stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring
waters,

With sands that will not bear your
enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A
kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here
his brag

Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame':
with shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was
carried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and
his shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible
seas,

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy
whereof

The famed Cassibelan, who was once at
point—

O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's
sword,

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires
bright

And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to
be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it
was at that time; and, as I said, there is
no more such Cæsars: other of them may
have crook'd noses, but to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can
gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not
say I am one; but I have a hand. Why
tribute? why should we pay tribute? If
Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,
we will pay him tribute for light; else,
sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free:
Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did al-
most stretch

The sides o' the world, against all colour
here

Did put the yoke upon's; which to
shake off

Becomes a warlike people, whom we
reckon

Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword
of Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair
and franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our
good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry: Mul-
mutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did
put

His brows within a golden crown and
call'd

Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus
Cæsar—

Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants
than

Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and con-
fusion

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst
thee: look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus
defied,

I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I
spent

Much under him; of him I gather'd
honour;

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am
perfect

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a pre-
cedent

Which not to read would show the
Britons cold:

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome.
Make pastime with us a day or two, or
longer: if you seek us afterwards in
other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it
is yours; if you fall in the adventure,
our crows shall fare the better for you;
and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasur
and he mine:

All the remain is 'Welcome!' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore
write you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false
Italian,

As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath
prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal!
No:

She's puri h'd for her truth, and under-
goes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such
assaults

As would take in some virtue. O my
master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should
murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows
which I

Have made to thy command? I, her?
her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted servicable. How

look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*]

'Do't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own
command

Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd
paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Sense-
less bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,

Let what is here contain'd relish of love.
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not

That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:

Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave.
Blest be

You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—

Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord;
who long'st,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,

But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense—how far it is

To this same blessed Milford: and by the way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as

To inherit such a haven: but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap

That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride

'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look through. Away, I
 prithee;
 Do as I bid thee: there's no more to
 say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales: a mountainous
 country with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUI-
 DERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house,
 with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,
 boys; this gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens
 and bows you
 To a morning's holy office: the gates of
 monarchs
 Are arch'd so high that giants may jet
 through
 And keep their impious turbans on,
 without
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou
 fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
 hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up
 to yond hill;
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these
 flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets
 off:
 And you may then revolve what tales I
 have told you
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in
 war:
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this
 life
 Is nobler than attending for a check,
 Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em
 fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to
 ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak:
 we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest,
 nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life
 is best,

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known; well corre-
 sponding

With your stiff age: but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall
 hear

The rain and wind beat dark December,
 how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we dis-
 course

The freezing hours away? We have seen
 nothing:

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for
 prey,

Like wullike as the wolf for what we
 eat;

Our valour is to chase what flies; our
 cage

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd
 bird,

And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries

And felt them knowingly; the art o' the
 court,

As hard to leave as keep; whose top to
 climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o'
 the war,

A pain that only seems to seek out
 danger

I' the name of fame and honour; which
 dies i' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,

Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure :—O boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans : so
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;
 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains !
 This is not hunters' language : he that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
 To him the other two shall minister ;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

These boys know little they are sons to the king ;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine ; and though train'd up thus meanly
 I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say ' Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck ; ' even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused !
 O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came
from hoise, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my
mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy
mind,

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore
breaks that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but
painted thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the
matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me,
with

A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou
need'st

But keep that countenance still. My
husband's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied
him,

And he's at some hard point. Speak,
man: thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to
read

Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a
thing

The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio,
hath played the strumpet in my bed; the
testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmises, but
from proof as strong as my grief and as
certain as I expect my revenge. That
part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if
thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away
her life: I shall give thee opportunity at
Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for

the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike
and to make me certain it is done, thou
ait the pandar to her dishonour and
equally to me disloyal'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my
sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis
slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword,
whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose
breath

Rides on the posting winds and doth
belie

All corners of the world: kings, queens
and states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
grave

This viperous slander enters. What
cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to
be false?

To lie in watch there and to think on
him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
change nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's
bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now

methinks

Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of
Italy

†Whose mother was her painting, hath
betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the
walls,

I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—
O,

Men's vows are women's traitors! All
good seeming.

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be
thought

Put on for villany; not born where't
grows,

But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard,
 like false Æneas,
 Were in his time thought false, and
 Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness: so thou,
 Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and
 perjured
 From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be
 thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when
 thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience: look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my
 heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die:
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against
 self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand. Come,
 here's my heart.
 Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no
 defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may
 poor fools
 Believe false teachers: though those that
 are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst
 set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my
 father
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged
 by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee,
 dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: where's
 thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's
 bidding,
 When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this
 business
 I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou
 abused
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action and thine own? our horses'
 labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd
 court,
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so
 far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy
 stand,
 The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
 To lose so had employment; in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 I leave me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine
 ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater
 wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It can-
 not be
 But that my master is abused:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead and send
him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis com-
manded

I should do so: you shall be miss'd at
court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide?
how live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no
more ado

†With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been
to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the
world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee,
think

There's lovers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-
Haven

To-morrow: now, if you could wear a
mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not
yet be

But by self-danger, you should tread a
course

†Pretty and full of view; yea, haply,
near

The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at
least

That though his actions were not visible,
yet

Report should render him hourly to your
ear

As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!

Though peril to my modesty, not death
on't,

I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience: fear and nice-
ness—

The handmaids of all women, or, more
truly,

Woman it pretty self—into a waggish
courage;

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you
must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose,
all

That answer to them: would you in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll
make him know,

If that his head have ear in music,—
doubtless

With joy he will embrace you, for he's
honourable

And doubling that, most holy. Your
means abroad,

You have me, rich; and I will never
fail

Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee,
away:

There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even

All that good time will give us: this attempt

I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,

And fit you to your manhood. May the gods

Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt, severally*]

SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke: and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs

Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

Queen. And you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness! [*Exeunt Lucius and Lord.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely

Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:

The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for

We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,

'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes

And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's
no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise
we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to
visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping
close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to
you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer:
this
She wish'd me to make known; but our
great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that
which I fear
Prove false!

[*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her
old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Post-
humus!

He hath a drug of mine; I pray his
absence

Proceed by swallowing that, for he be-
lieves

It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair
hath seized her,

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's
flown

To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being
down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming
day!

[*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's
fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more
exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all com-
pounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore:
but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her
judgement
That what's else rare is choked; and in
that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when
fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: ah, you precious pandar!
Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by
Jupiter,—

I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with
Posthumus?

From whose so many weights of baseness
cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was
she miss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy
lord!'

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns
by this

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's
dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return
again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain,
but do me true service, undergo those
employments wherein I should have
cause to use thee with a serious industry,
that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it directly and truly, I would
think thee an honest man: thou shouldst
neither want my means for thy relief nor
my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since
patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to
the bare fortune of that beggar Post-
humus, thou canst not, in the course of
gratitude, but be a diligent follower of
mine: wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my
purse. Hast any of thy late master's
garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging,
the same suit he wore when he took leave
of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me,
fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first
service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—
I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll
remember't anon:—even there, thou vil-
lain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would
these garments were come. She said
upon a time—the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart—that she held the
very garment of Posthumus in more

respect than my noble and natural person,
together with the adornment of my
qualities. With that suit upon my back,
will I ravish her: first kill him, and in
her eyes; there shall she see my valour,
which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my
speech of insultment ended on his dead
body, and when my lust hath dined,—
which, as I say, to vex her I will execute
in the clothes that she so praised,—to the
court I'll knock her back, foot her home
again. She hath despised me rejoicingly,
and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to
Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber:
that is the second thing that I have
commanded thee: the third is, that thou
wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.
Be but duteous, and true preferment
shall tender itself to thee. My revenge
is now at Milford: would I had wings to
follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for
true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never
be,

To him that is most true. To Milford
go,

And find not her whom thou pursuest.

Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This
fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his
need! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of
Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious
one:

I have tired myself, and for two nights
together

Have made the ground my bed. I
 should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. Mil-
 ford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio
 show'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I
 think
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I
 mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two
 beggars told me
 I could not miss my way: will poor folks
 lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing
 'tis
 A punishment or trial? Yes; no
 wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To
 lapse in fulness
 Is sorer than to lie for need, and false-
 hood
 Is worse in kings than beggars. My
 dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I
 think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is
 this?
 Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call:
 yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it
 valiant.
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hard-
 ness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's
 here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then
 I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely
 look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens!

[*Exit, to the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
 ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best
 woodman and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our
 match:
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our
 stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury: weari-
 ness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace
 be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong
 in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave:
 we'll browse on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay;
 come not in.
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.
Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd or bought what I have
 took: good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not,
 though I had found
 Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money
 for my meat:
 I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal, and parted
 With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to
 dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you're angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who

Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,

I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithce, fair youth, Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard but be your groom.

In honesty, I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: And such a welcome as I'd give to him After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends, If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize

Been less, and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arr. Or I, whate'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men, That had a court no bigger than this cave, That did attend themselves and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them —laying by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes— Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:

That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians, And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite The gentry to this business. He creates Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commends His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant: the words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of Belarius.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me!

Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceptible thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton as To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me; society is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'll say

'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain! O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

I'm not their father; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, loved before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court: Experience, O, thou disprove report! The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet
said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !
We'll leave you for this time : go in and
rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears
he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our
roots

In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been
sick

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a
smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would
fly

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him
both,

Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come,
away !—Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates :
that villain

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates !'

Means he not us ? I partly know him :
'tis

Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some
ambush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet

I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws :
hence !

Gui. He is but one : you and my
brother search

What companies are near : pray you,
away ;

Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clo. Soft ! What are you

That fly me thus ? some villain moun-
taineers ?

I have heard of such. What slave art
thou ?

Gui. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who ? to thee ? What art
thou ? Have not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou
art,

Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather : he made those
clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious valet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art
some fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name,

I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or
Adder, Spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt
know

I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I
fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper
hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your
heads:

Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mis-
take him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I
saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines
of favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his
voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his: I am
absolute

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with
him,

You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judge-
ment

Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy
brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S
head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty
purse;

There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he
had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one
Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and
swore

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the
gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have
we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives?
The law

Protects not us: then why should we be
tender

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though
his humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy,
not

Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in
time

May make some stronger head; the which
he hearing—

As it is like him—might break out, and
swear

He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I
have ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw't into the
creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son,

Cloten:

That's all I reckon. *[Exit.]*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't!
though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!

Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I
would revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would
seek us through

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for
danger

Where there's no profit. I prithee, to
our rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.]*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou
blazon'st

In these two princely boys! They are
as gentle

As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as
rough,

Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain
pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis
wonder

That an invisible instinct should frame
them

To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour

That wildly grows in them, but yields a
crop

As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's
strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the
stream,

In embassy to his mother: his body's
hostage

For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what
occasion

Hath Cadwal now to give it motion?
Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death
of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn
things

Should answer solemn accidents. The
matter?

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.

Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as
dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had
rather

Have skip'd from sixteen years of age
to sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a
crutch,

Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half
so well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?
find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crare

Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed
thing!

Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.

How found you him?

Arrv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arrv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arrv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,

With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie

Without a monument!—bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what is now due debt. To the grave!

Arrv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arrv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

I have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse

Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arrv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;

And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction

Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,

Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arrv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin. [*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arrv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arrv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

Golden lads and girls all must,
Aschimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
Thesceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renown'd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies:
come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout
midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew
o' the night

Are strewing fit'tst for graves. Upon
their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even
so

These herblets shall, which we upon you
strew.

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has
them again:

Their pleasures here are past, so is their
pain. [*Exeunt Belarius,*

Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-
Haven; which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray,
how far thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile
yet?—

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie
down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and
goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of
the world;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope
I dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis
not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at
nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: our
very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.
Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of
pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I
wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagined,
felt.

A headless man! The garments of Post-
humus!

I know the shape of's leg: this is his
hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial
face—

Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.
Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the
Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee!
Thou,

Conspired with that irregular devil,
Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord. To write
and read

Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd
Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd
Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the
world

Struck the main-top! O Posthumus!
alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay
me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

That we the horrid may seem to those

Which chance to find us: O my lord, my lord! [*Falls on the body.*]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending

You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:

They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners

And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,

That promise noble service: and they come

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

From the spongy south to this part of the west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—

Unless my sins abuse my divination—Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime

It was a worthy building. How! a page! Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems They crave to be demanded. Who is this

Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he

That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?

What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!

There is no more such masters: I may wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,

Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. Lack, good youth! Thou movest no less with thy complaining than

Thy master in bleeding : say his name,
good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If
I do lie and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I
hope

They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the
very same :

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will
not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be
sure,

No less beloved. The Roman emperor's
letters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : go
with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't
please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as
deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and
when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha'
strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and
sigh ;

And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties :
let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we
can,

And make him with our pikes and parti-
sans

A grave : come, arm him. Boy, he is
prefer'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine
eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's
palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO,
and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how
'tis with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.

Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me !

Imogen,

The great part of my comfort, gone ; my
queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time

When fearful wars point at me ; her son
gone,

So needful for this present : it strikes me,
past

The hope of comfort. But for thee,
fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure
and

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it
from thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours ;

I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my
mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why
gone,

Nor when she purposes return. Beseech
your highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was
here :

I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For

Cloten,

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.

[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season ;
but our jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia
drawn,

Are landed on your coast, with a supply

Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!

I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege, Your preparation can affront no less Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:

The want is but to put those powers in motion

That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw; And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us; but

We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since

I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange: Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten; but remain Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.

Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going: newness

Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands—may drive us to a render

Where we have lived, and so extort from's that

Which we have done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note,

To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known Of many in the army: many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king

Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,

The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promised,

But to be still hot summer's tanlings and

The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:

I and my brother are not known; your-self

So out of 'houghs, and thereto so o'er-
grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on
blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and
venison!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that
had

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore
rowel

Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me
leave,

I'll take the better care, but if you will
not,

The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives
you set

So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. I have
with you, boys!

If in your country wars you chance to
die,

That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll
lie:

Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems
long; their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out and show them princes
born. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody
handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep
thee, for I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You
married ones,

If each of you should take this course,
how many

Must murder wives much better than
themselves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all com-
mands:

No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if
you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my
faults, I never

Had lived to put on this: so had you
saved

The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults:
that's love,

'To have them fall no more: you some
permit

†To second ills with ills, each elder
worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers'
thrif.

But Imogen is your own: do your best
wills,

And make me blest to obey! I am
brought hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress;
peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore,
good heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe
me

Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my

life

Is every breath a death; and thus, un-
known,

Pitied nor hate'd, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men
know

More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in
me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will
begin

The fashion, less without and more
within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengeingly enfeeble me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. *[Exit.]*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: the king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd

With dead men huilt behind, and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, An honest one, I warrant; who deserved

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,

In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,

He, with two striplings—lads more like to run

The country base than to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—
 Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
 'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.
 Stand;
 Or we are Romans and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'
 These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many—
 For three performers are the file when all
 The rest do nothing—with this word
 'Stand, stand,'
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example—O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon
 A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd
 eagles; slaves,
 'The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 'For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you're angry.
Post. Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] Thus is a lord! O noble misery,
 To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
 To-day how many would have given their honours
 To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in: fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath:

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear
again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised!
Lucius is taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons
were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a
silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand!
who's there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if
seconds
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crags have peck'd them here.
He brows his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the
king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDE-
RIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers,
Attendants, and Roman Captives. The
Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYM-
BELINE, who delivers him over to a
Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be
stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for
thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since
he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the
key
To unbar these locks. My conscience,
thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you
good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that
bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am
sorry?

So children temporal fathers do ap-
pease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I
repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to
satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part,
take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile
men,

Who of their broken debtors take a
third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive
again

On their abatement: that's not my
desire:

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and
though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you
coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not
every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's
sake:

You rather mine, being yours: and so,
great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this
life,

And cancel these cold bonds. O
Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an appari-
tion, SICHILIUS LEONATUS, father to
Posthumus, an old man, attired like a
warrior; leading in his hand an
ancient matron, his wife, and mother
to Posthumus, with music before them:
then, after other music, follow the two
young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus,
with wounds as they died in the wars.
They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he
lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master,
 show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno
 chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught
 but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law:
 Whose father then, as men report
 Thou orphans' father art,
 Thou shouldst have been, and
 shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the
 world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature
 for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
 mock'd,
 To be exiled, and thrown
 From Leonati seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' th' other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we
 came,
 Our parents and us twain,

That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely and were slain,
 Our fealty and Tenantius' right
 With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus
 hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
 No longer exercise
 Upon a valiant race thy harsh
 And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble man-
 sion; help;
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and light-
 ning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws
 a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on
 their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region
 low,
 Offend our hearing; hush! How dare
 you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you
 know,
 Sky-planted batters all rebelling
 coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and
 rest

Upon your never-withering banks of
 flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
 No care of yours it is; you know 'tis
 ours.

Whom best I love I cross; to make my
 gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be
 content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen, And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
 And so, away: no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
 [Ascends.]
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
 As when his god is pleased.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.
 [The Ghosts vanish.]
Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
 A father to me; and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
 Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;

Or senseless speaking or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoleris.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to

come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peil: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then fiercer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; *[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus]* which I will add

To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you

Companions to our person and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet
death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended
she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like
her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed

I will report, so please you: these her
women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet
cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never
loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your
place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore
in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose
life,

But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who isn't can read a woman? Is there
more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did
confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being
took,
Should by the minute feed on life and
lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she
purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing,
to

O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft,
to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange
absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in
despite

Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady. We did, so please your
highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor
my heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it
had been vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my
daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven
mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Sooth-
sayer, and other Roman Prisoners,
guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and
IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute;
that

The Britons have razed out, though with
the loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen
have made suit

That their good souls may be appeased
with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have
granted:

So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war:
the day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with
us,

We should not, when the blood was cool,
have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since
the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come :
sufficeth

A Roman with a Roman's heart can
suffer :

Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing
only

I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold
your highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton
harm,

Though he have served a Roman : save
him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
† And at mine own. I know not why,
wherefore,

To say 'live, boy : ' ne'er thank thy
master ; live :

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou
wilt,

Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll
give it ;

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life,
good lad ;

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a
thing

Bitter to me as death : your life, good
master,

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die
their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and
boys.

Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more
and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou
look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ?
thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to
me

Than I to your highness ; who, being
born your vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if
you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's
thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my
page ;

I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak
freely. [*Cymbeline and Imogen
converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arrv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet isy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think
you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he
eyes us not ; forbear ;

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am
sure

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress :
Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and
Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*]

Sir, step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On,
speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman
may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger,
say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave un-
spoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to
utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By
villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which
more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear
more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my
false spirits
Quail to remember— Give me leave; I
faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her?
Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while
nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man,
and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was
the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,
—accursed
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—
O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good
Posthumus—
What should I say? he was too good to
be
Where ill men were; and was the best of
all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting
sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd
boast
Of him that best could speak, for
feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight
Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature, for con-
dition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of
wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.
This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised,
—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his
tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our
brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his
description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there
it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I,
wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd
with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he
wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this
ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true
knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this
ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely,
had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to
Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was
taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide differ-
ence

'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being
thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with sinular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring

notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her
bracelet,—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some
marks

Of secret on her person, that he could
not

But think her bond of chastity quite
crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous
fool,

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in be-
ing,

To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or
poison,

Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send
out

For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth
amend

By being worse than they. I am Post-
humus,

That kill'd thy daughter: - villain-like, I
lie—

That caused a lesser villain than my-
self,

A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she her-elf.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon
me, set

The dogs o' the street to bay me: every
villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and

Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this:
Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part.

[*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord
Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help,
help!

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean
to strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous
fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if

That box I gave you was not thought
by me

A precious thing: I had it from the
queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen
confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: 'If
Pisano

Have' said she 'given his mistress that
confection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is
served

As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft im-
portuned me

To temper poisons for her, still pre-
tending

The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her
purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease

The present power of life, but in short
time

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en
of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded
lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and
now

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,*
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this
act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*]

Though you did love this youth, I
blame ye not;

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long
of her it was

That we meet here so strangely: but her
son

Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth.

Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the
mouth, and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was
gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to

Milford;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's
garments,

Which he enforced from me, away he
posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to
violate

My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from
my lips

Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant
youth,

Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs
he did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did
provoke me

With language that would make me
spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's
head;

And am right glad he is not standing
here

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd,
and must

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited than a band of
Clotens

Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let
his arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art
unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of
descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove that two on's are as
good
As I have given out him. My sons, I
must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous
speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd
man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence :
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons !
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here's
my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty
sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me
father
And think they are my sons, are none of
mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How ! my issue !
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I,
old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime
banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my
punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle
princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty
years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have
as I

Could put into them ; my breeding was,
sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse,
Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these
children
Upon my banishment : I moved her to't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then : beaten for
loyalty
Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it
shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But,
gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must
lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the
world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they
are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is
more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my
children :
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true
Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was
lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the
hand
Of his queen mother, which for more
probation
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural
stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what, am I

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er
mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray
you be,
That, after this strange starting from your
orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't. O my
gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say here-
after

But I am truest speaker: you call'd me
brother,

When I was but your sister; I you
brothers,

When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she
swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This
fierce abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where?

how lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman
captive?

How parted with your brothers? how
first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and
whither? These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be
demanded;

And all the other by-dependencies,

From chance to chance: but nor the
time nor place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,

And she, like harmless lightning, throws
her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master,
hitting

Each object with a joy: the counter-
change

Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so
we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did
relieve me,

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful
too,

For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
fought,

He would have well become this place,
and graced

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three

In poor besecming; 'twas a fitment for

The purpose I then follow'd. That I
was he,

Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and
might

Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:

But now my heavy conscience sinks my
knee,

As then your force did. Take that life,
beseech you,

Which I so often owe: but your ring first;

And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you is to spare
you;

The malice towards you to forgive you:
live,

And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;

Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good
my lord of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept,
methought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,

Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I
found

This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus !

Sooth. Heie, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall
be lopped branches, which, being dead
many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate and flourish in peace and
plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air,
thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer ;' and 'mollis
aer'

We term it 'mulier : ' which 'mulier' I
divine

Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd
about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cym-
beline,

Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches
point

Thy twosons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now
revived,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well ;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius
Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her
and hers,

I have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above
do tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the
stroke

Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this in-
stant

Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the
sun

So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our
princely eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our blest altars. Publish we this
peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's-town
march :

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such
a peace. [*Exeunt.*]

PERICLES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.

CLEON, governor of Tarsus.

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

A Rawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Dispersedly in various countries.*

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my
rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:

This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his
own

To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of
your eye

I give, my cause who best can justify.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul

Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd, Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,

The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Mus. *Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflamed desire in my breast To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree, Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will, To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her countless glory, which desert must gain;

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire, Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist

For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do

Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;

So I bequeath a happy peace to you And all good men, as every prince should do;

My riches to the earth from whence they came;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*]

Thus ready for the way of life or death, I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then:

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,

As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume
the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you
powers

That give heaven countless eyes to view
men's acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetu-
ally,

If this be true, which makes me pale to
read it?

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could
still, *[Takes hold of the hand*

of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stored with
ill:

But I must tell you, now my thoughts
revolt;

For he's no man on whom perfections
wait

That, knowing sin within, will touch the
gate.

You are a fair viol, and your sense the
strings;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful
music,

Would draw heaven down, and all the
gods, to hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,
He'll only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon
thy life,

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's

expired:

Either expound now, or receive your
sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'Twould braid yourself too near for me
to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than
shown:

For vice repeated is like the wandering
wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread
itself;

And yet the end of all is bought thus
dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes
see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The
blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the
earth is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm
doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's
their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove
doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being
bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to love
my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy
head! he has found the meaning:

But I will gloze with him.—Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[Exeunt all but Pericles.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to
cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child,
 Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter ANTIUCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
 Her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. *[Exit.]*
Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
 If I can get him within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! *[Exit Thal.]*
 Till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. *[To Lords without]* Let none disturb us.—Why should this change of thoughts,
 The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
 Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by mis-
dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might
be done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his
act,

Will think me speaking, though I swear
to silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being
known,

He'll stop the course by which it might
be known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the
land,

And with the ostent of war will look so
huge,

Amazement shall drive courage from the
state;

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by and
defend them,

Makes both my body pine and soul to
languish,

And punish that before that he would
punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your
sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till
you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a
spark,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may
err.

When Signior Sooth here does proclaim
a peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your
life.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you
please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your
cares o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our
haven,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]
Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our
looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes'
frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our
face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to
heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Knelling*] I have ground the axe
myself;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.

Sit down: thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy
servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon
yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician,
Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy-
self.

Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face
of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,
 †Are arms to princes, and bring joys to
 subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all
 wonder;

The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as
 incest:

Which by my knowledge found, the sin-
 ful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but
 thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to
 kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and,
 being here,

Bethought me what was past, what
 might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants'
 fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than the
 years:

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he
 doth,

That I should open to the listening air
 How many worthy princes' bloods were
 shed,

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid
 ope,

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land
 with arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have
 done him;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not
 innocence:

Which love to all, of which thyself art
 one,

Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes,
 blood from my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, with thousand
 doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it
 came;

And finding little comfort to relieve
 them,

I thought it princely charity to grieve
 them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have
 given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you
 fear,

And justly too, I think, you fear the
 tyrant,

Who either by public war or private
 treason

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a
 while,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of
 life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than
 I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
 But should he wrong my liberties in my
 absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together
 in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our
 birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee
 then, and to Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from
 thee;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects'
 good

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength
 can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask
 thine oath:

Who shuns not to break one will sure
 crack both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and
 safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er
 convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true
 prince. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber
 in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the
 court. Here must I kill King Pericles;
 and if I do it not, I am sure to be

hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter IELICANUS and ESCANES, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [Aside] Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;

But since he's gone,† the king's seas must please:

He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come With message unto princely Pericles; But since my landing I have understood

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with DIONYZA, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire

Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;

Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,

Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the
streets:

Whose towers bore heads so high they
kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;

Whose men and dames so jetted and
adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them
by:

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the
sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight;

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so
great,

The name of help grew odious to
repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By
this our change,

These mouths, who but of late, earth,
sea, and air,

Were all too little to content and
please,

Although they gave their creatures in
abundance,

As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of
exercise:

Those palates who, not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the
taste,

Would now be glad of bread, and beg
for it:

Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their
babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready
now

To eat those little darlings whom they
loved.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man
and wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen
life:

Here stands a lord, and there a lady
weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see
them fall

Have scarce strength left to give them
burial.

Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do
witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's
cup

And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these
tears!

The misery of Tarsus may be theirs!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st
in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our
neighbouring shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an
heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring
nation,

Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with
their power,

To beat us down, the which are down
already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by
the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring
us peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as
foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's un-
tutor'd to repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most
deceit.

But bring they what they will and what
they can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are
half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him
here,

To know for what he comes, and whence
he comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace
consist ;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear
you are,

Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as
Tyre,

And seen the desolation of your streets :
Nor come we to add sorrow to your
tears,

But to relieve them of their heavy
load ;

And these our ships, you happily may
think

Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd
within

With bloody veins, expecting over-
throw,

Are stored with corn to make your needy
bread,

And give them life whom hunger starved
half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise :
We do not look for reverence, but for
love,

And harbourage for ourself, our ships,
and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not
gratify,

Or pay you with unthankfulness in
thought,

Be it our wives, our children, or our-
selves,

The curse of heaven and men succeed
their evils !

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er
be seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town
and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ;
feast here awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty
king

His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and
word.

Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.

I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.

The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is wit he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need
speak I ?

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with
CLEON ; all the train with them.
Enter at another door a Gentleman,
with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES
shows the letter to CLEON ; gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him.
Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON
at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours ; for though he
strive

To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And to fulfil his pince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thahard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom
case ;

For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above and deeps below

Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and
split;

And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be
next,

Pardon old Gower,—this longs the
text. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place
by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry
stars of heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember,
earthly man

Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left
me breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery
grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll
crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away
the nets!

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest
now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with
a wanion.

Third Fish. 'Faith, master, I am think-
ing of the poor men that were cast away
before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved
my heart to hear what pitiful cries they
made to us to help them, when, well-a-
day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I
as much when I saw the porpus how he
bounced and tumbled? they say they're
half fish, half flesh: a plague on them,
they ne'er come but I look to be washed.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in
the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land;
the great ones eat up the little ones: I
can compare our rich misers to nothing
sofitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles,
driving the poor fry before him, and at
last devours them all at a mouthful: such
whales have I heard on o' the land, who
never leave gaping till they've swallowed
the whole parish, church, steeple, bells,
and all.

Per. [Aside] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been
the sexton, I would have been that day
in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have
swallowed me too: and when I had
been in his belly, I would have kept such
a jangling of the bells, that he should
never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,
church, and parish, up again. But if the
good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [Aside] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land
of these drones, that rob the bee of her
honey.

Per. [Aside] How from the finny sub-
ject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's
that? If it be a day fits you, †search
out of the calendar, and nobody look
after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon
your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was
the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and
the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the
ball

For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;

He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,

For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is

called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—this wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An amour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,

Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life,

'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death;—and pointed to this brace;—

'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—

The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,

Took it in rage, though calm'd have
given't again:

I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's
no ill,

Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this
coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me
dearly,

And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sove-
reign's court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your
debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for
the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne
in arms.

First Fish. Why, do'e take it, and the
gods give thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend;
'twas we that made up this garment through
the rough seams of the waters: there are
certain condolences, certain vails. I
hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember
from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in
steel;

And, spite of all the rapture of the
sea,

This jewel holds his building on my
arm:

Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him
tread.

Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou
shalt have my best gown to make thee a
pair; and I'll bring thee to the court
myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my
will,

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or
platform leading to the lists. A pavilion
by the side of it for the reception of the
King, Princess, Lords, etc.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and
Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin
the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present them-
selves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and
our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs
are,

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature
gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father,
to express

My commendations great, whose merit's
less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes
are

A model, which heaven makes like to
itself:

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour,
I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his
Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer
himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun:
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his
life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a
lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por
dulzura que por fuerza.'

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned
upside down;

The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his
power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed
with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone
tried;

The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*]

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but
his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at
top;

The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may
flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better
than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practised more the whipstock
than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger,
for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely
furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let
his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes
us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming: we
will withdraw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts within, and all cry*
'The mean knight!']

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state:
a banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords,
Attendants, and Knights, from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more
than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends
itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a
feast:

You are princes and my guests.

Thai. Put you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happi-
ness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than
by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the
day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to ex-
ceed;

And you are her labour'd scholar. Come,
queen o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take
your place:

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their
grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by
good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days:
honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods
above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;

Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,

He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:

Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

I here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this
shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his
misfortune,
And will awake him from his melan-
choly.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on
trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for
other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are ad-
dress'd,
Will very well become a soldier's
dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying this.
Loud music is too harsh for ladies'
heads,

Since they love men in arms as well as
beds. [*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well
perform'd.

Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing
too:

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they
are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would
be denied
Of your fair courtesies.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done
well,

[*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!

[*To Per.*] Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our
own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of
love;
And that's the mark I know you level
at:

Therefore each one betake him to his
rest:

To-morrow all for speeding do their
best. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the
Governor's house.*

Enter HILICANUS and ESCANES.

Hil. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods now
minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had
in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his
glory,

When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter
with him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd
up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they
so stunk,

That all those eyes adored them ere their
fall

Scorn now their hand should give them
burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hil. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was
no guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his
reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private
conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve
without reproof.

Third Lord. And curs'd be he that
will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me, then. Lord
Hilicane, a word.

Hil. With me? and welcome: happy
day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are
risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their
banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong
not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then,
noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by
his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him
out;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him
there;

And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his
funeral,

And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death indeed's the
strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head,—

Like goodly buildings left without a
roof

Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to
reign,

We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your
suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, for-
bear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's
ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat
you to

Forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expired, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your
yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like nobles, like noble sub-
jects,

And in your search spend your adven-
turous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his
crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool
that will not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour us.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and
we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever
stands. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the
palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at
one door: the Knights meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the
good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this
I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not
undertake

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I
get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to
her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so
strictly tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear
Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell,
we take our leaves.

[Exeunt Knights.

Sim. So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my
daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees
with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's
in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am be-
holding to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to
commend;

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars,
my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous
fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very
well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore
look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her school-
master.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this
writing else.

Per. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your
daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,
and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your dis-
pleasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be
the king—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do
applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my
thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.

VOI. III.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's
enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness
it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as
fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make
me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so per-
emptory?

[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjec-
tion.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught
I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear
you,

Either be ruled by me, or I will make
you—

Man and wife:

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal
it too:

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes
destroy;

And for a further grief,—God give you
joy!—

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that
fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will
see you wed;

And then with what haste you can get
you to bed. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;

No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:

The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'

Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—

Which who shall cross?—along to go:

Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.
[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast,
rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and
thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in
brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O,
still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently
quench

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how,
 Lychorida,
 How does my queen? Thou stormest
 venomously;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's
 whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy
 deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift
 the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida! •

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for
 such a place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this
 piece
 Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist
 the storm.

Here's all that is left living of your
 queen,

A little daughter: for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly
 gifts,

And snatch them straight away? We
 here below

Recall not what we give, and therein
 may

Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
 Even for this change.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
 For a more blustrous birth had never
 babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
 Thou art the rudest welcome to this
 world

That ever was prince's child. Happy
 what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can
 make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at
 the first

Thy loss is more than can thy portage
 quit,

With all thou canst find here. Now, the
 good gods

Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God
 save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear
 the flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for
 the love

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-
 farer,

I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there!
 Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and
 split thyself.

Sec. Sail. Put sea-room, an the brine
 and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care
 not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must over-
 board: the sea works high, the wind is
 loud, and will not lie till the ship be
 cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at
 sea it hath been still observed: and we
 are strong in custom. Therefore briefly
 yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most
 wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou
 had, my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but
 straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the
 ooze;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching
 whale

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
 corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychor-
 ida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid
Nicanor

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly,
woman. [*Exit Lychorida.*]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath
the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what
coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst
thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind
cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrrus: there I'll
leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good
mariner:

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in
Cerimon's house.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some
Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor
men:

'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such
a night as this,

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you
return;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*]

Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lord-
ship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon thesea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble
you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that
your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early
hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments
greater

Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret
art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cues;
which doth give me

A more content in course of true de-
light

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through
Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call them-
selves

Your creatures, who by you have been
restored:

And not your knowledge, your personal
pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord
Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

†'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belch'gs upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!

Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreaured

With full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[Reads from a scroll.]

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[Exit a Servant.]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. †I heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced

Above five hours: see how she gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up

Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her cyclids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.

Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,

Rare as you seem to be. *[She moves.]*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours !
Lend me your hands ; to the next
chamber bear her.
Get linen : now this matter must be
look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ;
And Æsculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must
needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expired, and
Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness !
The gods

Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though
they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleased you had
brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and
roar

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,
whom,

For she was born at sea, I have named
so, here

I charge your charity withal, leaving
her

The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she
may be

Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with
your corn,

For which the people's prayers still fall
upon you,

Must in your child be thought on. If
neglection

Should therein make me vile, the common
body,

By you relieved, would force me to my
duty :

But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me
to't,

Without your vows. Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my
leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your
care

In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my re-
spect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the
edge o' the shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune
and

The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O,

no tears,

Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose
grace

You may depend hereafter. Come, my
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some
certain jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer : which are
now

At your command. Know you the
character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remem-
ber,

Even on my eaning time; but whether there

Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King
Pericles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;

Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,

Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.

Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound

The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird
mute,

That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steal,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:

And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.

Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee,
but be

A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. †Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here: when he shall come
and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,

Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve

That excellent complexion, which did steal

The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;

I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady,
for a while:

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit Dionysa.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried 'Good scamen!' to the sailors,
galling

His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one,
'wilt out?'

And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain
whistles, and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any
profit,

Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the
world, I hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks
foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you
lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two
that fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so
now:

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*]

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain!

[*Leonine runs away.*]

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-
part.

Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguish thieves serve
the great pirate Valdes;

And they have seized Marina. Let her
go:

There's no hope she will return. I'll
swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see
further:

Perhaps they will but please themselves
upon her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be
slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't!

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly;
Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too
much money this mart by being too
wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of
creatures. We have but poor three, and
they can do no more than they can do;
and they with continual action are even
as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones,
whate'er we pay for them. If there be
not a conscience to be used in every
trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our
bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I
think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought
them down again. But shall I search
the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff
we have, a strong wind will blow it to
pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too
unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor
Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the
little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him,
she made him roast-meat for worms.
But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins
were as pretty a proportion to live
quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you?
is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like
the commodity, nor the commodity wages
not with the danger: therefore, if in our
youths we could pick up some pretty
estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door
hatched. Besides, the sore terms we
stand upon with the gods will be strong
with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as
well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better

too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boulton.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boulton. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boulton's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boulton. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boulton. 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boulton. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boulton. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in

our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [To *Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

Dion. By one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not
flow

From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
 Yet none does know, but you, how she
 came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being
 gone.
 She did disdain my child, and stood be-
 tween
 Her and her fortunes: none would look
 on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at and held a
 malkin
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced
 me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I
 find
 It greets me as an enterprise of kind-
 ness
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her
 hearse,
 And yet we mourn: her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's
 face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that super-
 stitiously
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills
 the flies:
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of
 MARINA at Tarsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and
 longest leagues make short;
 Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but
 for't;
 Making, to take your imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, region to
 region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no
 crime
 To use one language in each several
 clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do
 beseech you
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps
 to teach you,
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward
 seas,
 Attended on by many a lord and
 knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's de-
 light.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanced in time to great and high
 estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in
 mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds
 have brought
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot
 thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts
 grow on,—
 To fetch his daughter home, who first
 is gone.
 Like motes and shadows see them
 move awhile;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all
 his train; CLEON and DIONYZA, at
 the other. CLEON shows PERICLES
 the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes
 lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in
 a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt
 CLEON and DIONYZA.*

See how belief may suffer by foul
 show!
 This borrow'd passion stands for true
 old woe;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest
 tears o'er-shower'd,
 Leaves Tarsus and again embarks.
 He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,

Who wither'd in her spring of year.

She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,

Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,

Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany

So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And bear his courses to be ordered

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day

In her unholy service. Patience, then,

And think you now are all in Mytilene.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pandar. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

Pandar. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*]

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to

your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgement good

That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar.

For me,

That am a maid, though most ungente fortune

I have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physis, O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er
dream'd thou couldst.

I had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's
gold for thee:

Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to
me

The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of
virtue, and

I doubt not but thy training hath been
noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou
dost

Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one
piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-
keeper!

Your house, but for this virgin that doth
prop it,

Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!
[*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take
another course with you. If your peevish
chastity, which is not worth a breakfast
in the cheapest country under the cope,
shall undo a whole household, let me be
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead
taken off, or the common hangman shall
execute it. Come your ways. We'll
have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she
has here spoken holy words to the Lord
Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it
were to stink afore the face of the
gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt
with her like a nobleman, and she sent
him away as cold as a snowball; say'g
his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her
at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her
virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece
of ground than she is, she shall be
ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her!
Would she had never come within my
doors! Marry, hang you! She's born
to undo us. Will you not go the way of
women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish
of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[*Exit.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your
ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you
hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine
enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be
my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as
thou art,

Since they do better thee in their com-
mand.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the
pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his
Til;

To the choleric fisting of every rogue

Thy car is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected
lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do?
go to the wars, would you? where a man
may serve seven years for the loss of a

leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

Any of these ways are yet better than this;

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods

Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays;

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies. In your supposing once more put your sight

Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark: Where what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark. *[Exit.]*

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. *[To the Sailor of Mytilene]*

Where is lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is
your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some
gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord
calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth
would come aboard;

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors
descend, and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and
Lords; with the Gentlemen and the
two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you
would,

Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods
preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age
I am,

And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's
triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before
us,

I made to it, to know of whence you
are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place
you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath
not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his dis-
temperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to re-
peat;

But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not
speak

To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. *[Pericles discovered.]*

This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal
night,

Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods pre-
serve you!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak
to you.

First Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst
wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet har-
mony

And other chosen attractions, would
allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd
parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all,

And, with her fellow maids, is now
upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side. *[Whispers a Lord, who
goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.]*

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing
we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since
your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech
you

That for our gold we may provision
have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,

But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just
gods

For every graff would send a cater-
pillar,

And so afflict our province. Yet once
more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:

But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!

Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery, Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;

And the gods make her prosperous!

[Marina sings.]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: But time hath rooted out my parent-

age, And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude. *[Aside]* I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something that— What countrywoman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores: Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like And cased as richly; in pace another

Junio;

Who starves the eais she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it
would seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithce, speak :

Falseness cannot come from thee; for
thou look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a
palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I
will believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou
look'st

Like one I loved indeed. What were
thy friends?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee
back—

Which was when I perceived thee—that
thou camest

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think
thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to
injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs
might equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my
thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth
part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost
look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves,
and smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy
friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my
most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit
by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent
hither

To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle
me,

To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name

Was given me by one that had some
power,

My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe
me;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

I have you a working pulse? and are no
fairy?

Motion! Well; speak on. Where were
you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of
a king;

Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er
dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot
be:

My daughter's buried. Well: where
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your
story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere
best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syl-
lable

Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me
leave:

How came you in these parts? where
were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in
Tarsus leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
 A villain to attempt it, who having drawn
 to do't,
 A crew of pirates came and rescued
 me;
 Brought me to Mytilene. But, good
 sir,
 Whither will you have me? Why do
 you weep? It may be,
 You think me an impostor: no, good
 faith;
 I am the daughter to King Pericles,
 If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble
 counsellor,
 Most wise in general: tell me, if thou
 canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to
 be,
 That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
 Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
 Her parentage; being demanded that,
 She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd
 sir;
 Give me a gash, put me to present
 pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon
 me
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness. O,
 come hither,
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee
 beget;
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at
 Tarsus,
 And found at sea again! O Heli-
 canus,
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods
 as loud
 As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
 What was thy mother's name? tell me
 but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
 What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell
 me now
 My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest
 you said
 Thou hast been godlike perfect,
 †The heir of kingdoms and another
 like
 To Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your
 daughter than
 To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end
 The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise;
 * thou art my child.
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own,
 Helicanus;
 She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should
 have been,
 By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee
 all;
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in
 knowledge
 She is thy very princess. Who is
 this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Myti-
 lene,
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
 Give me my robes. I am wild in my
 beholding.
 O heavens bless my girl! But, hark,
 what music?
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to
 doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter. But,
 what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
 The music of the spheres! List, my
 Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give
 him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not
 hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick
slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

[Sleeps.]

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion
friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[Exit all but Pericles.]

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a
vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus:
hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met
together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy
wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's,
call
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in
woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream.

[Disappears.]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argen-
tine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and
MARINA.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there
to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell
thee why.

[To *Lysimachus*.] Shall we refresh us, sir,
upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come
ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it
seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exit all.]

SCENE II. Enter GOWER, before the
temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost
run;

More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what
shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The temple of Diana at
Ephesus; THAISA standing near the
altar, as high priestess; a number of
Virgins on each side; CERIMON and
other Inhabitants of Ephesus attend-
ing.

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSI-
MACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and
a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just
command,
I here confess myself the king of
Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did
wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus

Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years

He sought to murder: but her better stars

Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she

Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!

[*Faints.*]

Per. What means the nun? she dies!
help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her,
and placed her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought
you to my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious
ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my
lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like him you
spake,

Like him you are: did you not name a
tempest,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed
dead

And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Penta-
polis,

The king my father gave you such a
ring. [*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods!
your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall
do well,

That on the touching of her lips I
may

Melt and no more be seen. O, come,
be buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's
bosom. [*Kneels to Thaisa.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh
of thy flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hil. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I
did fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute:

Can you remember what I call'd the
man?

I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were
found;

How possibly preserved; and who to
thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this
man,

Through whom the gods have shown
their power; that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you
deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my
house,
Where shall be shown you all was found
with her;

How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy
vision! I

Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your
daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And
now,

This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to
form;

And what this fourteen years no razor
touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of
good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him!
Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and our-
selves

Will in that kingdom spend our following
days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus
reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay

To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the
way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter
you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just
reward:

In Pericles, his queen and daughter,
seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce
and keen,

Virtue preserved from fell destruction's
blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with
joy at last:

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well ap-
pears

The worth that learned charity aye
wears:

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when
fame

Had spread their cursed deed, and
honour'd name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace

burn;

The gods for murder seemed so con-
tent

To punish them; although not done,
but meant.

So, on your patience evermore at-
tending,

New joy wait on you! Here our
play has ending. [*Exit.*]

VENUS AND ADONIS

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first hear of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping
morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hid him to the
chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to
scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain
unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to
woo him.
'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above
compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a
man,
More white and red than doves or roses
are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at
strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with
thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy
steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy
meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with
kisses;
'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed
satiety,
But rather famish them amid their
plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh
variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as
twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but
short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling
sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
 And trembling in her passion, calls it
 balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess
 good :
 Being so enraged, desire doth lend
 her force
 Courageously to pluck him from his
 horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;

She red and hot as coals of glowing
 fire,

He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is
 love!—

The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40

Backward she push'd him, as she would
 be thrust,

And govern'd him in strength, though
 not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their
 hips:

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth
 he frown,

And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops
 his lips ;

And kissings speak, with lustful language
 broken,

'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never
 open.'

He burns with bashful shame: she with
 her tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his
 cheeks; 50

Then with her windy sighs and golden
 hairs

To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her
 'miss ;

What follows more she murders with
 a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and
 bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in
 haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be
 gone ;
 Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek,
 his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew
 begin. 60

Forced to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies and breatheth in her
 face ;

She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of
 grace ;

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full
 of flowers,

So they were dew'd with such distilling
 showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;

Pure shame and awed resistance made
 him fret,

Which bred more beauty in his angry
 eyes: 70

Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;

Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-
 pale:

Being red, she loves him best ; and
 being white,

Her best is better'd with a more
 delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chioose but
 love ; 79

And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending
 tears, -

Which long have rain'd, making her
 cheeks all wet ;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this
 countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a
 wave,
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly
 in;
 So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his
 pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another
 way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this
 good turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot
 get;

She bathes in water, yet her fire must
 burn:

'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted
 boy!

'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou
 coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee
 now,

Even by the stern and direful god of
 war,

Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did
 bow,

Who conquers where he comes in every
 jar; 100

Yet hath he been my captive and my
 slave,

And begg'd for that which thou unask'd
 shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport
 and dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign
 red,

Making my arms his field, his tent my
 bed.

'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose
 chain: 110

Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength
 obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy
 might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god
 of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips
 of thine,—

Though mine be not so fair, yet are they
 red—

The kiss shall be thine own as well as
 mine.

What seest thou in the ground? hold up
 thy head:

Look in mine eye-balls, there thy
 beauty lies;

Then why not lips on lips, since eyes
 in eyes? 120

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink
 again,

And I will wink; so shall the day seem
 night;

Love keeps his revels where there are
 but twain;

Be hold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we
 lean

Never can blab, nor know not what
 we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting
 lip

Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well
 be tasted:

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in
 their prime 131

Rot and consume themselves in little
 time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-
 old,

Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in
 voice,

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking
 juice,

Then mightst thou pause, for then I
 were not for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor
 me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my
brow;
* Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick
in turning; ¹⁴⁰
My beauty as the spring doth yearly
grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow
bubbling;
My smooth moist hand, were it with
thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem
to melt.
‘ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine
ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell’d
hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing
seen :
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will
aspire. ¹⁵⁰
‘ Witness this primrose bank whereon I
lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees
support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me
through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list
to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may
it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto
thee ?
‘ Is thine own heart to thine own face
affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy
left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on
theft. ¹⁶⁰
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the
brook.
‘ Torches are made to light, jewels to
wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the
use,

Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants
to bear:
Things growing to themselves are
growth’s abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty
breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.
‘ Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst
thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be
fed ? ¹⁷⁰
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself
art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost
survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’
By this the love-sick queen began to
sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had for-
sook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook
them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus’
side. ¹⁸⁰
And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o’erwhelming his fair
sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks cries ‘ Fie, no more
of love !
The sun doth burn my face; I must
remove.’
‘ Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘ young, and so
unkind ?
What bare excuses makest thou to be
gone !
I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle
wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending
sun : ¹⁹⁰
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my
hairs;
If they burn too, I’ll quench them
with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines
but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and
thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little
harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth
me;

And were I not immortal, life were
done

Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain
relenteth? 200

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not
feel

What 'tis to love? how want of love
tormenteth?

O, had thy mother borne so hard a
mind,

She had not brought forth thee, but
died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn
me this?

Or what great danger dwells upon my
suit?

What were thy lips the worse for one
poor kiss?

Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else
be mute:

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee
again,

And one for interest, if thou wilt have
twain. 210

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless
stone,

Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,

Thing like a man, but of no woman
bred!

Thou art no man, though of a man's
complexion,

For men will kiss even by their own
direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a
pause;

Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth
her wrong;

Being judge in love, she cannot right her
cause: 220

And now she weeps, and now she fain
would speak,

And now her sobs do her intendments
break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then
his hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the
ground;

Sometimes her arms infold him like a
band:

She would, he will not in her arms be
bound;

And when from thence he struggles to
be gone,

She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have
hemm'd thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my
deer;

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in
dale:

Graze on my lips; and if those hills
be dry,

Stray lower, where the pleasant foun-
tains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful
plain,

Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure
and rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from
rain:

Then be my deer, since I am such a
park;

No dog shall rouse thee, though a
thousand bark.' 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty
dimple:

Love made those hollows, if himself
were slain,

He might be buried in a tomb so
simple;

Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking? ²⁵⁰
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remoise!'
 Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by, ²⁵⁹
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with. ²⁷⁰

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried, ²⁸⁰
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'
 What cares he now for curl or pricking spur?
 For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife, ²⁹¹
 As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excel a common one
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:

Look, what a horse should have he
did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he
stares; ³⁰¹
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not
whether;

For through his mane and tail the
high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like
feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto
her;

She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him
woo her,

She puts on outward strangeness, seems
unkind, ³¹⁰

Spurns at his love and scorns the heat
he feels,

Beating his kind embracements with
her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his
fume.

His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of
fear, ³²⁰

Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake
him,

With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they
hie them,

Out-stripping crows that strive to over-
fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more
fits,

That love-sick Love by pleading may be
blest;

For lovers say, the heart hath treble
wrong

When it is barr'd the aidance of the
tongue. ³³⁰

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more
rage:

So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth
assuage;

But when the heart's attorney once is
mute,

The client breaks, as desperate in his
suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed
mind, ³⁴⁰

Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward
boy!

To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did
destroy!

But now her cheek was pale, and by
and by

It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from
the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his
hat, ³⁵¹

Her other tender hand his fair cheek
feels:

His tenderer cheek receives her soft
hand's print,

As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between
them!

Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not
seen them;

Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd
the wooing:

And all this dumb play had his acts
made plain

With tears, which, chorus-like, her
eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the
hand,

A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;

So white a friend engirts so white a foe:

This beauteous combat, wilful and un-
willing,

Show'd like two silver doves that sit
a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts
began:

'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart
my wound; 370

For one sweet look thy help I would
assure thee,

Though nothing but my body's bane
would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost
thou feel it?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou
shalt have it;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart dosteel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never
grave it:

Then love's deep groans I never shall
regard,

Because Adonis' heart hath made mine
hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let
me go; 379

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:

I pray you hence, and leave me here
alone;

For all my mind, my thought, my busy
care,

Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he
should,

Welcomes the warm approach of sweet
desire;

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire
hath none;

Therefore no marvel though thy horse
be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the
tree,

Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's
fair fee,

He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his
bending crest,

Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his
breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than
white,

But, when his glutton eye so full hath
fed,

His other agents aim at like delight? 400
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings
teach thee:

O, learn to love; the lesson is but
plain,

And once made perfect, never lost
again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will
not know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase
it; 410

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe
it;

My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,

That laughs and weeps, and all but
with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and un-
finish'd?

Who plucks the bud before one leaf put
forth?

If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in 'their prime, prove nothing
worth:

The colt that's back'd and burden'd
being young

Loseth his pride and never waxeth
strong. 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let
us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless
chat:

Remove your siege from my unyielding
heart;

To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears,
your flattery;

For where a heart is hard they make
no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she,
'hast thou a tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no
hearing!

Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double
wrong;

I had my load before, now press'd with
bearing: 430

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-
sounding,

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's
deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would
love

That inward beauty and invisible;

Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would
move

Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear
nor see,

Yet should I be in love by touching
thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were
bereft me,

And that I could not see, nor hear, nor
touch, 440

And nothing but the very smell were left
me,

Yet would my love to thee be still as
much;

For from the stillitory of thy face ex-
celling

Comes breath perfumed that breedeth
love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the
taste,

Being nurse and feeder of the other
four!

Would they not wish the feast might ever
last,

And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome
guest,

Should, by his stealing in, disturb the
feast?' 450

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal
open'd,

Which to his speech did honey passage
yield;

Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the
field,

Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the
birds,

Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and
to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:

Even as the wind is hush'd before it
raineth,

Or as the wolf doth grin before he
barketh, 459

Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,

His meaning struck her ere his word
begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks
reviveth;

A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so
thriveth!

The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping
makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend
her, 470

Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend
her!

For on the grass she lies as she were
slain,

Till his breath breatheth life in her
again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the
cheeks,

He bends her fingers, holds her pulses
hard,

He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he
seeks

To mend the hurt that his unkindness
marr'd:

He kisses her; and she, by her good
will,

Will never rise, so he will kiss her
still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to
day:

Her two blue windows faintly she up-
heaveth,

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh
anay

He cheers the morn and all the earth
relieveth;

And as the bright sun glorifies the
sky,

So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are
fix'd,

As if from thence they borrow'd all their
shine.

Were never four such lamps together
mix'd,

Had not his clouded with his brow's
repine; 490

But hers, which through the crystal
tears gave light,

Shone like the moon in water seen by
night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth
or heaven,

Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?

What hour is this? or morn or weary
even?

Do I delight to die, or life desire?

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But now I lived, and life was death's
annoy;

But now I died, and death was lively
joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once
again:

Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart
of thine, 500

Hath taught them scornful tricks and
such disdain

That they have murder'd this poor heart
of mine;

And these mine eyes, true leaders to
their queen,

But for thy piteous lips no more had
seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this
cure!

O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still

endure,

To drive infection from the dangerous
year'

That the star-gazers, having writ on
death,

May say, the plague is banish'd by thy
breath. 510

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips
imprinted,

What bargains may I make, still to be
sealing?

To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good

dealing;

Which purchase if thou make, for fear
of slips

Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red
lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from
me;

And pay them at thy leisure, one by
one.

What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly

gone? 520

Say, for non-payment that the debt
should double,

Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

2 K

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you
owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe
years:

Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:

The mellow plum doth fall, the green
sticks fast,

Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary
gait,

His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis
very late;"

The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their
nest,

And coal-black clouds that shadow
heaven's light

Do summon us to part and bid good
night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so
say you;

If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he
says 'Adieu,'

The honey fee of parting tender'd is:

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet
embrace;

Incorporate then they seem; face grows
to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and back-
ward drew

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral
mouth,

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well
knew,

Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on
drouth:

He with her plenty press'd, she faint
with dearth,

Their lips together glued, fall to the
earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the
yielding prey,

And glutton-like she feeds, yet never
fillet;

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;

Whose vulture thought doth pitch the
price so high,

That she will draw his lips' rich
treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood
doth boil,

And careless lust stirs up a desperate
courage;

Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and
honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hand
embracing,

Like a wild bird being tamed with too
much handling,

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with
chasing,

Or like the froward infant still'd with
dandling,

He now obeys, and now no more
resisteth,

While she takes all she can, not all she
listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with
tempering,

And yields at last to every light im-
pression?

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with
venturing,

Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds com-
mission:

Affection faints not like a pale-faced
coward,

But then woos best when most his
choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then
gave over,

Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a
lover;

What though the rose have prickles, yet
'tis pluck'd:

Were beauty under twenty locks kept
fast,

Yet love breaks through and picks
them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain
him;

The poor fool prays her that he may
depart:

She is resolved no longer to restrain
him;

Bids him farewell, and look well to her
heart,

The which, by Cupid's bow she doth
protest,

He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll
waste in sorrow,

For my sick heart commands mine eyes
to watch.

Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet
to-morrow?

Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make
the match?

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his
friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden
pale,

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing
rose,

Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his
tale,

And on his neck her yoking arms she
throws:

She sinketh down, still hanging by his
neck,

He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot en-
counter:

All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he
mount her;

That worse than Tantalus' is her
annoy,

To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted
grapes,

Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries
saw.

The warm effects which she in him
finds missing

She seeks to kindle with continual
kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not
be:

She hath assay'd as much as may be
proved;

Her pleading hath deserved a greater
fee;

She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not
loved.

'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let
me go;

You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she,
'sweet boy, ere this,

But that thou told'st me thou wouldst
hunt the boar.

O, be advised! thou know'st not what it
is

With javelin's point a churlish swine to
gore,

Whose tushes never sheathed he
whetteth still,

Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;

His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when
he doth fret;

His snout digs sepulchres where'er he
goes;

Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in
his way,

And whom he strikes his crooked
tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles
arm'd,

Are better proof than thy spear's point
can enter;

His short thick neck cannot be easily
harm'd;

Being ireful, on the lion he will ven-
ture:

The thorny brambles and embracing
bushes,

As fearful of him, part, through whom
he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of
thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary
gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal
cyne,
Whose full perfection all the world
amazes;

But having thee at vantage,—wondrous
dread!—

Would root these beauties as he roots
the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin
still;

Beauty hath nought to do with such foul
fiends:

Come not within his danger by thy
will;

They that thrive well take counsel of
their friends. 640

When thou didst name the boar, not
to dissemble,

I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did
tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it
not white?

Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine
eye?

Grew I not faint? and fell I not down-
right?

Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and
takes no rest,

But, like an earthquake, shakes thee
on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing
Jealousy 649

Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill,
kill!"

Distempering gentle Love in his
desire,

As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding
spy,

This canker that eats up Love's tender
spring,

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false
cloth bring,

Knocks at my heart and whispers in
mine ear

That if I love thee, I thy death should
fear: 650

'And more than so, presenteth to mine
eye

The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back
doth lie

An image like thyself, all stain'd with
gore;

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers
being shed

Doth make them droop with grief and
hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so
indeed,

That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint
heart bleed,

And fear doth teach it divination: 670

I prophesy thy death, my living
sorrow,

If thou encounter with the boar to-
morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled
by me;

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,

Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the
downs,

And on thy well-breath'd horse keep
with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,

Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his
troubles 680

How he outruns the wind and with what
care

He cranks and crosses with a thousand
doubles:

The many musets through the which
he goes

Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of
sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake
their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies
keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of
deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on
fear: 690

'For there his smell with others being
mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven
to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have
singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths:
Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening
ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared
well 701
To one sore sick that hears the
passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the
way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth
scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each
murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not
rise: 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the
boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter
where;' quoth he,
'Leave me, and then the story aptly
ends;
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of
that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my
friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall
fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees
best of all. 720

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing
trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so
do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die
forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the
reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver
shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of
treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that
were divine; 730
Wherein she framed thee in high
heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by
night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the
Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of
nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure de-
feature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies
wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose
attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:

Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and
damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee
so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty
under :

Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did
wonder,

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and
done,

As mountain-snow melts with the mid-
day sun. 750

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of
sons,

Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by
night

Dries up his oil to lend the world his
light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing
grave,

Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs
must have,

If thou destroy them not in dark ob-
scurity? 760

If so, the world will hold thee in dis-
dain,

Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred
strife,

Or theirs whose desperate hands them-
selves do slay,

Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of
life.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure
frets,

But gold that's put to use more gold
begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall
again

Into your idle over-handled theme: 770

The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the
stream;

For, by this black-faced night, desire's
foul nurse,

Your treatise makes me like you worse
and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand
tongues,

And every tongue more moving than your
own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's
songs,

Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is
blown;

For know, my heart stands armed in
mine ear,

And will not let a false sound enter
there; 780

'Lest the deceiving harmony should
run

Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite un-
done,

In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to
groan,

But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps
alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot re-
prove?

The path is smooth that leadeth on to
danger:

I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every
stranger. 790

You do it for increase: O strange
excuse,

When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his
name;

Under whose simple semblance he hath
fed

Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame:
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon
bereaves,

As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800
Love's gentle spring cloth always fresh
remain,

Lust's winter comes ere summer half be
done;

Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton
dies;

Love is all truth, Lust full of forged
lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not
say;

The text is old, the orator too green.

Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;

My face is full of shame, my heart of
teen:

Mine ears, that to your wanton talk
attended,

Do burn themselves for having so
offended.' 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet
embrace,

Of those fair arms which bound him to
her breast,

And homeward through the dark laund
runs apace;

Leaves Love upon her back deeply dis-
tress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from
the sky,

So glides he in the night from Venus'
eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on
shore

Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,

Till the wild waves will have him seen
no more,

Whose ridges with the meeting clouds
contend: 820

So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her
sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware

Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the
flood,

Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful
wood,

Even so confounded in the dark she
lay,

Having lost the fair discovery of her
way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it
groans,

That all the neighbour caves, as seeming
troubled, 830

Make verbal repetition of her moans;

Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times

'Woe, woe!'

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;

How love makes young men thrall and
old men dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in

woe,

And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the
night, 841

For lovers' hours are long, though seem-
ing short:

If pleased themselves, others, they think,
delight

In such-like circumstance, with such-like
sport:

Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never
done.

For who hath she to spend the night
withal

But idle sounds resembling parasites,

Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering
every call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850

She says 'Tis so:' they answer all
'Tis so;'

And would say after her, if she said
'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose
silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so gloriously
 behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem bur-
 nish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-
 morrow:

'O thou clear god, and patron of all
 light, 860

From whom each lamp and shining star
 doth borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him
 bright,

There lives a son that suck'd an earthly
 mother,

May lend thee light, as thou dost lend
 to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her
 love:

She hearkens for his hounds and for his
 horn:

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the
 cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss
 her face,

Some twine about her thigh to make her
 stay:

She wildly breaketh from their strict
 embrace,

Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs
 do ache,

Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some
 brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a
 bay;

Whereat she starts, like one that spies an
 adder

Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his
 way,

The fear whereof doth make him shake
 and shudder; 880

Even so the timorous yelping of the
 hounds

Appals her senses and her spirit con-
 founds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion
 proud,

Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:

Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope
 him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her
 heart; 890

Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless
 fear,

With cold-pale weakness numbs each
 feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once
 doth yield,

They basely fly and dare not stay the
 field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
 Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fanta-y,
 And childish error, that they are afraid;

Bids them leave quaking, bids them
 fear no more:—

And with that word she spied the
 hunted boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both
 together,

A second fear through all her sinews
 spread,

Which madly hurries her she knows not
 whither:

This way she runs, and now she will
 no further,

But back retires to rate the boar for
 murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand
 ways;

She treads the path that she untreads
 again;

Her more than haste is mated with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,

Full of respects, yet nought at all
 respecting; 911

In hand with all things, nought at all
 effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a
hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign
plaster;
And here she meets another sadly
scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies
with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding
noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his
voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the
ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding
as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are
amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have
gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her
breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on
Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she
Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and
beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at
it:—

O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an
infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had
spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost
his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this
stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st
a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should
have fled,
And not Death's ebony dart, to strike
him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou pro-
vokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage
thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to
see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal
vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy
rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eyelids, who, like sluices,
stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks
fau
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the
silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them
again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and
borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her
eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each
other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to
dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now
rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make
them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her
grief;

All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all
together, 971
Like many clouds consulting for foul
weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman
hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so
well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in
glass; 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it
should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish
ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it
seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy woe and woe are both of them
extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts
unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee
quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all-to
naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful
name;
She clepes him king of graves and
grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did
but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear

When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must
confess,— 1001
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's de-
cease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked
my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never
woman yet
Could rule them both without ten
women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs,
and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his
glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool
was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must
not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty
slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes
again. 1020

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of
fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking
grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn.
Whereat she leaps that was but late
forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so
light;

And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair de-
light; 1030

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd
with the view,

Like stars ashamed of day, themselves
withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns
being hit,

Shinks backward in his shelly cave
with pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade
doth sit,

Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are
fled

Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their
light

To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly
night, 1041

And never wound the heart with looks
again;

Who, like a king perplexed in his
throne,

By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the
ground,

Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds
confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more
leap her eyes; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily
white

With purple tears, that his wound wept,
was drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb,
leaf, or weed,

But stole his blood and seem'd with
him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:

Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to
bow; 1061

Her eyes are mad that they have wept
till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound
seem three;

And then she reprehends her mangling
eye,

That makes more gashes where no breach
should be:

His face seems twain, each several
limb is doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain
being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for
one,

And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons
dead! 1070

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears
gone,

Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to
lead:

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes'
red fire!

So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast
thou lost!

What face remains alive that's worth the
viewing?

Whose tongue is music now? what canst
thou boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours
fresh and trim;

But true-sweet beauty lived and died
with him. 1080

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature
wear!

Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss
you:

Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth
hiss you:

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp
air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of
his fair :

' And therefore would he put his bonnet
on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would
peep ;

The wind would blow it off and, being
gone,

Play with his locks : then would Adonis
weep ; 1090

And straight, in pity of his tender
years,

They both would strive who first should
dry his tears.

' To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would
not fear him ;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear
him ;

If he had spoke, the wolf would leave
his prey

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

' When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure
took, 1101

That some would sing, some other in
their bills

Would bring him mulberries and ripe-
red cherries ;

He fed them with his sight, they him
with berries.

' But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted
boar,

Whose downward eye still looketh for a
grave,

Ne'er saw the beautous livery that he
wore ;

Witness the entertainment that he gave :

If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd
him so. 1110

' 'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharpspear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him
there ;

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving
swine

Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft
groin.

' Had I been tooth'd like him, I must
confess,

With kissing him I should have kill'd
him first ;

But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his ; the more am I
accurst. 1120

With this, she falleth in the place she
stood,

And stains her face with his congealed
blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are
pale ;

She takes him by the hand, and that is
cold ;

She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she
told ;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his
eyes,

Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in
darkness lies ;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more re-
flect ; 1130

Their virtne lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

' Wonder of time,' quoth she, ' this is
my spite,

That, thou being dead, the day should
yet be light.

' Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy .
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :

It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match
his woe. 1140

' It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while :

The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight
beguile :

The strongest body shall it make most
weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the
fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the mea-
sures;

The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor
with treasures; 1150

It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a
child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most
mistrust;

It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most
just;

Perverse it shall be where it shows
most toward,

Put fear to valour, courage to the
coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents, 1161
As dry combustious matter is to fire:

Sith in his prime Death doth my love
destroy,

They that love best their loves shall
not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay
kill'd

Was melted like a vapour from her
sight,

And in his blood that on the ground lay
spill'd,

A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd
with white,

Resembling well his pale cheeks and
the blood

Which in round drops upon their white-
ness stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower
to smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:

She crops the stalk, and in the breach
appears

Green dropping sap, which she com-
pares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy
father's guise—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smellingsire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as
good

To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my
breast;

Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy
right:

Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day
and night:

There shall not be one minute in an
hour

Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose
swift aid 1190

Their mistress mounted through the empty
skies

In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where
their queen

Means to immure herself and not be
seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end : whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours , being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp , from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabled herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire

And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;

When Collatine unwisely did not let 10
To praise the clear unmatched red and
white

Which triumph'd in that sky of his de-
light,

Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
beauties,

With pure aspects did him peculiar
duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's
tent,

Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had
him lent

In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-
proud rate,

That kings might be espoused to more
fame, 20

But king nor peer to such a peerless
dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!

And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:

Honour and beauty, in the owner's
arms,

Are weakly fortress'd from a world of
harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator; 30

What needeth then apologies be made,

To set forth that which is so singular?

Or why is Collatine the publisher

Of that rich jewel he should keep un-
known

From thievish ears, because it is his
own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;

For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:

Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40

His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner
men should vaunt

That golden hap which their superior
want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his
state,

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant
cold,

Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er
grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman
dame, 51

Within whose face beauty and virtue
strived

Which of them both should underprop her
fame:

When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush
for shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver
white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that
fair field:

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then
their shield; 61

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should
fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to
fight;

The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's
seat. 70

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's
field,

In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should
be kill'd,

The coward captive vanquished doth yield

To those two armies that would let him
go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
tongue,—

The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty
wrong, 80

Which far exceeds his barren skill to
show :

Therefore that praise which Collatine doth
owe

Enchanted Tarquin answers with sur-
mise,

* In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream
on evil ;

Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely
guest, 90

Whose inward ill no outward harm
express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;

But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his
store,

That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still
for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger
eyes,

Could pick no meaning from their parling
looks, 100

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd
no hooks ;

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the
light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;

And decks with praises Collatine's high
name,

Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory .

Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth
express, 111

And, wordless, so greets heaven for his
success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there :

No cloudy show of stormy blustering
weather

Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear :
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and
Fear,

Upon the world dim darkness doth
display,

And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his
bed, 120

Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
For, after supper, long he questioned

With modest Lucrece, and wore out the
night :

Now leaden slumber with life's strength
doth fight ;

And every one to rest themselves be-
take,

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled
minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining :

Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built, hopes persuaded him

to abstaining : 130

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining :
And when great treasure is the meed

proposed,

Though death be adjunct, there's no
death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so
fond,

For what they have not, that which they
possess

They scatter and unloose it from their
bond,

And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-
rich gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning
age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting
strife,

That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth
doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we ex-
pect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want
of wit,
Make something nothing by augment-
ing it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin
make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-
trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger
just,
When he himself himself confounds,
betrays 160
To slanderous tongues and wretched
hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of
night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal
eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-
boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may
surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead
and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain
and kill.

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And now this lustful lord leap'd from his
bed, 169

Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth
harm;

But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire
do fly;

Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he
lighteth,

Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
'As from this cold flint I enforced this
fire, 181
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd
lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts
unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend
it not 190
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you
blot

With your uncleanness that which is
divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest
snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining
arms!

O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave! 200
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

2 I.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will
contrive,

To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for
no sin 209
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine
destroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
crown,

Would with the sceptre straight be
strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during
blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black
a deed?

Will not my tongue be mute, my frail
joints shake,

Mine eyes forego their light, my false
heart bleed?

The guilt being great, the fear doth still
exceed;

And extreme fear can neither fight nor
fly, 230

But coward-like with trembling terror
die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:

But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse
nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in
loving: 241

I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak
removing.

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning
will,

And with good thoughts makes dispensa-
tion,

Urging the worsen sense for vantage still:
Which in a moment doth confound and
kill 259

All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous
deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike
band,

Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being
lock'd, 260

Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster
rock'd,

Until her husband's welfare she did hear:
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer.

That had Narcissus seen her as she
stood,

Self-love had never drown'd him in the
flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth:
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses:
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth: 270

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth:
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dis-
may'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating,
die!

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine
eye:

Sad pause and deep regard bescem the
sage;

My part is youth, and beats these from
the stage:

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;

Then who fears sinking where such
treasure lies?' 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful
fear

Is almost choked by unresisted lust.

Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;

Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite per-
suasion,

That now he vows a league, and now
invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image
sits,

And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds
his wits; 290

That eye which him beholds, as more
divine,

Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the
heart,

Which once corrupted takes the worsor
part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund
show,

Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth
grow,

Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece'
bed.

The locks between her chamber and his
will,

Each one by him enforced retires his
ward;

But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some
regard:

The threshold grates the door to have him
heard;

Night-wandering weasels shriek to see
him there;

They fright him, yet he still pursues
his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the
place 310

The wind wars with his torch to make
him stay,

And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire
doth scorch,

Puffs forth another wind that fires the
torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle
sticks.

He takes it from the rushes where it
lies,

And gripping it, the needle his finger
pricks;

As who should say 'This glove to wanton
ticks 320

Is not injured; return again in haste;
'Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are
chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not
stay him;

He in the worst sense construes their
denial:

The doors, the wind, the glove, that did
delay him,

He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly
dial,

Who with a lingering stay his course
doth let,

Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the
time, 330

Like little frosts that sometime threat the
spring,

To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing;

Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
shelves and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home
he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,

Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,

Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing
he sought. ³⁴⁰

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance
his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his
fair fair,

And they would stand auspicious to the
hour,

Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must
deflower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this
fact,

How can they then assist me in the
act? ³⁵⁰

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my
guide!

My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects
be tried;

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dis-
solution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet
delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the
latch,

And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl
will catch: ³⁶⁰

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;

But she, sound sleeping, fearing no
such thing,

Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head

By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his
hand full soon ³⁷⁰

To draw the cloud that hides the silver
moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our
sight;

Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes
begun

To wink, being blinded with a greater
light:

Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame
supposed;

But blind they are, and keep themselves
enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison
died!

Then had they seen the period of their
ill; ³⁸⁰

Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to
kill;

And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their
sight

Must sell her joy, her life, her world's
delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under.
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;

Who, therefore angry, seems to part in
sunder,

Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed
is: ³⁹⁰

Where, like a virtuous monument, she
lies,

To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand
was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect
white

Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of
night.

Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed
their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with
her breath; 400
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of
death,

And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were
no strife,

But that life lived in death, and death
in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with
blue,

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they
knew,

And him by oath they truly honoured. 410
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition
bred;

Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the
owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.

With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled
chin. 420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin
stay,

His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by
her side,

His eye, which late this mutiny re-
strains,

Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
fighting,

Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delight-
ing, 430

Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans
respecting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still ex-
pecting:

Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do
their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burn-
ing eye,

His eye commends the leading to his
hand;

His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make
his stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her
lail;

Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand
did scale, 440

Left their round turrets destitute and
pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their
cries:

She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-
up eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to
behold,

Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and
controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy
waking, 450

That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly
sprite,

Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-
shaking;

What terror 'tis! but she, in worsè tak-
ing,

From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth
view
The sight which makes supposed terror
true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand
fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there
appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's for-
geries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
lights,
In darkness daunts them with more
dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her
breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—dis-
tress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes
withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser
pity,
To make the breach and enter this
sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue
begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter
chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to
show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth
still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is
thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto
mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to
chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this
night,
Where thou with patience must my will
abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's
delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my
might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring.
I know what thorns the growing rose
defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel comprehends
But will is deaf and hears no heedful
friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty.
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst
law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow
I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity:
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings,
shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount
he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he
tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
bells.

'Lucretia,' quoth he, 'this night I must
enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine
I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay:

And in thy dead arms do I mean to
place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee
embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye; 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this
disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in
rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding
times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret
friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is com-
pacted 530
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's
sake,
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can
take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's
blot :

For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own
infamy.' 539

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp
claws,

Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws.
To the rough beast that knows no
gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world
doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains
hiding,

From earth's dark womb some gentle gust
doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from
their biding, 550
Hindering their present fall by this
dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words
delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus
plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but
dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty
wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plain-
ing :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear
with raming. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And must the sentence so her accent
breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she
speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friend-
ship's oath, 569
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power
of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast
pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to
thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;

<p>He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.</p> <p>'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me: Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me: Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me: Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me. My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee: If ever man were moved with woman's moans, Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:</p> <p>'All which together, like a troubled ocean, Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart, 590 To soften it with their continual motion; For stones dissolved to water do convert. O, if no harder than a stone thou art, Melt at my tears, and be com- passionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate.</p> <p>'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee: Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame? To all the host of heaven I complain me, Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name. Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same, 600 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king; For kings like gods should govern every thing.</p> <p>'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age, When thus thy vices bud before thy spring! If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage, What darest thou not when once thou art a king? O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing</p>	<p>From vassal actors can be wiped away; Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.</p> <p>'This deed will make thee only loved for fear; 610 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love: With foul offenders thou perforce must bear, When they in thee the like offences prove: If but for fear of this, thy will remove; For princes are the glass, the school, the book, Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.</p> <p>'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn? Must he in thee read lectures of such shame? Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620 To privilege dishonour in thy name? Thou back'st reproach against long- living laud, And makest fair reputation but a bawd.</p> <p>'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee, From a pure heart command thy rebel will: Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity, For it was lent thee all that brood to kill. Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil, When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say, He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way? 630</p> <p>'Think but how vile a spectacle it were, To view thy present trespass in another. Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear; Their own transgressions partially they smother: This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother. O, how are they wrapp'd in with in- fames That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!</p>
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'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands
appeal,

Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal; 640
Let him return, and flattering thoughts
retire :

His true respect will prison false de-
sire,

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
eyne,

That thou shalt see thy state and pity
mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he : 'my uncontrolled
tide

Turns not, but swells the higher by this
let.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge
fires abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret :

The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh
falls' haste 650

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign
king;

And, lo, there falls into thy boundless
flood

Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgovern-
ing,

Who seek to stain the ocean of thy
blood.

If all these petty ills shall change thy
good,

Thy sea within a puddle's womb is
hearsed,

And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou
their slave; 659

Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler
grave :

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy
pride :

The lesser thing should not the greater
hide;

The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's
foot,

But low shrubs wither at the cedar's
root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy
state'—

'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will
not hear thee :

Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely
tear thee;

That done, despitefully I mean to 'bear
thee 670

Unto the base bed of some rascal
groom,

To be thy partner in this shameful
doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :

Shame folded up in blind concealing
night,

When most unseen, then most doth
tyrannize.

The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor
lamb cries;

Till with her own white fleece her
voice controll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet
fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her
head; 681

Cooling his hot face in the chastest
tears

That ever modest eyes with sorrow
shed.

O, that prone lust should stain so pure a
bed !

The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them per-
petually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than
life,

And he hath won what he would lose
again :

This forced league doth force a further
strife;

This momentary joy breeds months of
pain; 690

This hot desire converts to cold disdain :
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,

And Lust, the thief, far poorer than
before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that lived by foul
 devouring. 700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth
 tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd
 cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strength-
 less pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and
 meek, 710
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight
 with Grace,
 For there it revels; and when that
 decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of
 Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
 For now against himself he sounds this
 doom,
 That through the length of times he
 stands, disgraced:
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of
 cares, 720
 To ask the spotted princess how she
 fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrec-
 tion
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in sub-
 jection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her prescience she controlled
 still,
 But her foresight could not forestall
 their will.

Even in this thought through the dark
 night he stealth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing
 healeth, 730
 The scar that will, despite of cure, re-
 main;
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater
 pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left be-
 hind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence:
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting
 there;
 He scowls and hates himself for his
 offence;
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh
 doth tear;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear:
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful
 night; 740
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd,
 loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
 She there remains a hopeless castaway;
 He in his speed looks for the morning
 light;
 She prays she never may behold the day.
 'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes
 doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practised
 how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can
 see 750
 The same disgrace which they themselves
 behold;
 And therefore would they still in darkness
 be,
 To have their unseen sin remain un-
 told;
 For they their guilt with weeping will
 unfold,

And grave, like water that doth eat in
steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame
I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and
rest,

And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her
breast,

And bids it leap from thence, where it
may find 760

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frenzied with grief thus breathes she
forth her spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders
fell!

Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for
defame!

Grim cave of death! whispering con-
spirator

With close-tongued treason and the
ravisher! 770

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern
light,

Make war against proportion'd course of
time;

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to
bed,

Knit poisonous clouds about his golden
heav!

'With rotten damps ravish the morning
air;

Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths
make sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;

And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd
light

May set at noon and make perpetual
night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but
Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would dis-
tain;

Her twinkling handmaids too, by him
defiled,

Through Night's black bosom should not
peep again:

So should I have co-partners in my
pain;

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their
pilgrimage. 791

'Where now I have no one to blush with
me,

To cross their arms and hang their heads
with mine,

To mask their brows and hide their
infamy;

But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of
silver brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief
with groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting
moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking
smoke,

Let not the jealous Day behold that
face 800

Which underneath thy black all-hiding
cloak

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

That all the faults which in thy reign
are made

May likewise be sepulchred in thy
shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale
Day!

The light will show, character'd in my
brow,

The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock
vow: 809

Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,

Will quote my loathsome trespass in
my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell
my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name;

The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's
shame;

Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my de-
fame,

Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless repu-
tation, ⁸²⁰
For Collatine's dear love be kept un-
spotted:

If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain of
mine

As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private
scar!

Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot
afar, ⁸³⁰

How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful
blows,

Which not themselves, but he that
gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious
thief:

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp
hath crept,

And suck'd the honey which thy chaste
bee kept. ⁸⁴⁰

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him
back,

For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,

And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for
evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a
devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the
maiden bud?

Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows'
nests?

Or toads infect fair founts with venom
mud? ⁸⁵⁰

Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own be-
hests?

But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and
painful fits;

And scarce hath eyes his treasure to be-
hold,

But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his
wits;

Having no other pleasure of his gain ⁸⁶⁰
But torment that it cannot cure his
pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot
use it,

And leaves it to be master'd by his
young;

Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too
strong,

To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed
sours

Even in the moment that we call them
ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring:
Unwholesome weeds take root with
precious flowers; ⁸⁷⁰

The adder hisses where the sweet bird
sings;

What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is
ours,

But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's
treason:

Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb
may get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the
season;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law,
at reason; 880

And in thy shady cell, where none
may spy him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander
by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her
oath;

Thou blow'st the fire when temperance
is thaw'd;

'Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st
truth;

Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest
laud:

Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false
thief,

Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to
grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open
shame, 890

Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood
taste:

Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for
thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble sup-
pliant's friend,

And bring him where his suit may be
obtain'd?

When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes
to end?

Or free that soul which wretchedness
hath chain'd? 900

Give physic to the sick, ease to t'
pain'd?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep,
cry out for thee;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician
sleeps;

The orphan pines while the oppressor
feeds;

Justice is feasting while the widow
weeps;

Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable
deeds:

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and
murder's rages,

Thy heinous hours wait on them as
their pages. 910

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with
thee,

A thousand crosses keep them from thy
aid:

They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives
a fee,

He gratis comes; and thou art well ap-
paid

As well to hear as grant what he hath
sail.

My Collatine would else have come
to me

When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd
by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,

Guilt of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest, that abomination;

An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to
come,

From the creation to the general
doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly
Night,

Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false de-
light,

Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse,
virtue's snare;

Thou nurdest all and murder'st all that
are:

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting
Time! 930

Be guilty of my death, since of my
crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to
 repose,
Cancelld my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to
 light, 940
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To ruate proud buildings with thy
 hours,
And smear with dust their glittering
 golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monu-
 ments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens'
 wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish
 springs, 950
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's
 wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her
 daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a
 child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
 To cheer the ploughman with increase-
 ful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-
 drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pil-
 grimage, 960
Unless thou couldst return to make
 amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
 friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:

O, this dread night, wouldst thou one
 hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun
 thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in
 his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful
 night: 970
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed
 evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless
 devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless
 trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his
 moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder
 than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their
 mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their
 wildness. 980

'Let him have time to tear his curled
 hair,
Let him have time against himself to
 rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to
 despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
 And time to see one that by alms doth
 live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his
 foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow 990
 time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his
 time.

' O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st
this ill !

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill ;

For who so base would such an office
have 1000

As slanderous deathsmen to so base a
slave ?

' The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :
The mightier man, the mightier is the
thing

That makes him honour'd, or begets him
hate ;

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is
miss'd,

But little stars may hide them when
they list.

' The crow may bathe his coal-black wings
in mire, 1009

And unperceived fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings
glorious day :

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

' Out, idle words, servants to shallow
fools !

Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
Debate where leisure serves with dull
debaters ; 1019

To trembling clients be you mediators :
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of
law.

' In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful
Night ;

In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words doth me
no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

' Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this
decree ? 1030

I honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee ;
But if I live, thou livest in my defame :
Since thou couldst not defend thy oyal
dame,

And wast afeard to scratch her wicked
foe,

Kill both thyself and her for yielding
so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she
starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of
death :

But this no slaughterhouse no tool im-
parteth

To make more vent for passage of her
breath ; 1040

Which, thronging through her lips, so
vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air con-
sumes,

Or that which from discharged cannon
fumes.

' In vain,' quoth she, ' I live, and seek in
vain

Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a
knife :

But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife :
So am I now : O no, that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled
me. 1050

' O, that is gone for which I sought to
live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I
give

A badge of fame to slander's livery ;

A dying life to living infamy :

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n
away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it
lay !

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt
not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to
growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock
pollute
That thou art doting father of his
fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret
thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy
state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not
bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth
thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dis-
pense, 1070
Till life to death acquit my forced
offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attain't,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd
excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's
abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes,
like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a
dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my
impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly
sorrow, 1080
And solemn night with slow sad gait
descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing
morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will
borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to
see,
And therefore still in night would
cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of
eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window'
leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that
are sleeping: 1090
Brand not my forehead with thy
piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's
done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she
sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with
nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them
mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other
wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging
still,
With too much labour drowns for want
of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she
views, 1101
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength
renews;
And as one shifts, another straight
ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath
no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk
affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's
joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet
melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of
annoy; 1109
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sym-
pathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
 He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

1120

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
 Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear;
 For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

1140

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

1161

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
 When the one pure, the other made divine?
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
 Ayme! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

1169

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;

Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,

Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,

If in this blemish'd fort I make some
hole

Through which I may convey this
troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely
death;

That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my
breath. 1180

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be
spent,

And as his due wit in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.

'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;

For in my death I murder shameful
scorn:

My shame so dead, mine honour is
new-born. 1190

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have
lost,

What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?

My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst
be.

How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy
foe,

And for my sake serve thou false Tar-
quin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes
my wound; 1201

My shame be his that did my fame con-
found;

And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame
of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will:
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it
My blood shall wash the slander of mine
ill;

My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall
free it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say:
"So be it:"

Yield to my hand; my hand shall
conquer thee: 12

Thou dead, both die, and both shall
victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid
And wiped the brinish pearl from her
bright eyes,

With untuned tongue she hoarsely call-
her maid,

Whose swift obedience to her mistress
hies;

For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's
feathers flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid
seem so

As winter meads when sun doth melt
their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good
morrow,

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of
modesty, 122

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow.
For why her face wore sorrow's livery:

But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipse'd
so,

Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd
with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being
set,

Each flower moisten'd like a melting
eye;

Even so the maid with swelling drop
gan wet

Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress
sky, 123

Who in a salt-waved ocean quench'd
their light,

Which makes the maid weep like the
dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops
spilling :

Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or
break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen,
minds, 1240
And therefore are they form'd as marble
will ;

The weak oppress'd, the impression of
strange kinds
is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or
skill :

Then call them not the authors of their
ill,

No more than wax shall be accounted
evil

Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of
a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly cham-
paign plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove,
remain

Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :
Through crystal walls each little mote
will peep : 1251

Though men can cover crimes with
bold stern looks,

Poor women's faces are their own faults'
books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd
flower,

But chide rough winter that the flower
hath kill'd :

Not that devour'd, but that which doth
devour,

Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so
fulfill'd

With men's abuses : those proud lords,
to blame,

Make weak-made women tenants to
their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might
ensue

By that her death, to do her husband
wrong :

Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body
spread ;

And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece
speak

To the poor counterfeit of her complain-
ing :

'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion
break 1270

Those tears from thee, that down thy
cheeks are raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustain-
ing,

Know, gentle wench, it small avails
my mood :

If tears could help, mine own would
do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went '—and there
she stay'd

Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from
hence ?'

'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the
maid,

'The more to blame my sluggard negli-
gence :

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of
day, 1280

And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone
away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so
bold,

She would request to know your heavi-
ness.'

'O, peace !' quoth Lucrece : 'if it should
be told,

The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :

And that deep torture may be call'd a
hell

When more is felt than one hath
power to tell.

LUCRECE

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If thou dost weep for grief of my sustain-
ing,

Know, gentle wench, it small avails
my mood :

If tears could help, mine own would
do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went '—and there
she stay'd

Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from
hence ?'

'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the
maid,

'The more to blame my sluggard negli-
gence :

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of

day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone
away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so
bold,

She would request to know your heavi-
ness.'

'O, peace !' quoth Lucrece : 'if it should
be told,

The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :

And that deep torture may be call'd a
hell

When more is felt than one hath
power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen :
Yet save that labour, for I have them
here.

What should I say? One of my hus-
band's men 1290

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;
The cause craves haste, and it will
soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to
write,

First hovering o'er the paper with her
quill :

Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down is blotted straight
with will ;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and
ill :

Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go
before.

At last she thus begins : 'Thou worthy
lord

Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t'
afford—

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit
me.

So, I commend me from our house in
grief :

My woes are tedious, though my words
are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her
woe,

Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may
know

Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross
abuse,

Ere she with blood had stain'd her
stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to
hear her ;

When sighs and groans and tears may
grace the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world
might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot
the letter

With words, till action might become
them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear
them told ;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
Deep sounds make lesser noise than
shallow fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with
wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than
haste.'

The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as
fast

As lagging fowls before the northern
blast :

Speed more than speed but dull and
slow she deems :

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast
eye

Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth
hie.

But they whose guilt within their bosoms
lie

Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see
her shame

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was
defect

Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true
respect

To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :

Even so this pattern of the worn-out
age 1350
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words
to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces
blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing
Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him
gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more
amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks
replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her
some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain, 1361
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and
groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired
moan,
That she her complaints a little while doth
stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some
newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a
piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's
Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of
Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with
annoy; 1370
Which the conceited painter drew so
proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the
turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the
wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the
painter's strife;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their
ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious
nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all
with dust; 1381
And from the towers of Troy there would
appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes
thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work
was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes
look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their
faces;
In youth, quick beating and dexterity;
And here and there the painter inter-
laces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trem-
bling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well
resemble,
That one would swear he saw them
quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly
told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses
lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling govern-
ment. 1400

There pleading might you see grave
Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to
fight;
Making such sober action with his
hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the
sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver
white,

Wagg'd up and down, and from his
lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up
to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound
advice;

All jointly listening, but with several
graces, 1410

As if some mermaid did their ears en-
tice,

Some high, some low, the painter was
so nice;

The scalps of many, almost hid be-
hind,

To jump up higher seem'd, to mock
the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's
head,

His nose being shadow'd by his neigh-
bour's ear;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all
boll'n and red;

Another smother'd seems to pelt and
swear;

And in their rage such signs of rage they
bear,

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden
words, 1420

It seem'd they would debate with
angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand; himself, be-
hind,

Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged
Troy

When their brave hope, bold Hector,
march'd to field, 1430

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield;

And to their hope they such odd action
yield,

That through their light joy seemed to
appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of
heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where
they fought,

To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks
began 1439

To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at
Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved
some,

But none where all distress and dolour
dwell'd,

Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her
old eyes,

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud
foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim
care's reign:

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were
disguised;

Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every
vein,

Wanting the spring that those shrunk
pipes had fed,

Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her
eyes,

And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's
woes,

Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel
foes: 1460

The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did
her wrong,

To give her so much grief and not a
tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without
a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting
tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted
wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him
wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that
burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the
angry eyes ¹⁴⁶⁹
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this
stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may
tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy
doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth
here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine
eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and
daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some
one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone ¹⁴⁸⁰
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty
woe:
For one's offence why should so many
fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus
swoonds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel
lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised
wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives con-
founds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's
desire, ¹⁴⁹⁰
Troy had been bright with fame and
not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted
woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight
goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful
knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth
tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd
sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their
looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting
round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth
lament. ¹⁵⁰⁰
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds
lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd
content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains
he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn
his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless
show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing
still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome
woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled
so ¹⁵¹⁰
That blushing red no guilty instance
gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts
have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should
thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced
storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-
like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image
drew 1520

For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting
story

The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the
shining glory

Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were
sorry,

And little stars shot from their fixed
places,

When their glass fell wherein they
view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous
skill,

Saying, some shape in Sinon's was
abused;

So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill: 1530
And still on him she gazed; and gazing
still,

Such signs of truth in his plain face
she spied,

That she concludes the picture was
belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much
guile'—

She would have said 'can lurk in such a
look;'

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind
the while,

And from her tongue 'can lurk' from
'cannot' took:

'It cannot be' she in that sense for-
sook,

And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I
find,

But such a face should bear a wicked
mind: 1540

'For even as subtle Sinon here is
painted,

So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled

With inward vice: as Priam him did
cherish,

So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did
perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets
his eyes,

To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon
sheds!

Priam, why art thou old and yet not
wise? 1550

For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence
proceeds;

Those round clear pearls of his, that
move thy pity,

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn
thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless
hell;

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with
cold,

And in that cold hot-burning fire doth
dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them
bold:

So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears
doth flatter, 1560

That he finds means to burn his Troy
with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her
assails,

That patience is quite beaten from her
breast.

She tears the senseless Sinon with her
nails,

Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself
detest:

At last she smilingly with this gives
o'er;

'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds
will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her
sorrow,

And time doth weary time with her
complaining. 1570

She looks for night, and then she longs
for morrow,

And both she thinks too long with her
remaining:

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp
sustaining:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom
sleeps;
And they that watch see time how
slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her
thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief
brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever
cured, 1581

To think their dolour others have
endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come
back,

Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning
black:

And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in
the sky:

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already
spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband
saw, 1590

Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red
and raw,

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she
fares:

Both stood, like old acquaintance in a
trance,

Met far from home, wondering each
other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless
hand,

And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill
event

Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost
trembling stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair
colour spent? 1600

Why art thou thus attired in discon-
tent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heavi-
ness,

And tell thy grief, that we may give
redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her
sorrow fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of
woe:

At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted
lords

With sad attention long to hear her
words. 1610

And now this pale swan in her watery
nest

Begins the sad dirge of her certain
ending;

'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the
trespass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault
amending:

In me moe woes than words are now
depending;

And my laments would be drawn out
too long,

To tell them all with one poor tired
tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow
lay 1620

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary
head;

And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to
me,

From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not
free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark mid-
night,

With shining falchion in my chamber
came

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman
dame,

And entertain my love; else lasting shame

On thee and thine this night I will
 inflict, 1630
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.
 "For some hard-favour'd groom of
 thine," quoth he,
 "Unless thou yoke thy liking to my
 will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll
 slaughter thee
 And swear I found you where you did
 fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did
 kill
 The lechers in their deed: this act
 will be
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy."
 'With this, I did begin to start and
 cry;
 And then against my heart he sets his
 sword, 1640
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word;
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and
 her groom.
 'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self
 weak,
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to
 speak;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice
 there:
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had pulloin'd his
 eyes; 1651
 And when the judge is robb'd the
 prisoner dies.
 'O, teach me how to make mine own
 excuse!
 Or at the least this refuge let me find;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with
 this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
 That was not forced; that never was in-
 clined
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this
 loss, 1660
 With head declined, and voice damm'd
 up with woe,
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms
 across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away that stops his answer so:
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in
 vain;
 What he breathes out his breath drinks
 up again.
 As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forced him on
 so fast; 1670
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being
 past:
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make
 a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same
 grief draw.
 Which speechless woe of his poor she
 attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow
 lendeth
 Another power; no flood by raining
 slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weep-
 ing eyes. 1680
 'And for my sake, when I might charm
 thee so
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend
 me:
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost
 defend me
 From what is past: the help that thou
 shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.
 'But ere I name him, you fair lords,'
 quoth she,
 Speaking to those that came with Colla-
 tine,

'Shall plight your honourable faiths to
me, ¹⁶⁹⁰
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong
of mine;

For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
Knights, by their oaths, should right
poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet hersad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,'
quoth she, ¹⁷⁰⁰
'How may this forced stain be wiped
from me ?

'What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circum-
stance ?

May my pure mind with the foul act dis-
pense,

My low-declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again :
And why not I from this compelled
stain ?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted
clears ; ¹⁷¹⁰

While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impres-
sion bears

Of hard misfortune, carved in it with
tears.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, here-
after living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's
giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would
break,

She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He,
he,' she says,

But more than 'he' her poor tongue
could not speak ;

Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short
assays, ¹⁷²⁰

She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords,
'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this
wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless
breast

A harmful knife, that thence her soul
unsheathed :

That blow did bail it from the deep un-
rest

Of that polluted prison where it breathed :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds be-
queathed

Her winged sprite, and through her
wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd
destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly
deed, ¹⁷³⁰

Stood Coillatine and all his lordly crew ;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her
bleed,

Himself on her self-slaughter'd body
threw ;

And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left
the place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in
chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth
divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,

Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly
stood ¹⁷⁴⁰

Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red
remain'd,

And some look'd black, and that false
Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted
place :

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted bloodsome watery tokens shows ;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius
cries, 1751

' That life was mine which thou hast here
deprived.

If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none
of ours.

' Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new
born ;

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and
old, 1760
Shows me a bare-boned death by time
outworn :

O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast
torn,

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was !

' O time, cease thou thy course and last
no longer,

If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the
stronger

And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
The old bees die, the young possess their
hive :

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again
and see 1770

Thy father die, and not thy father thee !'

By this, starts Collatine as from a
dream,

And bids Lucretius give his sorrow
place ;

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding
stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his
face,

And counterfeits to die with her a
space ;

Till manly shame bids him possess his
breath

And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his
tongue ; 1780

Who, mad that sorrow should his use
control,

Or keep him from heart-easing words so
long,

Begins to talk ; but through his lips do
throng

Weak words, so thick come in his poor
heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he
said.

Yet sometime ' Tarquin ' was pronounced
plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he
tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it
more ;

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
Then son and father weep with equal
strife 1791

Who should weep most, for daughter or
for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they
lay.

The father says ' She's mine.' ' O, mine
she is,'

Replies her husband : ' do not take away
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

' O,' quoth Lucretius, ' I did give that
life 1800

Which she too early and too late hath
spill'd.'

' Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, ' she was
my wife,

I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath
kill'd.'

' My daughter' and ' my wife' with clamours
fill'd

The dispersed air, who, holding
Lucrece' life,

Answer'd their cries, ' my daughter' and
' my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from
Lucrece' side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's
show. 1810

He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish
things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he,
'arise :

Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to
school. 1820

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help
grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife
bleeds?

Such childish humour from weak minds
proceeds :

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter
To slay herself, that should have slain
her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy
heart

In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy
part, 1830

Torouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand
disgraced,

By our strong arms from forth her fair
streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly
stain'd,

By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat
earth's store,

By all our country rights in Rome main-
tain'd,

And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late
complain'd

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody
knife, 1840

We will revenge the death of this true
wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his
breast,

And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his
vow;

And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words
allow:

Then jointly to the ground their knees
they bow;

And that deep vow, which Brutus made
before,

He doth again repeat, and that they
swore.

When they had sworn to this advised
doom,

They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece
thence; 1850

To show her bleeding body thorough
Rome,

And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy dili-
gence,

The Romans plausibly did give con-
sent

To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH
T. T.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never
die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright
eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-sub-
stantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too
cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh orna-
ment
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in nig-
garding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave
and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy
brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's
field,

Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on
now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth
held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty
lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken
eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless
praise.
How much more praise deserved thy
beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of
mine
Shall sum my count and make my old
excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou
art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou
feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou
viewest
Now is the time that face should form
another;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not re-
newest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless
some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd
womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in
thee
Calls back the lovely April of her
prime:
So thou through windows of thine age
shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with
thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth
lend,
And being frank she lends to those are
free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou
abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to
give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not
live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost de-
ceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be
gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd
with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did
frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth
dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him
there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves
quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every
where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with
winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance
still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou
some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happens those that pay the willing
loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou
art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst
depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much
too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms
thine heir.

VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly
hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary
car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way :
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music
sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights
in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest
not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who
confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst
bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to
another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy
mother

Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many,
seeming one,
Sings this to thee : ' thou single wilt
prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life ?
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless
wife ;
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in
mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth
spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world
enjoys it ;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an
end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No lovetoward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame
commits.

X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love
to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of
many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident ;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous
hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to
conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change
my mind !
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle
love ?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and
kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove :
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or
thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou
growest
In one of thine, from that which thou
departest ;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou
bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from
youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase ;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay :
If all were minded so, the times should
cease
And threescore year would make the world
away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made
for store,
Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly
perish :
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave
the more ;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in
bounty cherish :
She carved thee for her seal, and meant
thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that
copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the
time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous
night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must
go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves
forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes
thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you
are
No longer yours than you yourself here
live:
Against this coming end you should pre-
pare,
And your sweet semblance to some other
give.
O should that beauty which you hold in
lease
Find no determination; then you were
yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form
should bear.
So lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifs! Dear my love,
you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
Yet methinks I have astronomy,
Not to tell of good or evil luck,
Plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;

VOL. III.

Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and
wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I
derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst con-
vert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom
and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought
but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence
comment;
When I perceive that men as plants in-
crease,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-
same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height
decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my
sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with
Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied
night;
And all in war with Time for love of
you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you
new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren
rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living
flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:

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Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living
flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:

So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil
pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself
still,
And you must live, drawn by your own
sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to
come,
If it were fill'd with your most high
deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a
tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half
your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your
graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet
lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd
earthly faces.'
So should my papers yellow'd with their
age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than
tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's
rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that
time,
You should live twice; in it and in my
rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds
of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a
date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course
untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in
his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou
growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can
see,
So long lives this and this gives life to
thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's
paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce
tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her
blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou
fleets,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed
Time,
To the wide world and all her fading
sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's
fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique
pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite
thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live
young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand
painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my
passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not ac-
quainted
With shifting change, as is false women's
fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false
in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his control-
ling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's
souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-
doting,

And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose
nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for
women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use
their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's
rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all
things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure
hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so
bright

As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hearsay
well ;

I will not praise that purpose not to
sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine
in me :

How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so
chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine
is slain ;

Thou gavest me thine, not to give back
again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too
much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his
own heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to
decay,

O'ercharged with burden of mine own
love's might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking
breast,

Who plead for love and look for re-
compense

More than that tongue that more hath
more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath
writ :

To hear with eyes belongs to love's
fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and
hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.

For through the painter must you see his
skill,

To find where your true image pictured
lies ;

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging
still,

That hath his windows glazed with thine
eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes
have done :

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and
thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where-through
the sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on
thee ;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace
their art ;

They draw but what they see, know
not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their
stars

Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph
bars,

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves
spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :

Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be
removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words
to show it,

But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will
bestow it ;

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet re-
spect :

Then may I dare to boast how I do
love thee ;

Till then not show my head where thou
mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel
tired ;

But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's
expired :

For then my thoughts, from far where I
abide,

Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,

And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do
see :

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old
face new.

Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night
my mind,

For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?

When day's oppression is not eased by
night,

But day by night, and night by day,
oppress'd ?

And each, though enemies to either's
reign,

Do in consent shake hands to torture
me ;

The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art
bright

And dost him grace when clouds do blot
the heaven :

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou
gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows
longer

And night doth nightly make grief's
strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,

I all alone beweepe my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries

And look upon myself and curse my
fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's
scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least ;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost
despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such
wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

xxx.

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's date-
less night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

xxxI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought
buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine
eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee
lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love
doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of
me.

xxxII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with
dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased
lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the
time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every
pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their
rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving
thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this
growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had
brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for
his love.'

xxxIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly
alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my
brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour
mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from
me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
daineth;
Suns of the world may stain when
heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my

cloak,

To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?

'Tis not enough that through the cloud
thou break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the
disgrace :

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the
loss :

The offender's sorrow lends but weak
relief

To him that bears the strong offence's
cross.

Ah ! but those tears are pearl which
thy love sheds,

And they are rich and ransom all ill
deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou
hast done :

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains
mud ;

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and
sun,

And loathsome canker lives in sweetest
bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are ;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—

Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea com-
mence :

Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs
from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.

In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's
delight.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee
shame,

Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy
name :

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good
report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and
truth.

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or
wit,

Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such sub-
stance give

That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish
in thee :

This wish I have ; then ten times happy
me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into
my verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to
thee,

When thou thyself dost give invention
light ?

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more
in worth

Than those old nine which rhymers in-
vocate ;

And he that calls on thee, let him bring
forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these
curious days,

- The pain be mine, but thine shall be
the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I
sing,

When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own
self bring?

And what is't but mine own when I
praise thee?

Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single
one,

That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest
alone.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou
prove,

Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet
leave

To entertain the time with thoughts of
love,

Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth
deceive,

And that thou teachest how to make
one twain,

By praising him here who doth hence
remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take
them all;

What hast thou then more than thou
hadst before?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true
love call;

All mine was thine before thou hadst
this more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou
usest;

But yet be blamed, if thou thyself de-
ceivest

By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known
injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well
shows,

Kill me with spites; yet we must not
be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy
heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou
art.

Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be
assailed;

And when a woman woos, what woman's
son

Will sourly leave her till she have pre-
vailed?

Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat
forbear,

And chide thy beauty and thy straying
youth,

Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold
truth,

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to
thee,

Thine, by thy beauty being false to
me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her
dearly;

That she hath thee, is of my wailing
chief,

A loss in love that touches me more
nearly.

Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st
I love her;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse
me,

Suffering my friend for my sake to
approve her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found
that loss;

Both find each other, and I lose both
twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this
cross :

But here's the joy; my friend and I
are one;

Sweet flattery! then she 'loves but me
alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes
best see,

For all the day they view things un-
respected;

But when I sleep, in dreams they look
on thee,

And darkly bright are bright in dark
directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth
make bright,

How would thy shadow's form form
happy show

To the clear day with thy much clearer
light,

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines
so!

How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed
made

By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect
shade

Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes
doth stay!

All days are nights to see till I see
thee,

And nights bright days when dreams
do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were
thought,

Injurious distance should not stop my
way;

For then despite of space I would be
brought,

From limits far remote, where thou dost
stay.

No matter then although my foot did
stand

Upon the farthest earth removed from
thee;

For nimble thought can jump both sea
and land

As soon as think the place where he
would be.

But, ah! thought kills me that I am not
thought,

To leap large lengths of miles when thou
art gone,

But that so much of earth and water
wrought

I must attend time's leisure with my
moan,

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's
woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;

The first my thought, the other my
desire,

These present-absent with swift motion
slide.

For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,

My life, being made of four, with two
alone

Sinks down to death, oppress'd with
melancholy;

Until life's composition be recured

By those swift messengers return'd from
thee,

Who even but now come back again,
assured

Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:

This told, I joy; but then no longer
glad,

I send them back again and straight
grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war

How to divide the conquest of thy sight;

Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight
would bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that
right.

My heart doth plead that thou in him
dost lie,—

A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—

But the defendant doth that plea deny

And says in him thy fair appearance lies.

To 'cide this title is impaneled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the
 heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear
 heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy out-
 ward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love
 of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is
 took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the
 other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
 smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth
 feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a
 part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts
 canst move,
 And I am still with them and they with
 thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's
 delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards
 of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest
 grief,
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel
 thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come
 and part;

And even thence thou wilt be stol'n,
 I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so
 dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my de-
 fects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost
 sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely
 pass
 And scarcely greet me with that sun,
 thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it
 was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength
 of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek, my weary travel's
 end,
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to
 say
 'Thus far the miles are measured from
 thy friend!'
 The beast that bears me, tired with my
 woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did
 know
 His rider loved not speed, being made
 from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his
 hide;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his
 side;
 For that same groan doth put this in
 my mind;
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste
me thence ?

Till I return, of posting is no need.

O, what excuse will my poor beast then
find,

When swift extremity can seem but slow ?

Then should I spur, though mounted on
the wind ;

In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep
pace ;

Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being
made,

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery
race ;

But love, for love, thus shall excuse my
jade ;

Since from thee going he went wilful-
slow,

Towards thee I'll run, and give him
leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked
treasure,

The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom
pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth
hide,

To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
scope,

Being had, to triumph, being lack'd,
to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you
made,

That millions of strange shadows on you
tend ?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit

Is poorly imitated after you ;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

And you in Grecian tires are painted new :

Speak of the spring and foison of the year ;

The one doth shadow of your beauty show,

The other as your bounty doth appear ;

And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,

But you like none, none you, for con-
stant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give !

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem

For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye

As the perfumed tincture of the roses,

I hang on such thorns and play as wantonly

When summer's breath their masked buds
discloses :

But, for their virtue only is their show,

They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not
so ;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
made :

And so of you, beauteous and lovely
youth,

When that shall fade, my verse distills
your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
rhyme ;

But you shall shine more bright in these
contents

Than unswept stone besmear'd with
sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues over-
turn,

And broils root out the work of masonry,

Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
shall burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall
 still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgement that yourself
 arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers'
 eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou
 fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with
 fullness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dull-
 ness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two con-
 tracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when
 they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the
 view;
 Else call it winter, which being full of
 care
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more
 wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but
 tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end
 hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
 for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once
 adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous
 thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs
 suppose,

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of
 nought
 Save, where you are how happy you
 make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do any thing, he thinks
 no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your
 slave,
 I should in thought control your times of
 pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to
 crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your
 leisure!
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide
 each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or
 well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains
 beguiled,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear
 amiss
 The second burthen of a former child!
 O, that record could with a backward
 look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique
 book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!
 That I might see what the old world
 could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whether
 better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring
 praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the
 pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which
 goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
 crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift
 confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on
 youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to
 mow:
 †And yet to times in hope my verse
 shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
 hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep
 open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be
 broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my
 sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so
 great:
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest
 defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake
 elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too
 near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
 And all my soul and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.

Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such
 account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself
 indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I
 praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy
 days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and
 o'erworn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood and
 fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his
 youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's
 king
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my
 lover's life:
 If his beauty shall in these black lines be
 seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them
 still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand
 defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried
 age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-
 razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery
 main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with
 store;

When I have seen such interchange of
state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love
away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot
choose

But weep to have that which it fears
to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,

Whose action is no stronger than a
flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold
out

Against the wreckful siege of battering
days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's
chest lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift
foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have
might,

That in black ink my love may still
shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I
cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would
I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love
alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he
live,

And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate his
cheek

And steal dead seeing of his living hue?

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

Why should he live, now Nature bank-
rupt is,

Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively
veins?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth
she had

In days long since, before these last so
bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-
worn,

When beauty lived and died as flowers
do now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,

Or durst inhabit on a living brow;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,

To live a second life on second head;

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another
gay:

In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,

Making no summer of another's green,

Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature

store,

To show false Art what beauty was of
yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye
doth view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts
can mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee
that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes com-
mend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is
crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so
thine own
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath
shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy
deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although
their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of
weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy
show,
The solve is this, that thou dost
common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy
defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but
approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of
time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth
love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained
prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of
young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being
charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy
show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts
shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to
dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember me,
The hand that writ it; for I love you
That I in your sweet thoughts would never
forget

If thinking on me then should make you
woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name re-
hearse,

But let your love even with my life
decay,

Lest the wise world should look into
your moan

And mock you with me after I am
gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to
recite

What merit lived in me, that you should
love

After my death, dear love, forget me
quite,

For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous
lie,

To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly im-
part:

O, lest your true love may seem false in
this,

That you for love speak well of me
untrue,

My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor
you.

For I am shamed by that which I bring
forth,

And so should you, to love things
nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me
behold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against
the cold,

Or ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet
Rui. birds sang.

Tha. thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in
rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such
fire

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd
by.

This thou perceivest, which makes
thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must
leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall
stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost re-
view

The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is
his due ;

My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of
life,

The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it
contains,

And that is this, and this with thee
remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to
life,

Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
ground ;

And for the peace of you I hold such
strife

As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;

Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the fliching age will steal his
treasure,

Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my
pleasure ;

Sometime all full with feasting on your
sight

And by and by clean starved for a
look ;

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be
took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds
strange ?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a notèd weed,
That every word doth almost tell my
name,

Showing their birth and where they did
proceed ?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of
you,

And you and love are still my argument ;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent :

For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties
wear,

Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint
will bear,

And of this book this learning mayst
thou taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly
show

Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst
know

Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory can not contain

Commit to these waste blanks, and thou
 shalt find
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from
 thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy
 book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
 And found such fair assistance in my
 verse
 As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on
 high to sing
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
 Have added feathers to the learned's
 wing
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I
 compile,
 Whose influence is thine and born of
 thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the
 style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art and dost
 advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that
 word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth
 live.
 Then thank him not for that which he
 doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself
 dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your
 name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his
 might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of
 your fame!
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth
 bear,
 My saucy bark inferior far to his
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up
 afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth
 ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless
 boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this; my love was my
 decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am
 rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot
 take,
 Although in me each part will be for-
 gotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall
 have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world
 must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common
 grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall
 lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-
 read,
 And tongues to be your being shall re-
 hearse
 When all the breathers of this world are
 dead;
 You still shall live—such virtue hath
 my pen—
 Where breath most breathes, even in
 the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my
 Muse
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'er-
 look
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in
 hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my
 praise,
 ¶ And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering
 days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have
 devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
 In true plain words by thy true-telling
 friend;
 And their gross painting might be
 better used
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it
 is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need
 And therefore to your fair no painting
 set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did
 exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;
 And therefore have I slept in your re-
 port,
 That you yourself being extant well might
 show
 How far a modern quill doth come too
 short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you
 doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being
 dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life and bring a
 tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your
 fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise
 devise.

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LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say
 more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are
 you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal
 grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small
 glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can
 tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so
 clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his
 wit,
 Making his style admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a
 curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes
 your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds
 her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly
 compiled,
 Reserve their character with golden quill
 And precious phrase by all the Muses
 filed.
 I think good thoughts whilst other write
 good words,
 And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis
 true,'
 And to the most of praise add something
 more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to
 you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his
 rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words
 respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking
 in effect.

2 O

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great
verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious
you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain
inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein
they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to
write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me
dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by
night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up
his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled
mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my pos-
sessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy
estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee re-
leasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy
granting?
And for that riches where is my deserv-
ing?
The cause of this fair gift in me is
wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then
not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else
mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement
making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth
flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such
matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me
light
And place my merit in the eye of
scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art
forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best ac-
quainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am at-
tainted,
That thou in losing me shalt win much
glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on
thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so be-
long,
That for thy right myself will bear all
wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some
fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight
will halt,
Against thy reasons making no de-
fence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half
so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy
will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look
strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my
tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall
dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it
wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow
debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou
dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever,
 now;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds
 to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me
 bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped
 this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd
 woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me
 last,
 When other petty griefs have done their
 spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might,
 And other strains of woe, which now
 seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not
 seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their
 skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their
 bodies' force,
 Some in their garments, though new-
 fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in
 their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct plea-
 sure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
 But these particulars are not my measure;
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to
 me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than gar-
 ments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses
 be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I
 boast:
 Wretched in this alone, that thou
 mayst take
 All this away and me most wretched
 make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer than thy love will
 stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of
 wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath
 end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth
 depend;
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant
 mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears
 no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know
 it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd
 new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other
 place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy
 change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles
 strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever
 dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's
 workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but
 sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty
 grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy
 show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will
 do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from ex-
pense;
They are the lords and owners of their
faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer
sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection
meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by
their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds.

xcv.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make
the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant
rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding
name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins en-
close!
That tongue that tells the story of thy
days,
Making lascivious comments on thy
sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out
thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every
blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can
see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large
privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose
his edge.

xcvi.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wanton-
ness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle
sport;

Both grace and faults are loved of more
and less;

Thou makest faults graces that to thee
resort.

As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things
deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf
betray,

If like a lamb he could his looks trans-
late!

How many gazers mightst thou lead
away,

If thou wouldst use the strength of all
thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such
sort

As, thou being mine, mine is thy good
report.

xcvii.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark
days seen!

What old December's bareness every
where!

And yet this time removed was summer's
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich
increase,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords'
decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on
thee,

And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a
cheer

That leaves look pale, dreading the
winter's near.

xcviii.

From you have I been absent in the
spring,

When proud-pied April dress'd in all his
trim

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd
with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet
smell

Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them
where they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of
delight,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you
away,

As with your shadow I with these did
play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The
purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
dwells

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly
dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy
hair:

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white
despair;

A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of
both

And to his robbery had annex'd thy
breath;

But, for his theft, in pride of all his
growth

A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none
could see

But sweet or colour it had stol'n from
thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st
so long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless
song,

Darkening thy power to lend base
subjects light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight
redeem

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argu-
ment.

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face
survey,

If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,

And make Time's spoils despised every
where.

Give my love fame faster than Time
wastes life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and
crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.

Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply
say

'Truth needs no colour, with his colour
fix'd;

Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be
dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee
how

To make him seem long hence as he
shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more
weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show
appear:

That love is merchandized whose rich
esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every
where.

Our love was new and then but in the
spring
When I was wont to greet it with my
lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper
days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush
the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their
dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my
song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings
forth,
That having such a scope to show her
pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise
beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a
face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to
tell;
And more, much more, than in my
verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you
look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I
eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three
winters cold
Have from the forests shook three
summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-
hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace per-
ceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still
doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be
deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age
unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's
summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other
words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous
scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived
alone,
Which three till now never kept seat
in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely
knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's
best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have ex-
press'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;

And, for they look'd but with divining
eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to
sing :

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to
come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own
presage;

Incertainties now crown themselves
assured

And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy
time

My love looks fresh, and Death to me
subscribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless
tribes :

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,

When tyrants' crests and tombs of
brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may char-
acter

Which hath not figured to thee my true
spirit ?

What's new to speak, what new to
register,

That may express my love or thy dear
merit ?

Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers
divine,

I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I
thine,

Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.

So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,

Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there
bred

Where time and outward form would
show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to
qualify.

As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
lie :

That is my home of love : if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time ex-
changed,

So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature
reign'd

All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;

For nothing 'his wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my
all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap
what is most dear,

Made old offences of affections new ;
Most true it is that I have look'd on
truth

Askance and strangely : but, by all
above,

These blenches gave my heart another
youth,

And worse essays proved thee my best of
love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no
end :

Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven
the best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving
breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune
chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure
ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure
me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression
fill

Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my
brow ;

For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good
allow ?

You are my all the world, and I must
strive

To know my shames and praises from
your tongue ;

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or
wrong.

In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.

Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :

You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks
are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly
blind,

Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;

For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it
doth latch :

Of his quick objects hath the mind no
part,

Nor his own vision holds what it doth
catch ;

For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st
creature,

The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your
feature :

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine
eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd
with you,

Drink up the monarch's plague, this
flattery ?

Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith
true,

And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,

As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks
it up :

Mine eye well knows what with his gust
is 'greeing,

And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin

That mine eye loves it and doth first
begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do
lie,

Even those that said I could not love you
dearer :

Yet then my judgement knew no reason
why

My most full flame should afterwards
burn clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd ac-
cidents

Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees
of kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st
 intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of
 altering things;
 Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you
 best,'
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the
 rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still
 doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never
 shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his
 height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
 and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and
 weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown
 minds
 And given to time your own dear-pur-
 chased right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from
 your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd
 hate;

Since my appeal says I did strive to
 prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate
 urge,
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we
 purge,
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying
 sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of
 meanness
 To be diseased ere that there was true
 needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults
 assured
 And brought to medicine a healthful state
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill
 be cured:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson
 true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of
 you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren
 tears,
 Distill'd from limbeck fountains fowl as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to
 fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart com-
 mitted,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed
 never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres
 been fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong,
 far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have
 spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me
 now,
 And for that sorrow which I then did
 feel
 Needs must I under my transgression
 bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd
 steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of
 time,
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your
 crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have
 remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow
 hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then
 tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms
 fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes
 a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must
 ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost which is so
 deem'd
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
 For why should others' false adulterate
 eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I
 think good?
 No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves
 be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must
 not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they main-
 tain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness
 reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much
 hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I
 bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee
 more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do
 change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we
 admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire
 Than think that we before have heard
 them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the
 past,
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and
 thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of
 state,
 It might for Fortune's bastard be un-
 father'd,
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's
 hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with
 flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls

Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion
calls:

It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd
hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns
with showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have
lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or
ruining?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and
favour

Lose all, and more, by paying too much
rent,

For compound sweet forgoing simple
savour,

Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart.

And take thou my oblation, poor but true,

Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows
no art,

But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true
soul

When most impeach'd stands least in
thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle,
hour;

Who hast by waning grown, and therein
show'st

Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self
grow'st;

If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck
thee back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her
skill

May time disgrace and wretched minutes
kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her
pleasure!

She may detain, but not still keep, her
treasure:

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must
be,

And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted
fair,

Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard
shame:

For since each hand hath put on nature's
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd
face,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy
bower,

But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven
black,

Her eyes so suited, and they mourners
seem

At such who, not born fair, no beauty
lack,

Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their
woe,

That every tongue says beauty should
look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music
play'st,

Upon that blessed wood whose motion
sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st

The very concord that mine ear con-
founds,

Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should that
harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing
stand!

To be so tickled, they would change their
state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle
gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living
lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to
kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of
blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, ex-
treme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet
none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to
this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts
are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on
her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress
reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing
sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on
the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love
as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make
them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting
heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious
jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee
behold
Thy face hath not the power to make
love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy
face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's
place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy
deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think,
proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with
disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy
face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth
thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is
black
And all they foul that thy complexion
lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart
to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend
and me!

Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend
must be?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:

Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be
cross'd.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor
heart bail;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his
guard;

Thou canst not then use rigour in my
gaol:

And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent
in thee,

Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth
bind.

The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a fiend came debtor for my
sake;

So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him
and me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not
free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy
'Will,'

And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in over-
plus;

More than enough am I that vex thee
still,

To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and
spacious,

Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in
thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy
'Will'

One will of mine, to make thy large
'Will' more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one
'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy
'Will,'

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted
there;

Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet,
fulfil.

'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we
prove

Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one
must be;

For nothing hold me, so it please thee
hold

That nothing me, a something sweet to
thee:

Make but my name thy love, and love
that still,

And then thou lovest me, for my name
is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou
to mine eyes,

That they behold, and see not what they
see?

They know what beauty is, see where it
lies,

Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks

Be anchor'd in the bay where all men
ride,

Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged
hooks,

Whereto the judgement of my heart is
tied?

Why should my heart think that a several
plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's
common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes
have erred,
And to this false plague are they now
transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made
of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd
youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
young,
Although she knows my days are past
the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth sup-
press'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years
told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with
thy tongue;
Use power with power and slay me not
by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my
sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye
aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning
when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can
bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well
knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,

And therefore from my face she turns my
foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their
injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near
slain,
Kill me outright with looks and rid
my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much
disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words and words
express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me
so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be
near,
No news but health from their physicians
know;
For if I should despair, I should grow
mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of
thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so
bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy
proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine
eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they
despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune
delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving
thee,
Whole leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch
to be:

Only my plague thus far I count my
gain,
That she that makes me sin awards
me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :
O, but with mine compare thou thine own
state,
And thou shalt find it merits not re-
proving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet orna-
ments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as
mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their
rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest
those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune
thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou
dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied :

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift
dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in
chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
So runn'st thou after that which flies
from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to
me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be
kind :
So will I pray that thou mayst have
thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back, and my loud crying
still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each
fiend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live
in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one
out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said ' I
hate '
To me that languish'd for her sake ;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet ;
' I hate ' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away ;
' I hate ' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying ' not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
+ . . . these rebel powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer
dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
 on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the
 ill,

The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now
 approve

Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad-
 men's are,

At random from the truth vainly
 express'd;

For I have sworn thee fair and
 thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as
 night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my
 head,
 Which have no correspondence with true
 sight!

Or, if they have, where is my judgement
 fled,

That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'

How can it? O, how can Love's eye be
 true,

That is so vex'd with watching and with
 tears?

No marvel then, though I mistake my
 view;

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou
 keep'st me blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults
 should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn
 upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not
 spend

Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy
 defect,

Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy
 mind;

Those that can see thou lovest, and I
 am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this
 powerful might

With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true
 sight,

And swear that brightness doth not grace
 the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things
 ill,

That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of
 skill

That, in my mind, thy worst all best
 exceeds?

Who taught thee how to make me love
 thee more

The more I hear and see just cause of
 hate?

O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my
 state:

If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what con-
 science is;

Yet who knows not conscience is born of
 love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self
prove:

For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's
treason;

My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther
reason;

But, rising at thy name, doth point out
thee

As his triumphant prize. Proud of this
pride,

He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I
call

Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise
and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am for-
sworn,

But thou art twice forsworn, to me love
swearing,

In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith
torn

In vowing new hate after new love
bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse
thee,

When I break twenty? I am perjured
most;

For all my vows are oaths but to misuse
thee

And all my honest faith in thee is lost,

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep
kindness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy
constancy,

And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to
blindness,

Or made them swear against the thing
they see;

For I have sworn thee fair; more per-
jured I,

To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly
steep

In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of
Love

A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men
prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-
fired,

The boy for trial needs would touch my
breast;

I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my
help lies

Where Cupid got new fire—my
mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart inflaming
brand,

Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste
life to keep

Came tripping by; but in her maiden
hand

The fairest votary took up that fire

Which many legions of true hearts had
warm'd;

And so the general of hot desire

Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.

This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat per-
petual,

Growing a bath and healthful remedy

For men diseased; but I, my mistress'
thrall,

Came there for cure, and this by that
I prove,

Love's fire heats water, water cools not
love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-
worded

A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice
accorded,

And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind
and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think some-
time it saw 10

The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's
fell rage,

Some beauty peep'd through lattice of
sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her
eyne,

Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and
low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage
ride,

As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do
extend

Their view right on; anon their gazes
lend

To every place at once, and, nowhere
fix'd,

The mind and sight distractedly com-
mix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal
plat,

Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her
sheaved hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek
beside; 31

Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break
from thence,

Though slackly braided in loose negli-
gence.

A thousand favours from a maund she
drew

Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty
fall

Where want cries some, but where excess
begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave
the flood;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and
bone,

Bidding them find their sepulchres in
mud;

Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in
blood,

With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive
eyes, 50

And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of

lies,

What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and
damned here!

' This said, in top of rage the lines she
rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle
nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle
knew

Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they
flew—
60

Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her
woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught
applied

Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age. 70

' Father,' she says, ' though in me you
behold

The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am
old;

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath
power:

I might as yet have been a spreading
flower,

Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

' But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so com-
mended, 80

That maidens' eyes stuck over all his
face:

Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him
her place;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
He was new lodged and newly deified.

' His browny locks did hang in crooked
curls;

And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.

What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the
mind,

For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was
sawn.

' Small show of man was yet upon his
chin;

His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd
to wear:

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more
dear;

And nice affections wavering stood in
doubt

If best were as it was, or best without.

' His qualities were beauteous as his
form,

For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof
free; 100

Yet, if men moved him, was he such a
storm

As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When 'winds breathe sweet, unruly
though they be.

His rudeness so with his authorized
youth

Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.

' Well could he ride, and often men
would say

' That horse his mettle from his rider
takes:

Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course,
what stop he makes! "

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his
deed, 111

Or he his manage by the well-doing
steed.

' But quickly on this side the verdict
went:

His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their
place,

Came for additions; yet their purposed
trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced
by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue ¹²⁰
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason
strong,
For his advantage still did wake and
sleep:

To make the weeper laugh, the laugher
weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both
enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to
remain

In personal duty, following where he
haunted: ¹³⁰

Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have
granted;
And dialogued for him what he would
say,

Ask'd their own wills, and made their
wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture
get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their
mind;

Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they
find

Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought
assign'd;

And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow
them

Than the true gouty landlord which doth
owe them: ¹⁴⁰

'So many have, that never touch'd his
hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his
heart.

My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth
in art,

Threw my affections in his charmed
power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my
flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired
yielded;

Finding myself in honour so forbid, ¹⁵⁰
With safest distance I mine honour
shielded:

Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd
the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own
content,

To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not
stay;

For when we rage, advice is often seen ¹⁶⁰
By blunting us to make our wits more
keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so
good,

For fear of harms that preach in our
bchoof.

O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will
taste,

Though Reason weep, and cry "It is
thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's
untrue,"

And knew the patterns of his foul
beguiling; ¹⁷⁰

Heard where his plants in others'
orchards grew,

Saw how deceits were gilded in his
smiling;

Knew vows were ever brokers to de-
filing;

Thought characters and words merely
but art,

And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my
city,
Till thus he gan besiege me : "Gentle
maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling
pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That's to ye sworn to none was ever
said ; 180
For feasts of love I have been call'd
unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the
mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they
may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor
kind :
They sought their shame that so their
shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me
remains,
But how much of me their reproach
contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have
seen, 190
Not one whose flame my heart so much
as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er
was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own
was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his
monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded
fancies sent me,
paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
figuring that they their passions likewise
lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd
moods ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting out-
wardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their
hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several
fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly be-
seech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did
amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and
quality. 210

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful
and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh
regard
Weak sights then sickly radiance do
amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal
blend
With objects manifold : each several
stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made
some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the
tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard
them not, 220
But yield them up where I myself must
render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations
be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phrase-
less hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale
of praise ;
Take all these similes to your own
command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs
did raise ;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you ; and to your audit
comes 230
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“Lo, this device was sent me from a
nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did
shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms
dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest
coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence
remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

“But, O my sweet, what labour is't to
leave
The thing we have not, mastering what
not strives, ²⁴⁰
†Playing the place which did no form
receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained
gyves?
She that her fame so to herself con-
trives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the
flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her
might.

“O, pardon me, in that my boast is
true:
The accident which brought me to her
eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister
fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye: ²⁵⁰
Not to be tempted, would she be im-
mured,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

“How mighty then you are, O, hear
me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my
well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold
breast.

“My parts had power to charm a sacred
nun, ²⁶⁰
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail be-
gun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor
space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor con-
fine,
For thou art all, and all things else are
thine.

“When thou impresses, what are pre-
cepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt in-
flame,
How coldly those impediments stand
forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred,
fame! ²⁷⁰
†Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule,
'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it
bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“Now all these hearts that do on mine
depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans
they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet de-
sign,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded
oath
That shall prefer and undertake my
troth.” ²⁸⁰

“This said, his watery eyes he did dis-
mount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on
my face;
Each cheek a river running from a
fount
With brinish current downward flow'd
apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave
grace!

Who glazed with crystal gate the glow-
ing roses
That flame through water which their
hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes ²⁹⁰
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed
here ?

O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture
hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil
fears ;

Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting ; though our drops this differ-
ence bore, ³⁰⁰
His poison'd me, and mine did him re-
store.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter.
Applied to cautels, all strange form re-
ceives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and
leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at
woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic
shows :

'That not a heart which in his level
came

Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting
aim, ³¹⁰

Showing fair nature is both kind and
tame ;

And, veil'd in them, did win whom he
would maim :

Against the thing he sought he would
exclaim ;

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd •
luxury,

He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold
chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a
Grace

The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter
place,

Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd ? ³²⁰

Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question
make

What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,

O, that false fire which in his cheek so
glow'd,

O, that forced thunder from his heart did
fly,

O, that sad breath his spongy lungs
bestow'd,

O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !' ³²⁹

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made
of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd
youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
young,
Although I know my years be past the
best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill
rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is
young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have
years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love
with me,
Since that our faults in love thus
smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a
devil, 21
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd
fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each
friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;
The truth I shall not know, but live
in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine
eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold
argument, 30
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punish-
ment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not
thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly
love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace
in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a
vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth
doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40
If by me broke, what fool is not so
wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and
green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely
look,
Such looks as none could look but
beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here
and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50
But whether unripe years did want
conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not offer:
bait,
But smile and jest at e-

Then fell she on her back, fair queen,
and toward :

He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too
froward !

v.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I
swear to love ?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd :

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll
constant prove ;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee
like osiers bow'd. 60

Study his bias leaves, and makes his
book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can
comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee
shall suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue that well can
thee commend ;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee
without wonder ;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy
parts admire :

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy
voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and
sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love
that wrong,

To sing heaven's praise with such an
earthly tongue. 70

vi.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy
morn,

And scarce the herd gone to the hedge
for shade,

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made

Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his
spleen :

Hot was the day ; she hotter that did
look

For his approach, that often there had
been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's

green brim : 80

The sun look'd on the world with
glorious eye,

Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas
he stood :

' O Jove,' quoth she, ' why was not I
a flood !'

vii.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor

trusty ;

Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is,
brittle ;

Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,

None fairer, nor none falsier to deface
her. 90

Her lips to mine how often hath she
joined,

Between each kiss her oaths of true love
swearing !

How many tales to please me hath she
coined,

Dreading my love, the loss thereof still
fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure pro-
testings,

Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all
were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire
flameth ;

She burn'd out love, as soon as straw
out-burneth ;

She framed the love, and yet she foil'd
the framing ;

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-
turning. 100

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in
neither.

viii.

If music and sweet poetry agree,

As they must needs, the sister and the
brother,

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee
and me,

Because thou lovest the one, and I the
other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly
touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is
such

As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious
sound

That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music,
makes;

And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in
these remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen
of love,

* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white
dove,

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and
wild;

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and
hounds;

She, silly queen, with more than love's
good will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those
grounds:

'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet
youth

Here in these brakes deep wounded
with a boar,

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was
the sore.'

She showed hers: he saw more wounds
than one,

And blushing fled, and left her all
alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd,
soon vaded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the
spring!

Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely
shaded!

Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's
sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a
tree,

And falls, through wind, before the
fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy
will:

And yet thou left'st me more than I did
crave;

For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of
thee,

Thy discontent thou did'st bequeath to
me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo
him:

She told the youngling how god Mars
did try her,

And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike
god embraced me,'

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her
arms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike
god unlaced me,'

As if the boy should use like loving
charms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on
my lips.'

And with her lips on his did act the
seizure:

And as she fetched breath, away he
skips,

And would not take her meaning nor
her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live to-
gether:

Youth is full of plesance, age is full of
care;

Youth like summer morn, like winter
weather;

Youth like summer brae, like winter
bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;

O, my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;

A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;

A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;

A brittle glass that's broken presently:

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,

As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,

As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,

In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:

She bade good night that kept my rest away;

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,

To descant on the doubts of my decay.

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:

'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:

'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,

As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!

My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,

And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;

Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;

Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;

But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;

Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

[xvi.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest
 one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well
 might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st
 that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful that love
 with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the
 gallant knight:
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a
 spite
 Unto the silly damsel!
 But one must be refused; more mickle
 was the pain
 That nothing could be used to turn them
 both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was
 wounded with disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!
 Thus art with arms contending was victor
 of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the
 maid away:
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got
 the lady gay;
 For now my song is ended.

xvii.

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

[xviii.]

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss:
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God
 wot:
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in
 love,
 There a nay is placed without re-
 move.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle
 dame!
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men re-
 main.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall:
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no
 deal;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have
 play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 My sighs so deep
 Procure to weep,

In howling wise, to see my dole-
ful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men
in bloody fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor
swains, 289
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of
all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that
there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st
strike, 300

Let reason rule things worthy blame,
†As well as fancy partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unweid.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
lest she some subtle practice smell,—
cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell. 310

That though her frowning brows be bent,
er cloudy looks will calm ere night:
and then too late she will repent
that thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length, 319
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true; 330
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not
slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft, 339
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

†Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear:
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long: 350
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and
fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their
flocks,

By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 360

There will I make thee a bed of
roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee
move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me
move 371
To live with thee and be thy love.

[XXI.]

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone: 380
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own. 390

Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer
thee:

King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me. 400
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want. 410
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown; 420
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe. 430

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing, 10
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence: 21
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen 30
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called. 40

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove, 50
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity, 60
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

GLOSSARY TO SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

ABATE, *v.t.* to weaken, diminish, *M. N's Dr.* iii. 2. To cast down, *Cor.* iii. 3. To blunt, *R.* iii. v. 5.
Abatement, *sb.* diminution, *Lear.* i. 4. Depreciation, *Tw. N.* i. 1.
Abhor, *v.t.* to refuse, reject, *H.* VIII. ii. 4.
Abide, *v.t.* to sojourn, stay for a time, *Wint. T.* iv. 3. *v.t.* to take the consequences of, answer for, *J. C.* iii. 1. A corruption of 'Aby.'
Abjects, *sb.* outcasts, *R.* iii. i. 1.
Able, *v.t.* to uphold, warrant, *Lear.* iv. 6.
Abode, *v.t.* to forebode, *3 H. VI.* v. 6, 45; *H.* VIII. i. 1.
Abodements, *sb.* forebodings, *3 H. VI.* iv. 7
Abortives, *sb.* monstrous births, *John.* iii. 4
Abridgement, *sb.* a short entertainment for pastime, *M. N's Dr.* v. 1, *Ham.* ii. 2.
Abrook, *v.t.* to brook, endure, *2 H. VI.* ii. 4.
Abruption, *sb.* breaking off, *Tr.* and *Cr.* iii. 2.
Absey-Book, *sb.* an A B C book or primer, *John.* i. 1.
Absolute, *adj.* positive, certain, *Cym.* iv. 2. Resolved, *M.* for *M.* iii. 1. Complete, *Iucr.* 853. Temp. i. 2.
Abuse, *v.t.* to deceive, *Lear.* iv. 7. To misuse, corrupt, *Oth.* i. 1. To disfigure, *R.* and *J.* iv. 1.
Abuse, *sb.* deception, *M.* for *M.* v. 1; *Ham.* iv. 7.
Abuser, *sb.* corrupter, *Oth.* i. 2.
Aby, *v.t.* to atone for, expiate, *M. N's Dr.* iii. 2.
Abysm, *sb.* abyss, Temp. i. 2.
Accept, *sb.* acceptance, *H.* V. v. 2.
Accite, *v.t.* to cite, summon, *2 H. IV.* v. 2; *Tit.* And. i. 1.
Accommodate, *v.t.* to furnish, equip with what is suitable, *Lear.* iv. 6.
Accommodated, *p.p.* suited, favoured, *Cym.* v. 3.
Accomplish, *v.t.* to get, *3 H. VI.* iii. 2; *Tit.* And. ii. 1.
Accomplished, *p.p.* fully equipped, furnished, *R.* ii. ii. 1.
Accordant, *adj.* agreeable, *Much Ado.* i. 2.
Accordingly, *adv.* correspondingly, *All's Well.* ii. 5.
Account, *v.t.* followed by 'of.' To reckon, esteem, *Two G.* ii. 1. *p.p.* accounted, *Per.* prol.
Accountant, *adj.* liable, *M.* for *M.* ii. 4; *Oth.* ii. 1.
Accuse, *sb.* accusation, *2 H. VI.* iii. 1.
Accuses, a disyllable in Temp. i. 2; *Tim.* of *A.* i. 1; v. 1.
Accusative, *v.t.* to win, *H. V.* iv. 3.
Accusative, *adj.* cognisant, *Oth.* iii. 3.
Accusative, cold, *Lear.* iii. 4.
Accusative, acorn, monk's hood, or wolf's bane, *3 H. IV.* iv. 4.
Accusative, *p.p.* acquitted, *R.* iii. v. 5. Delivered, *Tit.* Merry Wives, i. 3.
Accusative, *sb.* acquittal, discharge, *Ham.* iv. 7.
Accusative, *v.t.* to acquit, *R.* iii. iii. 7.

Acie, *sb.* a measure of length, equivalent to a furlong, *Wint. T.* i. 2.
Action-taking, *adj.* litigious, *Lear.* ii. 2.
Acture, *sb.* performance, *Lover's Compl.* 185.
Adam, *Adam* Bell, the famous archer, *Much* • *Ado.* i. 1.
Adamant, *sb.* the loadstone, *M. N's Dr.* ii. 1.; *Tr.* and *Cr.* iii. 2.
Addict, *p.p.* addicted, *Pass. Pilgr.* 415.
Addiction, *sb.* inclination, *H. V.* i. 1. *Oth.* ii. 2.
Addition, *sb.* title, attribute. *All's Well.* ii. 3; *Tr.* and *Cr.* i. 2.
Address, *v.t.* to prepare oneself, *2 H. VI.* v. 2. *Ham.* i. 2. *v.t.* to address oneself, prepare, *Lear.* i. 1.; *Tr.* and *Cr.* iv. 4.
Addressed, *p.p.* prepared, *L's L's L.* ii. 1.
Adjunct, *adj.* attendant, consequent, *Iucr.* 133. *Sonn.* xli.; *John.* iii. 3. *sb.* attendant, *L's L's L.* iv. 3; *Sonn.* cxvii.
Admiral, *sb.* the chief ship of a fleet, *i H. IV.* iii. 3; *Ant.* and *Cl.* iii. 10.
Admiration, *sb.* astonishment, *H. V.* ii. 2; *Ham.* i. 2.
Admire, *v.t.* to wonder, *Tw. N.* iii. 4. Temp. v. 1.
Admired, *adj.* admired, *M.* b. iii. 4.
Admittance, *sb.* usher. *Merry Wives.* iii. 3. Of great admittance = received in the best society, *Merry Wives.* ii. 2.
Adoptions, *adj.* given in adoption, *All's Well.* i. 1.
Adulterate, *adj.* adulterous, *Ham.* i. 5.
Advance, *v.t.* to raise, Temp. i. 2; iv. 1; *H. V.* v. 2. To promote, *Tim.* of *A.* i. 2.
Advancement, *sb.* promotion, *Ham.* iii. 2.
Advantage, *v.t.* and *v.t.* to benefit, profit, Temp. i. 1. *Tw. N.* iv. 2. To increase by interest, *R.* iii. iv. 4.
Adversaries, *sb.* opposing counsel in a lawsuit, *Tim.* of *S.* i. 2.
Adverse, *adj.* opposing, hostile, *Com.* of *E.* i. 1; *R.* ii. i. 3, *Tw. N.* v. 1.
Advertise, *v.t.* to inform, instruct, admonish, counsel, *M.* for *M.* i. 1.
Advertisment, *sb.* admonition, *Much Ado.* v. 1. Intelligence, *i H. IV.* iii. 2.
Advertising, *p.p.* admonishing, giving counsel, *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
Advice, *sb.* consideration, *Two G.* ii. 4; *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
Advise, *v.t.* to reflect, consider, *Tw. N.* iv. 2; *H. V.* iii. 6.
Advised, *adj.* considerate, deliberate, *M.* of *V.* i. 1; *John.* iv. 2. *p.p.* informed, well aware, *Tim.* of *S.* i. 1; *2 H. IV.* i. 1. Are ye advised? = Do you understand? *2 H. VI.* ii. 1.
Advocation, *sb.* pleading, advocacy, *Oth.* iii. 4.
Aery, *sb.* the nest or brood of an eagle, *John.* v. 2; *R.* iii. i. 3. Hence, a brood, generally, *Ham.* ii. 2.
Afear'd, *adj.* afraid, Temp. ii. 2; *Merry Wives.* iii. 4.
Affect, *v.t.* to love, *Merry Wives.* ii. 1.

Affectedly, *adv.* fancifully, *Lover's Compl.* 48.
 Affects, *sb.* inclinations, *L's L's L.* i. 1; *Oth.* i. 3.
 Affection, *sb.* natural disposition, inclination, *M.* of *V.* iv. 1; *Wint.* T. i. 2. Affection, *L's L's L.* v. 1.
 Affected, *p.p.* affected, *Tw.* N. ii. 3.
 Affected, *p.p.* sanctioned, confirmed, *Macb.* iv. 3.
 Affiance, *sb.* confidence, *II.* V. ii. 2; *Cym.* i. 6.
 Affined, *p.p.* related by ties of affinity, *Tr.* and *Cr.* i. 3. Bound, *Oth.* i. 1.
 Affinity, *sb.* properly, relationship by marriage, *Oth.* iii. 1.
 Affray, *v.t.* to frighten, *R.* and *J.* iii. 5.
 Affront, *v.t.* to confront, meet, *Wint.* T. v. 1; *Ham.* iii. 1. *sb.* a face-to-face encounter, *Cym.* v. 3.
 Affy, *v.i.* to trust, *Tit.* And. i. 1. *v.t.* to betroth, *II.* VI. iv. 1.
 Afoie, before, *prep.* i. H. IV. ii. 4. *adv.* Temp. ii. 2. *conj.* *II.* IV. ii. 4.
 Aforehand, *adv.* beforehand, *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 A-front, *adv.* in front, *i.* H. IV. ii. 4.
 After-supper, *sb.* a banquet after supper, *M.* N's *Dr.* v. 1.
 Agazed, *adj.* looking in amazement, *i.* H. VI. i. 1.
 Aggravate, *v.t.* to increase, intensify, *Sonn.* cxlvi.; *Merry Wives*, ii. 2; *R.* II. i. 1.
 Aglet-baby, *sb.* the small figure cut on the tag or point of a lace, *Tam.* of *S.* i. 2.
 Agnize, *v.t.* to acknowledge, confess, *Oth.* i. 3.
 Agone, *adv.* ago, *Two G.* iii. 1; *Tw.* N. v. 1.
 A-good, *adv.* plentifully, heartily, *Two G.* iv. 4.
 A-height, *adv.* on high, *Lear.* iv. 6.
 A-high, *adv.* on high, *R.* III. iv. 4.
 A-hold, *adv.* to lay a ship a-hold was to keep her close to the wind, *Temp.* i. 1.
 A-hungry, *adj.* hungry, *Merry Wives*, i. 1, *Tw.* N. ii. 3.
 Aidance, *sb.* assistance, *2 H.* VI. iii. 2; *Ven.* and *A.* 330.
 Aidant, *adj.* assistant, *Lear.* iv. 4.
 Aids, *sb.* reinforcements, *2 H.* IV. i. 3.
 Aim, *sb.* a guess, *Two G.* iii. 1; *J. C.* i. 2. To cry aim = to encourage, a term from archery, *John.* ii. 1. To give aim = to direct the aim of the archer, *Two G.* v. 4. *v.t.* to guess, *R.* and *J.* i. 1; *Ham.* iv. 5.
 A-land, *adv.* on shore, *Per.* ii. 1; *III.* 2.
 Albeit, *conj.* although, *Merry Wives*, iii. 4; *Com.* of *E.* v. 1.
 Al'ce, Alice, *Tam.* of *S.* ind. 2.
 Alder-liefest, *adj.* most loved of all, *2 H.* VI. i. 1.
 Ale, *sb.* alehouse, *Two G.* ii. 5.
 Alight, *v.t.* to descend from, *Ven.* and *A.* 13.
 All, used of two, *2 H.* IV. iii. 1; *2 H.* VI. ii. 2.
 All amont, *adj.* utterly dejected, *Tam.* of *S.* iv. 3; *i.* H. VI. iii. 2. Probably a corruption of the *Fr.* à la mort.
 Allay, *sb.* alleviation, *Wint.* T. iv. 2.
 Allayment, *sb.* alleviation, *Tr.* and *Cr.* iv. 4.
 All-building, *adj.* that on which everything is built, *M.* for *M.* i. 4. Comp. All-obeying.
 Allegiant, *adj.* loyal, *H.* VIII. iii. 2.
 All-hallow eve, the eve of All Saints' Day, *M.* for *M.* ii. 1.
 All-hallowmas, All Saints' Day, *Merry Wives*, i. 1.
 All hallowen, *adj.* 'all hallowen summer' is a late summer, which comes at All-hallowen or All Saints' Day, November 1, *i.* H. IV. i. 2.

All-hid, the game of hide and seek, *L's L's L.* iv. 3.
 Allicholy, *sb.* melancholy, *Merry Wives*, i. 4.
 Alligant, *adj.* elegant, in *Mrs.* Quickly's mouth, *Merry Wives*, ii. 2.
 All-obeying, *adj.* which all obey, *An.* and *Cl.* iii. 13.
 Allottery, *sb.* portion, *As You Like It*, i. 1.
 Allow, *v.t.* to approve, *Tw.* N. i. 2; *2 H.* IV. iv. 2. Allow the wind = allow the wind to pass, stand aside, *All's Well*, v. 2.
 Allowing, *adj.* approving, conniving, *Wint.* T. i. 2.
 Allowance, *sb.* acknowledgment, approval, *Tr.* and *Cr.* i. 3; *II.* 3; *Cor.* iii. 2.
 Allowed, *p.p.* permitted, licensed, *L's L's L.* i. 2; *Tw.* N. i. 5.
 All Souls' Day, November 2, *R.* III. v. 1.
 All-thing, *adv.* in every way, *Macb.* iv. 1.
 All-to, *adv.* utterly, altogether; all-to naught, utterly bad, *Ven.* and *A.* 993. All-to topple = topple down entirely, *Per.* iii. 2.
 Allicholy, *adj.* melancholy, *Two G.* iv. 2.
 Alms, *sb.* (singular), Much Ado, ii. 3; *Tam.* of *S.* iv. 1; *Cor.* iii. 2.
 Alms-drink, *sb.* such poor liquor as is given in charity, *An.* and *Cl.* ii. 7.
 Always, *adv.* always, *2 H.* VI. i. 2; *3 H.* VI. v. 6.
 Amain, *adv.* violently, aloud, *i.* H. VI. i. 1; *Tr.* and *Cr.* v. 8. At full speed, *Temp.* iv. 1.
 Am-ze, *v.t.* to confound, *i.* H. IV. v. 4, *J. C.* iii. 1; *Ham.* ii. 2.
 Amazedly, *adv.* confusedly, *M.* N's *Dr.* iv. 1.
 Amazedness, *sb.* confusion, *Merry Wives*, iv. 4, *Wint.* T. v. 2.
 Amerce, *v.t.* to fine, *R.* and *J.* iii. 1.
 Ames-ace, *sb.* two aces, the lowest throw of the dice, *All's Well*, ii. 3.
 Amiss, *sb.* wrong, mischief, *Sonn.* xxxv.; *Ham.* iv. 5.
 An, *conj.* if, *Much Ado*, i. 1. An if = if, *Temp.* ii. 2; v. 1.
 Anatomy, *sb.* a skeleton, *Com.* of *E.* v. 1; *John.* iii. 4.
 Anchor, *sb.* anchorite, hermit, *Ham.* iii. 2.
 Anchorage, *sb.* the anchor with its gear, *Tit.* And. i. 1.
 Ancient, *sb.* ensign, standard, *i.* H. IV. iv. 2. Ensign-bearer, ensign, *i.* H. IV. iv. 2.
 Ancientry, *sb.* antiquity; used of old people, *Wint.* T. iii. 3, and of the gravity which belongs to antiquity, *Much Ado*, ii. 1.
 And, redundant in popular songs, *Tw.* N. v. 1, *Lear.* iii. 2.
 Andirons, *sb.* standards at either end of a hearth or fireplace to support the logs of wood as they burned, *Cym.* ii. 4.
 Andrew, the name of a ship, so called after the apostle, *M.* of *V.* i. 1.
 Angel, *sb.* an English gold coin, worth about 10s., so called because it bore the figure of the Archangel Michael piercing the dragon, *M.* of *V.* ii. 7.
 Angerly, *adv.* angrily, *John.* iv. 1; *Macb.* iii. 5.
 Angle, *sb.* fishing-rod and line, *An.* and *Cl.* ii. 5.
 An-heires, a corruption, perhaps of 'mynheers', but this is uncertain, *Merry Wives*, ii. 1.
 An-hungry, *adj.* hungry, *Cor.* i. 1.
 A-night, *adv.* by night, *As You Like It*, ii. 4.
 Annothize = anatomize, *L's L's L.* iv. 1.
 Anon, *adv.* immediately, presently, *Temp.* ii. 2.

- Answer, *sb.* reply to a challenge, Ham. v. 2.
 Retaliation, Cym. v. 3. In fencing, a thrust after a parry, Tw. N. III. 4. *v.t.* to encounter, John, v. 7; Cor. I. 2. *v.t.* to meet an attack, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Answerable, *adj.* corresponding, Tam. of S. II. 1; Oth. I. 3.
 Anthropophaginian, *sb.* a man-eater, Merry Wives, IV. 5; a word coined for the occasion by mine Host of the Garter.
 Antic, *sb.* the buffoon of the old plays, R. II. III. 2; H. V. III. 2. *adj.* fantastic, Ham. I. 5. *v.t.* to make a buffoon of, An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Anticly, *adv.* fantastically, Much Ado, v. 1.
 Antiquary, *adj.* ancient, full of old learning, Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
 Antique, *sb.* a grotesque representation, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Antre, *sb.* a cavern, Oth. I. 3.
 Ape, a term of endearment, 2 H. IV. II. 4; R. and J. II. 1. To lead apes in hell was supposed to be the punishment of old maids, Much Ado, II. 1; Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Apoplex'd, *pp.* struck with apoplexy, Ham. III. 4.
 Appaid, *pp.* paid, rewarded, Lucr. 914.
 Appall'd, *pp.* enfeebled, Phoenix 37. Made pale, 1 H. VI. I. 2.
 Apparent, *sb.* heir apparent, Wint. T. I. 2. 3 H. VI. II. 2. *adj.* evident, manifest, Two G. III. 1; John, IV. 2.
 Apparently, *adv.* manifestly, Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Appear, *v.t.* to impeach, accuse, R. II. v. 2.
 Appeal, *v.t.* to impeach, R. II. I. 1; 1. 3. *sb.* impeachment, R. II. I. 1; IV. 1.
 Appeared, *pp.* made apparent, Cor. IV. 3.
 Appellant, *sb.* accuser, challenger, R. II. I. 1. 1. 3.
 Apperil, *sb.* peril, Tim. of A. I. 2.
 Apple John, *sb.* a kind of winter apple, shrivelled from long keeping, 1 H. IV. III. 3; 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Apply, *v.t.* to put in practice, ply, Tam. of S. I. 1.
 Appointed, *pp.* equipped, furnished, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Appointment, *sb.* equipment, John, II. 1.
 Apprehension, *sb.* the faculty of perception; hence, wit, H. V. III. 7; Much Ado, III. 4.
 Apprehensive, *adj.* capable of perception, J. C. III. 1.
 Approbation, *sb.* probation, M. for M. I. 2. Proof, confirmation, Cym. I. 4; H. V. I. 2.
 Approof, *sb.* approval, M. for M. II. 4. Proof, All's Well, I. 2. Of valiant approof = proved to be valiant, All's Well, II. 5.
 Appropriation, *sb.* peculiar recommendation, M. of V. I. 2.
 Approve, *v.t.* to prove, justify, make good, M. of V. III. 2; R. II. I. 3. Lear, II. 4.
 Approver, *sb.* one who proves or tries, Cym. II. 4.
 Appurtenance, *sb.* that which appertains or belongs to, Ham. II. 2.
 Apricock, *sb.* apricot, M. N's Dr. III. 1; R. II. III. 4.
 Aquilon, *sb.* the north wind, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Arabian bird, the phoenix, An. and Cl. III. 2; Cym. I. 6.
 Arise, *v.t.* to raise, All's Well, II. 1.
 Arbitrement, *sb.* decision, Tw. N. III. 4; H. V. IV. 1.
 Arched, *adj.* chief; hence, notorious, R. III. IV. 3; John, III. 1. *sb.* chief, Lear, II. 1.
 Argal, a corruption of the Lat. *ergo*, therefore, Ham. v. 1.
 Argentine, *adj.* silver, Per. v. 1.
 Argier, Algiers, Temp. I. 2.
 Argo, a corruption of the Lat. *ergo*, 2 H. VI. IV. 2.
 Argosy, *sb.* a large merchantman, M. of V. I. 1. Originally perhaps a Ragusine, or ship of Ragusa.
 Argument, *sb.* theme, cause of controversy, Much Ado, II. 3; H. V. III. 1; IV. 1. Proof, L's L's L. I. 2.
 Arachne, a mistake for Arachne, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Arm, *v.t.* to take in the arms, Cym. IV. 2.
 Armado, *sb.* a fleet of men-of-war, Com. of E. III. 2; John, III. 4.
 Arm-gaunt, a word of doubtful meaning. Possibly gaunt with armour, or with bearing armour, An. and Cl. I. 5.
 Armigero, a blunder for 'Armiger,' an esquire, one who was entitled to bear arms, Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Armipotent, *adj.* powerful in arms, L's L's L. v. 2; All's Well, IV. 3.
 Armour, *sb.* a suit of armour, Much Ado, II. 3; 2 H. IV. IV. 5.
 Aroint thee! be gone, get thee gone, Macb. I. 3; Lear, III. 4.
 A-row, *adv.* in a row, one after the other, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Arias, *sb.* tapestry, so called from being first made at Arras, Much Ado, I. 3; Ham. II. 2.
 Arreances, *sb.* arrears, Cym. II. 4.
 Arrivance, *sb.* persons arriving, Oth. II. 1.
 Arrive, *v.t.* to reach, attain to, J. C. I. 2; Cor. II. 3.
 Arrogancy, *sb.* arrogance, H. VIII. II. 4.
 Art, *sb.* practice, skill acquired by practice, opposed to theory, J. C. IV. 3; H. V. I. 1.
 Arthur's show, an exhibition by a company of archers who gave themselves the names of the Knights of the Round Table, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Article, *sb.* 'A soul of great article,' which would require a large inventory to describe its qualities, Ham. v. 2.
 Articulate, *v.t.* to make articles or conditions of peace, Cor. I. 9. *v.t.* to set forth in detail, 1 H. IV. v. 1.
 Artificer, *sb.* artisan, John, IV. 2.
 Artificial, *adv.* working by art, M. N's Dr. III. 2. 'Artificial strife,' the effort of art to imitate nature, Tim. of A. I. 1.
 Artist, *sb.* a scholar, man of letters, All's Well, II. 3; Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Arts-man, *sb.* a scholar, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Ask, *v.t.* to require, M. N's Dr. I. 2; 2 H. VI. I. 2.
 Askance, *adv.* looking sideways, Ven. and A. 342; Sonn. cx. *v.t.* to cause to look sideways, Lucr. 637.
 Aslant, *prep.* across, Ham. IV. 7.
 Aspect, *sb.* look, regard, An. and Cl. I. 5.
 Aspersión, *sb.* sprinkling, Temp. IV. 1. The sprinkling of holy water accompanied the act of benediction, see Cym. v. 5.
 Aspic, *sb.* asp, Oth. III. 3; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Aspicious, blunder for 'suspicious,' Much Ado, III. 5.
 Aspire, *v.t.* to mount, ascend, R. and J. III. 1.

Asquint, *adv.* squintingly, Lear, v. 3.
 Assay, *sb.* attempt, experiment, M. for M. III. 1;
 Macb. IV. 3. *v.t.* to attempt, try, put to the
 test, All's Well, III. 7; Merry Wives, II. 1.
 Assesment, *sb.* semblance, appearance, 2 H.
 IV. III. 2.
 Assigns, *sb.* appendages, Ham. v. 2.
 Assinego, *sb.* an ass, Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
 Assistance, *sb.* persons assisting, assistants, Cor.
 IV. 6. Comp. Arrivance.
 Assistant, *adj.* assisting, Ham. I. 3.
 Associate, *v.t.* to accompany, R. and J. v. 2.
 Associates, *sb.* comrades, Ham. IV. 3.
 Assubjugate, *v.t.* to subjugate, Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
 Assurance, *sb.* legal security, Tam. of S. II. 1;
 IV. 2.
 Assured, *p.p.* betrothed, Com. of E. III. 2; John,
 II. 1.
 At friend, friendly, Wint. T. v. 1.
 At help, helping, favouring, Ham. IV. 3.
 Atomy, *sb.* atom, As You Like It, III. 2, III. 5;
 R. and J. I. 4. Anatomy, skeleton, 2 H. IV.
 v. 4.
 Atone, *v.t.* to set at one, reconcil's, R. II. I. 1;
 Oth. IV. 1. To agree, As You Like It, v. 4;
 Cor. IV. 6.
 Atonement, *sb.* reconciliation, 2 H. IV. IV. 1;
 R. III. I. 3.
 Attach, *v.t.* to seize, lay hold of, Temp. III. 3;
 2 H. IV. II. 2. To arrest, Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Attachment, *sb.* arrest, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Attainder, *sb.* stain, taint, disgrace, R. II. IV. 1;
 R. III. III. 5.
 Attaint, *sb.* conviction, Lear, v. 3. Stain, dis-
 grace, Tr. and Cr. I. 2; Lucr. 825. *p.p.*
 attainted, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Attainture, *sb.* conviction, disgrace, 2 H. VI.
 I. 2.
 Attasked, *p.p.* taken to task, blamed, Lear, I. 4.
 Attemptable, *adj.* liable to be tempted, Cym.
 I. 4.
 Attend, *v.t.* to listen to, Temp. I. 2; M. of V.
 v. 1. To wait for, Merry Wives, I. 1; Tw. N.
 III. 4.
 Attent, *adj.* attentive, Ham. I. 2; Per. III.
 prol.
 Attest, *sb.* attestation, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Attorney, *sb.* proxy, agent, As You Like It,
 IV. 1; R. III. v. 3.
 Attorneys, *p.p.* performed by proxy, Wint. T.
 I. 1. Engaged as an attorney, M. for M. v. 1.
 Attribute, *sb.* reputation, Tr. and Cr. II. 3; Ham.
 I. 4.
 Attribution, *sb.* praise, I H. IV. IV. 1.
 Audacious, *adj.* daring, bold, but without any
 note of blame, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Audaciously, *adv.* boldly, L's L's L. v. 2; Lucr.
 1223.
 Audible, *adj.* quick of hearing, Cor. IV. 5.
 Augur, *sb.* augury, Macb. III. 4.
 Aunt, *sb.* an old gossip, M. N's Dr. II. 1. Used
 in a bad sense, Wint. T. IV. 3.
 Auricular, *adj.* received through the ears, Lear,
 I. 2.
 Authentic, *adj.* authoritative, Merry Wives, II. 2.
 Authorized, *p.p.* authenticated, vouched for,
 Macb. III. 4.
 Avail, *sb.* profit, All's Well, I. 3; III. 1.
 Avaunt, *int.* begone! Merry Wives, I. 3; Com.
 of E. IV. 3; Used as a substantive, H. VIII.
 II. 3.

Ave (from Lat. *ave*), *sb.* hail! hence, an acclama-
 tion, M. for M. I. 1.
 Ave-Mary, *sb.* a prayer, so called from the angel's
 salutation to the Virgin, 'Hail, Mary!' 2 H.
 VI. I. 3; 3 H. VI. II. 1.
 Aver, *v.t.* to allege, Cym. v. 5.
 Advised, *p.p.* advised, Merry Wives, I. 1. In-
 formed, Are you advised? = Do you know?
 Merry Wives, I. 4; M. for M. II. 2.
 Avoid, *v.t.* to leave, quit, H. VIII. v. 1; Cor.
 IV. 5.
 Avouch, *sb.* assertion, testimony, Ham. I. 1.
 Away with, 'could never away with' = 'could
 never endure,' 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Aweless, *adj.* fearless, John, I. 1. Inspiring no
 fear or reverence, R. III. II. 4.
 Awful, *adj.* filled with regard for authority, Two
 G. IV. 1.
 Awkward, *adj.* contrary, 3 H. VI. III. 2.
 A-work, set, to set to work, set working, 2 H.
 IV. IV. 3; Ham. II. 2.
 Ay me! *int.* alas! Merry Wives, I. 4; John, v. 3.
 Azure, *adj.* azure, Temp. v. 1; Cym. IV. 2.
 BABY, *sb.* a doll, Macb. III. 4.
 Baccare, *int.* go back! a sham Latin word, Tam.
 of S. II. 1.
 Backed, *p.p.* having a back, Ham. III. 2.
 Backword-man, a player at single-stick, 2 H. IV.
 III. 2.
 Back-trick, *sb.* a caper backwards in dancing,
 Tw. N. I. 3.
 Backward, *sb.* the retrospect, Temp. I. 2.
 Badged, *p.p.* marked as with a badge, Macb.
 II. 3.
 Baffle, *v.t.* to punish with infamy, as recreant
 knights: part of the punishment being to hang
 them up by the heels, I H. IV. I. 2; R. II.
 I. 1.
 Baked-meats, *sb.* pastry, R. and J. IV. 4; Ham.
 I. 2.
 Bald, *adj.* bareheaded, Cor. IV. 5. Senseless,
 Com. of E. II. 2; I H. IV. I. 3.
 Baldrick, *sb.* a belt or girdle, Much Ado, I. 1.
 Bale, *sb.* evil, mischief, Cor. I. 1.
 Balk, *v.t.* to wrangle, dispute. To balk logic =
 to chop logic, Tam. of S. I. 1.
 Balked, *p.p.* heaped up, as in ridges, I H. IV.
 I. 1. Passed over, omitted, Tw. N. I. 1.
 Ballad, *v.t.* to sing ballads about, An. and C.
 v. 2.
 Ballast, *p.p.* ballasted, Com. of E. III. 2.
 Ballow, *sb.* a cudgel, Lear, IV. 6.
 Balm, *sb.* the oil of consecration, R. II. III. 2,
 IV. 1.
 Ban, *sb.* a curse, Ham. III. 2; Lear, II. 3. *v.t.*
 to curse, 2 H. VI. II. 4; Ven. and A. 326; Lucr.
 1460.
 Banbury cheese, which was proverbially poor
 and thin, nothing but paring, Merry Wives,
 I. 1.
 Band, *sb.* a bond, R. II. I. 1; Com. of E. IV. 2.
 Ban-dogs, *sb.* fierce dogs which were kept in a
 band or chain, 2 H. VI. I. 4.
 Bandy, *v.t.* to contend, Tit. And. I. 1; As You
 Like It, v. 1.
 Bane, *sb.* poison, M. for M. I. 2. *v.t.* to poison,
 M. of V. IV. 1.
 Bank, *v.t.* to sail along the banks, John, v. 2.
 Banquet, *sb.* dessert, Tam. of S. v. 2; R. and J.
 I. 5.

Barbed, *adj.* armed; used only of a horse, R. II. III. 3; R. III. 1. 1.

Barbermonger, *sb.* one who deals much with barbers, Lear, II. 2.

Bare, *v.t.* to shave, M. for M. IV. 2; All's Well, IV. 1.

Barful, *adj.* full of hindrances, Tw. N. 1. 4.

Barked, *p.p.* covered as with a bark, Ham. 1. 5.

Barm, *sb.* yeast, M. N's Dr. II. 1.

Barn, *sb.* a child, barn, Much Ado, III. 4; All's Well, 1. 3.

Barn, *v.t.* to store up in a barn, Lucr. 859.

Barnacle, *sb.* a shell-fish supposed to grow on trees and to turn into the barnacle goose, Temp. IV. 1.

Bárrabas, M. of V. IV. 1. See Matthew xxvii. 16.

Barren, *adj.* dull, witless, Tw. N. 1. 5; Ham. III. 2.

Baricado, *sb.* a barricade, barrier, Tw. N. IV. 2; Wint. T. 1. 2. *v.t.* to barricade, All's Well, 1. 1.

Barson, probably Barston in Warwickshire, 2 H. IV. v. 3.

Bartholomew Boar Pig. Roast pig was one of the dainties at Bartholomew Fair, which was held in Smithfield on 24th August, 2 H. IV. II. 4.

Bartholomew Tide, the feast of St Bartholomew, August 24, H. V. v. 2.

Basan, Bashan, An. and Cl. III. 13. See Ps. xxvii. 12.

Base, *sb.* a rustic game, perhaps the same as that now called prisoner's base, Cym. v. 3. 'To bid a base' is to challenge to a race, Ven. and A. 303.

Base court, *sb.* the lower court, R. II. III. 3.

Baseness, *sb.* low rank, Wint. T. IV. 4. Illusion, Lear, 1. 2; Wint. T. II. 3. Mean, a ployment, Temp. III. 1; Ham. v. 2.

Bases, *sb.* embroidered skirts, worn by knights on horseback, and reaching from the middle to below the knees, Per. II. 1.

Basilisco like. Basilisco was a character in Soliman and Perseda, and the reference is to a passage in that play, John. 1. 1.

Basilisk, *sb.* a fabulous serpent, Wint. T. 1. 2; H. V. v. 2. A large cannon, 1 H. IV. II. 3.

Bass, *v.t.* to proclaim in a deep bass note, Temp. III. 3.

Basta, *int.* (Italian), Enough! Tam. of S. 1. 1.

Bastard, *sb.* a sweet Spanish wine, M. for M. III. 2; 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Bat, *sb.* a cudgel, Cor. 1. 1; Lover's Compl. 64.

Bate, *sb.* strife, 2 H. IV. II. 4. *v.t.* to flutter, as a hawk, 1 H. IV. IV. 1; H. V. III. 7. To diminish, 1 H. IV. III. 3. *v.t.* to except, abate, Temp. 1. 2; II. 1. To beat down, weaken, M. of V. III. 3.

Be-breeding, *adj.* causing strife, Ven. and A. 155.

Be-leasing, *adj.* that cannot be blunted, Lucr. 9.

Be-lowering, *sb.* a mode of catching birds at night by means of torches and poles and sometimes of nets, Temp. II. 1.

Be-net, *sb.* a small bat or club used for beating or smoothing linen, As You Like It, II. 4.

Be-otten, *v.t.* to grow fat, Cor. IV. 5; Ham. III. 4.

Be-ttle, *sb.* an army or division of an army in order of battle, John, IV. 2; 1 H. IV. IV. 1; J. C. v. 1; Macb. v. 6.

Be-uble, *sb.* a trifle, plaything, Tam. of S. IV. 3.

The fool's baton, All's Well, IV. 5; R. and J.

II. 4. A small boat, Cym. III. 1; Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.

Bavin, *adj.* made of bavin or brushwood, 1 H. IV. III. 2.

Bawbling, *adj.* trifling, insignificant, Tw. N. v. 1.

Bawcock, *sb.* a fine fellow, Fr. *beau cog.* Tw. N. III. 4; H. V. III. 2.

Bay, *sb.* in a building, the space between the main timbers of the roof, M. for M. II. 1.

Beached, *adj.* formed by the beach, M. N's Dr. II. 1; Tim. of A. v. 1.

Beachy = beached, 2 H. IV. III. 1.

Beads, *sb.* originally prayers; hence, a rosary on which prayers were counted by beads, R. II. III. 3; R. III. III. 7.

Beadsman, *sb.* one who is hired to offer prayers for another, R. II. III. 2.

Beak, *sb.* the bows of a ship, Temp. 1. 2.

Bear, to bear a bray = to have some sense, R. and J. 1. 3; to bear hard = to be hard upon, have a grudge against, J. C. 1. 2; II. 1; III. 1. To bear in hand = to deceive with false hopes, 2 H. IV. 1. 2; Macb. III. 1; Ham. II. 2.

Bearing-cloth, *sb.* the cloth in which a child was carried to be christened, Wint. T. III. 3; 1 H. VI. 1. 3.

Beardward, *sb.* a keeper of bears, Much Ado. II. 1.

Beat, *v.t.* to hammer, meditate, Temp. v. 1; Ham. III. 1. To throb, Temp. 1. 2; Lear, III. 4.

Be-utified, *adj.* endowed with beauty, beautiful, Ham. II. 2.

Beaver, *sb.* the front part or faceguard of the helmet, Ham. 1. 2. 2 H. IV. IV. 1. Used for the helmet itself, R. III. v. 3.

Because, *conj.* in order that, 2 H. VI. III. 2.

Beck, *sb.* a signal, Ham. III. 1; An. and Cl. III. 11. *v.t.* to beckon, John, III. 4.

Become, *v.t.* to get to, betake oneself, 3 H. VI. II. 1; IV. 4.

Becomed, *p.p.* become, An. and Cl. III. 7; Cym. v. 5. *adj.* becoming, R. and J. IV. 2.

Becoming, *sb.* grace, An. and Cl. 1. 3, Sonn. cl.

Bedded, *adj.* lying flat, Ham. III. 4.

Bedlam, *sb.* a madhouse, 2 H. VI. v. 1; Lear, 1. 2. A madman, Lear, III. 7. *adj.* mad, 2 H. VI. III. 1; v. 1.

Bed-swever, *sb.* an adulteress, Wint. T. II. 1.

Beetle, *sb.* a heavy mallet, 2 H. IV. 1. 2; hence, beetle-headed = heavy, stupid, Tam. of S. v. 1. *v.t.* to jut, project, Ham. 1. 4.

Before-time, *adv.* in time past, Cor. 1. 6.

Beforefortune, *v.t.* to betide, Two G. IV. 3.

Beg, *v.t.* you cannot beg us - you cannot apply for the guardianship of us as if we were fools, L's L's L. v. 2.

Begnaw, *v.t.* to gnaw, R. III. 1. 3.

Beguiled, *p.p.* made capable of deception, Lucr. 1544.

Behave, *v.t.* to manage, control, Tim. of A. III. 5.

Behest, *sb.* commandment, R. and J. IV. 2; Cym. v. 4.

Beholding, *adj.* obliged, indebted, Two G. IV. 4; M. of V. 1. 3.

Behoof, *sb.* advantage, profit, 2 H. VI. IV. 7.

Behove, *sb.* behoof, profit, Ham. v. 1.

Behoveful, *adj.* becoming, suitable, R. and J. IV. 3.

Being, *sb.* life, existence; and so, habit of life, An. and Cl. II. 2; Cym. 1. 5. *conj.* since, inasmuch as, Much Ado, IV. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 1.

- Beldam, *sb.* originally a grandmother; applied contemptuously to an old woman, a hag, John, iv. 2; Macb. iii. 5.
- Beleed, *p.p.* driven into the lee of the wind, Oth. i. 1.
- Belied, *p.p.* full of lies, false, Lucr. 1533.
- Belike, *adv.* probably, Two G. i. 2.
- Bell, book, and candle. In the ceremony of excommunication the bell was tolled, the formula was read from the book of offices, and three candles were extinguished, John, iii. 3.
- Belocked, *p.p.* locked, M. for M. v. 1.
- Bemadding, *adj.* maddening, Lear, iii. 1.
- Bemet, *p.p.* met, Lear, v. 1.
- Be-mete, *v.t.* to measure, Tam. of S. iv. 3.
- Bemoock, *v.t.* to mock, Cor. i. 1.
- Bemoiled, *p.p.* bemired, Tam. of S. iv. 1.
- Bemonster, *v.t.* to make monstrous, Lear, iv. 2.
- Bench, *v.t.* to sit on the bench of justice, Lear, iii. 6. *v.t.* to raise to the bench, Wint. T. i. 2.
- Bench-hole, *sb.* the hole of a privy, An. and Cl. iv. 7.
- Bend, *v.t.* to turn, direct; used of swords and cannon, R. III. i. 2. Lear, iv. 2; John, ii. 1. *v.t.* to incline, Ham. i. 2. *sb.* lock, J. C. i. 2.
- Benetted, *p.p.* enclosed as in a net, Ham. v. 2.
- Benison, *sb.* blessing, Macb. ii. 4; Lear, i. 1.
- Bent, *sb.* inclination, disposition, Much Ado, iv. 1; R. and J. ii. 2.
- Ben venuto, welcome, L's L's L. iv. 2; Tam. of S. i. 2.
- Bepray, *v.t.* to pray, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Berattle, *v.t.* to decry, cry out against, Ham. ii. 2.
- Bergomask, *sb.* a rustic dance which takes its name from Bergamo, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
- Bermoothes, *sb.* the Bermudas, Temp. i. 2.
- Bescreened, *p.p.* screened, R. and J. ii. 2.
- Beseched = besought, Ham. iii. 1, Lover's Compl. 207.
- Beseeming, *sb.* appearance, Cym. v. 5.
- Beshrew, *v.t.* to invoke mischief upon, curse; used not very seriously, R. and J. v. 2; M. of V. ii. 6; John, v. 4.
- Besides, *prep.* beside, Tw. N. iv. 2; Cym. ii. 4.
- Beslobber, *v.t.* to daub, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
- Besmirch, *v.t.* to soil, H. V. iv. 3; Ham. i. 3.
- Besom, *sb.* a broom, 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
- Besort, *v.t.* to fit, suit, Lear, i. 4. *sb.* what is becoming, Oth. i. 3.
- Bespeak, *v.t.* to speak to, address, Tw. N. v. 1; R. II. v. 2.
- Best, *adj.* in the best = at best, Ham. i. 5; Pass. Pilgr. 102.
- Bestained, *p.p.* stained, John, iv. 3.
- Bested, *p.p.* situated. 'Worse bested' = in a worse plight, 2 H. VI. ii. 3.
- Bestow, *v.t.* to place, put, dispose of, Temp. v.; Oth. iii. 1. To settle in life, Tam. of S. i. 1; iv. 4. Used reflexively, Macb. iii. 6; Ham. iii. 1.
- Bestraught, *adj.* distraught, Tam. of S. ind. ii.
- Beteem, *v.t.* to allow, M. N's Dr. i. 1; Ham. i. 2.
- Bethought, *p.p.* minded, Lear, ii. 3.
- Bethumped, *p.p.* thumped, John, ii. 1.
- Betid, *p.p.* happened, befallen, Temp. i. 2; R. II. v. 1.
- Betime, *v.t.* to betide, chance, L's L's L. iv. 3. *adv.* in good time, John, iv. 3; Ham. iv. 5.
- Betrim, *v.t.* to trim, Temp. iv. 1.
- Betumbled, *p.p.* tumbled, Lear. 1037.
- Bevel, *adj.* sloping, slanting, Sonn. CXXI.
- Bewray, *v.t.* to discover, disclose, Cor. v. 3; Lear, ii. 1.
- Bezonian, *sb.* a base fellow, 2 H. IV. v. 3; 2 H. VI. iv. 1. Properly, a penniless recruit.
- Bias, *adj.* protuberant, like the bias side of a bowl, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5. *adv.* awry, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
- Bible-babble, *sb.* idle babbling, Tw. N. iv. 2.
- Bickering, *sb.* quarrel, 2 H. VI. i. 1.
- Bid forth, invited out, M. of V. ii. 5.
- Biddy! chick! a call to allure chickens, Tw. N. iii. 4.
- Bide, *v.t.* to endure, undergo, Tw. N. i. 5; ii. 4; R. and J. i. 1.
- Biding, *sb.* abode, Lear, iv. 6; Lucr. 550.
- Bigamy, *sb.* marriage with one who had been married before, R. III. iii. 7.
- Bigger, *sb.* a nightcap, 2 H. IV. iv. 5.
- Bilbo, *sb.* a Spanish rapier, so called from Bilbao or Bilboa, where there was a famous manufactory, Merry Wives, i. 1, iii. 5.
- Bilboes, *sb.* stocks or fetters used on board ship. They consisted of a bar of iron, to which were fastened rings for the prisoner's feet, Ham. v. 2.
- Bill, *sb.* a halberd, Much Ado, iii. 3; Lear, iv. 6.
- A 'brown bill,' like the old brown Bess, was browned to preserve it from rust, 2 H. VI. iv. 10; Lear, iv. 6. *sb.* a public notice, advertisement, Much Ado, i. 1; J. C. iv. 3.
- Bird-bolt, *sb.* a short blunt-headed arrow used with a crossbow, Much Ado, i. 1; Tw. N. i. 5.
- Birding, *sb.* bird-catching, fowling, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
- Birding-piece, *sb.* a fowling-piece, Merry Wives, iv. 2.
- Birthdom, *sb.* birthright; here used for native land, Macb. iv. 3.
- Bisson, *adj.* purblind, dim sighted, Cor. ii. 1; bisson rheum = blinding tears, Ham. ii. 2.
- Bite the thumb, to, a gesture of contempt. It was done by putting the thumb nail behind the upper teeth and jerking it out with a crack, R. and J. i. 1.
- Bite by the ear, to, an action of endearment, R. and J. ii. 4.
- Bite by the nose, to, to treat with indignity, M. for M. iii. 1.
- Bitter sweeting, *sb.* a kind of apple, also called a bitter-sweet, R. and J. ii. 4.
- Bitumed, *p.p.* smeared with bitumen, Per. iii. 1; R. II. v. 2.
- Black Monday, Easter Monday, so called from a terrible storm on Easter Monday, 1360, from which the English army before Paris suffered severely, M. of V. ii. 5.
- Blacks, *sb.* black stuffs, Wint. T. i. 2.
- Bladed, *p.p.* with fresh green blades or shoots, M. N's Dr. i. 1. Bladed corn = corn in the blade, Macb. iv. 1.
- Blank, *sb.* the white mark in the centre of a target, Wint. T. ii. 3; Ham. iv. 1. *v.t.* to blanch, make pale, Ham. iii. 2.
- Blanks, *sb.* blank charters, which after they were sealed could be filled in with anything which the king or his officers thought good, R. II. ii. 1.
- Blastments, *sb.* blighting, 2 H. IV. i. 3.
- Blaze, *v.t.* to publish, R. and J. iii. 3.
- Blair, *v.t.* to dash with weeping, blur, M. of V. iii. 2; Tam. of S. v. 1; Cor. ii. 1.

- Blench, *v.t.* to flinch, start aside, Ham. II. 2 ; Tr. and Cr. I. 1 ; II. 2.
 Blenches, *sb.* swerings, Sonn. cx.
 Blend, *p.p.* blended, Lover's Compl. 215.
 Blent, *p.p.* blended, mixed, M. of V. III. 2 ; Tw. N. I. 5.
 Blindworm, *sb.* the slowworm, M. N's Dr. II. 2 ; Macb. IV. 1.
 Blistered, *adj.* puffed out, padded, H. VIII. 1. 3.
 Bloat, *adj.* bloated, Ham. III. 4. The old spelling is *blout*.
 Block, *sb.* the wood on which hats are made, Much Ado, I. 1. Hence the fashion of a hat, Lear, IV. 6.
 Blood, *sb.* disposition, temper, Ham. III. 2. Passion, Lear, IV. 2. A young high-spirited man, John, II. 1 ; J. C. I. 2, IV. 3.
 Blood, *in*, in full vigour and condition, I H. VI. IV. 2. Worst in blood to run = in the worst condition for running, Cor. I. 1.
 Blood-boltered, *p.p.* clotted with blood, Macb. IV. 1.
 Bloody flag, the signal of war, II. V. 1. 2 ; Cor. II. 1.
 Blow, *v.t.* to inflate, swell, Tw. N. II. 5 ; An. and Cl. IV. 6. *v.i.* to blossom, Two G. I. 1, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Blown, *p.p.* in full blossom, Much Ado, IV. 1, L's I's L. v. 2.
 Blouse, *sb.* a coarse beauty, Tit. And. IV. 2.
 Blubbered, with eyes and cheeks swollen with weeping, 2 H. IV. II. 4 (stage direction)
 Blubbering, weeping noisily, R. and J. III. 3.
 Blue, *adj.* hazy, dark, of the colour about the eyes, As You Like It, III. 2, Lucr. 1587.
 Blue-cap, *sb.* a Scotchman, from the blue bonnet which he wore, I H. IV. II. 4.
 Blue-eyed, *adj.* with a dark circle about the eyes, Temp. I. 2.
 Blurted at, *p.p.* puffed at contemptuously, Per. IV. 3.
 Blustrous, *adj.* boisterous, Per. III. 1.
 Board, *v.t.* to at cost, woo, Merry Wives, II. 1 ; Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Bob, *v.t.* to beat smartly, thump, R. III. v. 3. To obtain by fraud, cheat, Oth. v. 1 ; Tr. and Cr. III. 1. *sb.* a smart rap, jest, As You Like It, II. 7.
 Bode, *v.i.* to foreshadow evil, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Bodement, *sb.* foreboding, presage, Tr. and Cr. v. 3, Macb. IV. 1.
 Bodge, *v.i.* to budge, 3 H. VI. I. 4.
 Bodkin, *sb.* a small dagger or stiletto, Ham. III. 1.
 Bodykins, a petty oath, the full form of which in Ham. II. 2 is 'God's bodykins,' showing that it refers originally to the sacramental wafer, Merry Wives, II. 3.
 Boggle, *v.i.* to start aside, like a frightened horse, to hesitate, All's Well, v. 3.
 Boggler, *sb.* a swerver, An. and Cl. III. 13.
 Bold, *v.t.* to embolden, Lear, v. 1.
 Bolins, *sb.* bowlines, Per. III. 1.
 Bollen, *adj.* swollen, Lucr. 1417.
 Bolt, *sb.* a blunt arrow, Merry Wives, III. 4.
 Bolted, *p.p.* sifted, Wint. T. IV. 4 ; H. V. III. 2.
 Bolter, *sb.* a sieve, I H. IV. III. 3.
 Bolting, *sb.* sifting, Tr. and Cr. I. 1.
 Bolting-hutch, *sb.* a hutch in which meal was sifted, I H. IV. II. 4.
 Bombard, *sb.* a leathern vessel for liquor, Temp. II. 2 ; I H. IV. II. 4.
 Bombast, *sb.* cotton wool used for padding, I's L's L. v. 2, I H. IV. II. 4. Hence adjectively 'fustian,' Oth. I. 1.
 Bona-roba, *sb.* a harlot, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Bond, *sb.* obligation, that to which one is bound, Lear, I. 1.
 Bonnet, *v.t.* to take off the bonnet, show courtesy, Cor. II. 2.
 Book, *sb.* used of any document or writing, I H. IV. III. 1.
 Bookman, *sb.* a student, I's L's L. II. 1.
 Bookmates, *sb.* fellow students, I's L's L. IV. 1.
 Boot, *sb.* booty, prey, H. V. I. 2, 2 H. VI. IV. 1. Profit, advantage, An. and Cl. IV. 1. What is given over and above, Wint. T. IV. 4 ; R. III. IV. 4. *v.t.* to put on boots, 2 H. IV. v. 3. *v.t.* to give to boot, or into the bargain, An. and Cl. II. 5. *v.t.* to avail, R. II. III. 2.
 Bootless, *adj.* profitless, Temp. I. 4. *adv.* to no purpose, M. N's Dr. II. 1, J. C. III. 1.
 Boots, *sb.* give me not the boots, temp. I. 1. To the torture of the boots, which were used to extort confessions, Two G. I. 1.
 Bore, *sb.* the calibre of a gun ; hence, metaphorically, the importance of a quest on, Ham. IV. 6. *v.t.* to cheat, gull, H. VIII. I. 1.
 Bosky, *adj.* shrubby, woody, Temp. IV. 1.
 Bosom, *sb.* used metaphorically as the seat of confidence, J. C. II. 1, v. 1 ; Lear, IV. 5, M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Bosomed, *adj.* intimate, Lear, v. 1.
 Bosom up, *v.t.* to pick up as in the bosom, H. VIII. I. 1.
 Botcher, *sb.* a patcher of old clothes, Tw. N. I. 5 ; Cor. II. 1.
 Bots, *sb.* small worms in horses, I H. IV. II. 1.
 Bottled, *adj.* bloated, swollen with venom, R. III. I. 3, IV. 4.
 Bottom, *sb.* a deep dell or vale, As You Like It, IV. 3 ; I H. IV. III. 1. *v.t.* to wind as thread, Two G. II. 2.
 Bottom-grass, *sb.* grass growing in a deep valley, Ven. and A. 297.
 Bought and sold, deceived, tricked, Com. of E. III. 1 ; John, v. 4.
 Bourn, *sb.* boundary, Temp. II. 1 ; Wint. T. I. 2 ; Ham. III. 1. Brook, Lear, III. 6.
 Bow, *sb.* yoke, As You Like It III. 3.
 Bow-hand, *sb.* the left hand which holds the bow, I's L's L. IV. 1.
 Boy, *v.t.* to represent a woman's part, which in Shakespeare's time was done by boys, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Boy-queller, *sb.* boy-killer, Tr. and Cr. v. 5.
 Brabble, *sb.* quarrel, brawl, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Brabder, *sb.* brawler, quarreller, John, v. 2.
 Brace, *sb.* armour to protect the arm, Per. II. 1. State of defence, Oth. I. 3.
 Brach, *sb.* a bitch hound, I H. IV. III. 1 ; Lear, I. 4.
 Bragless, *adj.* without boasting, Tr. and Cr. v. 9.
 Braid, *adj.* deceitful, All's Well, IV. 2. *v.t.* to reproach, upbraid, Per. I. 1.
 Brainish, *adj.* engendered in the brain, Ham. IV. 1.
 Brain pan, *sb.* the skull, 2 H. VI. IV. 10.
 Brain-sick, *adj.* distempered in brain, mad, I H. VI. IV. 1. Tr. and Cr. II. 2.
 Brake, *sb.* a thicket, M. N's Dr. II. 1 ; H. VIII. I. 2 ; Ven. and A. 237, 876.
 Brave, *adj.* fine, splendid, Temp. I. 2 ; Ham.

11. 2. *sb.* a boast, defiance, John, v. 2; Tr. and Cr. iv. 4. *v.t.* to make an ostentatious display, R. II. ii. 3. *v.t.* to defy, John, iv. 2; v. 1; R. III. iv. 3. To make brave or fine, R. III. v. 3.
- Bravery, *sb.* finery, As You Like It, ii. 7; Tam. of S. iv. 3. Bravado, ostentatious display, J. C. v. 1; Oth. i. 1; Ham. v. 2.
- Brawl, *sb.* a French dance, L's L's L. iii. 1.
- Brawn, *sb.* a boar, 1 H. IV. ii. 4; 2 H. IV. i. 1. The muscular part of the arm, Cor. iv. 5; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
- Break cross or across, to. A term in tilting, to denote that the staff or shaft of the spear was not broken fairly by a blow in the direction of its length, Much Ado, v. 1; All's Well, ii. 1. See As You Like It, iii. 4.
- Break, to communicate, J. C. ii. 1; Macb. i. 7; An. and Cl. i. 2. To fail to keep, Two G. v. 1; M. of V. i. 3.
- Break up, to carve; hence, to open a letter, L's L's L. iv. 1; M. of V. ii. 4.
- Breast, *sb.* voice in singing, Tw. N. ii. 3.
- Breath, *sb.* gentle exercise, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3; iv. 5.
- Breathe, *v.t.* to allow to take breath, 2 H. IV. i. 1. *v.t.* to take breath, 1 H. IV. i. 3. *v.r.* to give oneself exercise, All's Well, ii. 3.
- Breathing, *sb.* exercise, All's Well, i. 2; Per. ii. 3. Breathing time = time for exercise, Ham. v. 2. Hence, rest from labour, delay, Much Ado, ii. 1; Lucr. 1720.
- Breeched, covered as with breeches, Macb. ii. 3.
- Breeching, *adv.* liable to be breeched or flogged, Tam. of S. iii. 1.
- Breed-bate, *sb.* a raiser of strife, Merry Wives, i. 4.
- Breeze, *sb.* the gadfly, Tr. and Cr. i. 3; An. and Cl. iii. 10.
- Bribe-buck, *sb.* a buck given away in presents, Merry Wives, v. 5.
- Brief, *sb.* a short summary, M. N's Dr. v. 1, John, ii. 1. *adv.* in brief, As You Like It, iv. 3; John, v. 6.
- Briefly, *adv.* a short time since, Cor. i. 6.
- Bring, *v.t.* to accompany, attend on a journey, M. for M. i. 1; H. V. ii. 3.
- Bring out, to put out, disconcert, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Bring, to, to be with a person to bring is to be with him to some purpose, which is vaguely hinted at, Tr. and Cr. i. 2.
- Broach, *v.t.* to spit, transfix, H. V. v. chor.; Tit. And. iv. 2.
- Brock, *sb.* a badger, Tw. N. ii. 5.
- Brogues, *sb.* thick shoes, Cym. iv. 2.
- Broil, *sb.* tumult, strife, Oth. i. 3.
- Broke, *v.t.* to negotiate, act as a go-between, All's Well, iii. 5. Broking pawn = security held by a broker or agent, R. II. ii. 1.
- Broken, of a mouth in which there are gaps in the teeth, All's Well, ii. 3.
- Broken music. Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort' but 'broken music,' As You Like It, i. 2; H. V. v. 2.
- Broker, *sb.* an agent, go-between, John, ii. 1; 3 H. VI. iv. 1; Ham. i. 3.
- Broker-between, *sb.* a go-between, procurer, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
- Brooch, *sb.* ornament, R. II. v. 5; Ham. iv. 7.
- Brooched, *ph.* adorned as with a brooch, An. and Cl. iv. 15.
- Brooded, *adv.* sitting on brood, John, iii. 3.
- Brotherhood, *sb.* a trading company or guild, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
- Brownist, *sb.* a follower of Robert Brown, who about the year 1581 founded the sect of Independents, Tw. N. iii. 2.
- Bruit, *sb.* rumour, report, 3 H. VI. iv. 7; Tr. and Cr. v. 9. *v.t.* to report, announce with noise, Macb. v. 7; Ham. i. 2.
- Brush, *sb.* a rude assault, 2 H. VI. v. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 3.
- Bubukles, *sb.* pimples, H. V. iii. 6.
- Buck, *sb.* linen at the wash, 2 H. VI. iv. 2.
- Buckbasket, *sb.* a basket for carrying linen to the wash, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
- Bucking, *sb.* washing, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
- Buck-washing, *sb.* the washing of linen, washer-woman's work, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
- Buck of the first head, a buck of the fifth year, L's L's L. iv. 2.
- Buckle, *v.t.* to bow, 2 H. IV. i. 1. To encounter closely, cope, 1 H. VI. i. 2, iv. 4.
- Buckler, *v.t.* to shield, protect, Tam. of S. iii. 2; 3 H. VI. iii. 3.
- Bucklers. To give the bucklers was an acknowledgment of defeat, Much Ado, v. 2.
- Budget, *sb.* a leather bag or pouch, Wint. T. iv. 3.
- Bug, *sb.* a bugbear, spectre, Tam. of S. i. 2, Wint. T. iii. 2; Ham. v. 2.
- Building, *sb.* build, frame, Sonn. LXXX.
- Bulk, *sb.* the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale, Cor. ii. 1; Oth. v. 1.
- Bully, *sb.* a fine, swaggering fellow, Merry Wives, i. 3; M. N's Dr. iii. 1; H. V. iv. 1.
- Bully-rook, *sb.* a swaggering cheater, Merry Wives, i. 3; ii. 1.
- Bung, *sb.* a pick-pocket, 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
- Burgonet, *sb.* a close-fitting helmet, first used by the Burgundians, 2 H. VI. v. 1; An. and Cl. i. 5.
- Burst, *ph.* broken, Tam. of S. ind. 1.
- Bush, *sb.* a bush of ivy was formerly the sign of a vintner, As You Like It, epil.
- Busky, *adv.* woody, 1 H. IV. v. 1.
- Buss, *sb.* a coarse and wanton kiss, 2 H. IV. ii. 4. *v.t.* to kiss, John, iii. 4.
- But, except, 2 H. IV. v. 3; 2 H. VI. ii. 2.
- Butt, *sb.* a tub; used contemptuously of a vessel, Temp. i. 2.
- Buttery-bar, *sb.* the buttery-hatch, or half-door in the buttery, at which beer is served out from the cellar, Tw. N. i. 3.
- Buttons, *sb.* birds, Ham. i. 3.
- Butt-shaft, *sb.* a blunt arrow, used for shooting at butts, L's L's L. i. 2; R. and J. ii. 4.
- Buxom, *adv.* obedient, complaisant, H. V. iii. 6; Per. prol.
- Buz, buz! a contemptuous interjection, Ham. ii. 2.
- By, *prep.* with reference to, M. of V. ii. 9; All's Well, v. 3; L's L's L. iv. 3.
- By-drinkings, *sb.* drinkings between meals, 1 H. IV. iii. 3.
- By'r lady, by our Lady, Merry Wives, i. 1; Ham. ii. 2; iii. 2; R. III. ii. 3.

By'r'lakin, by our little Lady; a grotesque appeal to the Virgin, Temp. III. 3; M. N's Dr. III. 1.

CADDIS, *sb.* worsted lace or trimming, Wint. T. IV. 2; 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Cade, *sb.* a cask or barrel, 2 H. VI. IV. 2.

Cadent, *adj.* falling, Lear, I. 4.

Cage, *sb.* a temporary prison, lock-up, 2 H. VI. IV. 2.

Cain-coloured, *adj.* red; of the colour of Cain's hair in the miracle plays, Merry Wives, I. 4.

Calitiff, *sb.* a captive, slave; hence, a wretch, All's Well, III. 2; R. III. IV. 4. Used adjectively, R. II. I. 2; R. and J. V. 1.

Cake, my cake is dough = my plans are frustrated, Tam. of S. V. 1.

Calculate, *v.t.* to speculate upon the future, J. C. I. 3.

Caliver, *sb.* a musket, 1 H. IV. IV. 2; 2 II. IV. III. 2.

Call, *sb.* a whistle by which birds are lured, Tam. of S. IV. 1; John, III. 4.

Callat, *sb.* a trull, Wint. T. II. 3; Oth. IV. 2.

Calling, *sb.* appellation, As You Like It, I. 2.

Calm, *sb.* qualm, 2 H. IV. II. 4.

Cambyases vein, a reference to Thomas Preston's play of Cambyases, 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Can, *v.t.* to be able, skilful, Ham. IV. 7. I can no more = I can do no more, Ham. V. 2.

Can = gan = began, L's L's L. IV. 3. Per. III. prol.

Canakin, *sb.* a little can, Oth. II. 3.

Canary, *sb.* a strong sweet wine from the Canary Islands, Tw. N. 1. 3; Merry Wives, III. 2. A lively dance, All's Well, II. 1. *v.t.* to dance canary, L's L's L. III. 1.

Canary = quinary, Merry Wives, II. 2.

Candied, *pp.* sugared over, Ham. III. 2. Frozen, white with frost, Temp. II. 1; Tim. of A. IV. 3.

Candle-mme, *sb.* a magazine of tallow, 2 H. IV. II. 4.

Candle-wasters, *sb.* persons who sit long into the night to study, bookworms, Much Ado, V. 1.

Candy, *adj.* sugared, 1 H. IV. I. 3.

Canker, *sb.* the dog-rose or wild-rose, Much Ado, I. 3. 1 H. IV. I. 3. A worm that destroys blossoms, M. N's Dr. II. 2; Ham. I. 3.

Canker-bit, *adj.* worm-eaten, Lear, V. 3.

Canker bloom, *sb.* the wild-rose, Sonn. LIV.

Canker-blossom, *sb.* the worm which devours the blossoms, M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Canopy, *v.t.* to cover as with a canopy, Sonn. XII. 1; Tw. N. 1. 1.

Caustick, *sb.* candlestick, 1 H. IV. III. 1.

Cantle, *sb.* a piece, slice, 1 H. IV. III. 1; An. and Cl. III. 10.

Canton, *sb.* canto, song, Tw. N. 1. 5.

Canvass, *v.t.* to shake and toss as in a sieve, to take to task, 2 H. IV. II. 4; 1 H. VI. I. 3.

Canzonet, *sb.* a little song, L's L's L. IV. 2.

Capable, *adj.* comprehensive, Oth. III. 3. SCRIBABLE, As You Like It, III. 5. Sensitive, susceptible, Ham. III. 4; Tr. and Cr. III. 3; John, III. 1. Able to possess, Lear, II. 1.

Capitulate, *v.t.* to make terms of agreement, combine, 1 H. IV. III. 2; Cor. V. 3.

Capocchia, *sb.* the feminine of capocchio (Ital.), a simpleton, Tr. and Cr. IV. 2.

Capriccio, *sb.* caprice, fancy, All's Well, II. 3.

Capricious, *adj.* humorous, fantastical; with a pun on *capra*, a goat, As You Like It, III. 3.

Captain, *adj.* chief, prominent, Sonn. LII; LXVI. Captious, *adj.* either a contraction of 'capacious' or an invented word signifying capable of receiving, All's Well, I. 3.

Captivate, *v.t.* to take captive, 3 H. VI. I. 4.

Captived, *pp.* taken captive, H. V. II. 4.

Carack, *sb.* a merchant vessel of large burden, Com. of F. III. 2; Oth. I. 2.

Caraways, *sb.* comfits made with caraway seeds, 2 H. IV. V. 3. Roasted apples sprinkled with caraways are still to be seen at the Audit Feast every year at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Carbonado, *sb.* meat slashed for broiling, 1 H. IV. V. 3; Cor. IV. 5. *v.t.* to slash, hack, All's Well, IV. 5; Lear, II. 2.

Caranet, *sb.* a necklace or wreath of jewels, Com. of F. III. 1; Sonn. III.

Card, *sb.* a chart, map, Macb. I. 3; Ham. V. 1.

A cooling card, whatever be the origin of the expression, denotes a decisive stroke or move, 1 H. VI. V. 3. It is thought to be a cooling mixture, from 'card' to mix. If derived from the game of cards it is difficult to say what 'cooling' means. *v.t.* to mix; used of liquids, 1 H. IV. III. 2.

Card of ten, a card with ten spots or pips, Tam. of S. II. 1.

Cardonally, a blunder for 'carnally,' M. for M. II. 1.

Card-maker, *sb.* one who makes cards for wool-combing, Tam. of S. ind. II.

Care, *v.t.* to take care, Per. I. 2.

Career, *sb.* a course run at full speed, L's L's L. V. 2; Much Ado, V. 1. 'To pass a career is to run a course at full speed.' 'Conclusions passed the careers' may mean, if it have any meaning, the end came very swiftly, Merry Wives, I. 1. In H. V. II. 1 'passes careers' is, perhaps, indulges in sallies of wit.

Careful, *adj.* is not careful = does not care, Tit. And. IV. 4.

Carl, *sb.* peasant, rustic, Cym. V. 2.

Carlot, *sb.* peasant, As You Like It, III. 5.

Carpet consideration, on, of knights who were dubbed for some domestic service at court and not on the field of battle, Tw. N. III. 4.

Carpets, *sb.* table-cloths, Tam. of S. IV. 1.

Carpe-mongers, *sb.* carpet knights, effeminate courtiers, who were more at home on carpets than on the field of battle, Much Ado, V. 2.

Carry coals to perform a degrading service, submit to an indignity, H. V. III. 2; R. and J. I. 1.

Carry-tale, *sb.* a talebearer, L's L's L. V. 2; Ven. and A. 657.

Carry out a side, a phrase at cards. To play the game successfully, Lear, V. 1.

Cart, *sb.* chariot, Ham. III. 2.

Carve, *v.t.* to use a complimentary gesture in carving, Merry Wives, I. 3; L's L's L. V. 2.

Case, *v.t.* to strip off the case or skin of an animal, All's Well III. 6. To put on a mask, 1 H. IV. II. 2. *sb.* the skin of an animal, Tw. N. V. 1. A set, as of musical instruments, which were in four, H. V. III. 2.

Cashiered, *pp.* properly, discarded. In Bardolph's language it probably means relieved of his cash, Merry Wives, I. 1.

Cask, *sb.* casket, 2 H. VI. III. 2.

Casque, *sb.* a helmet, R. II. I. 3; Cor. IV. 7.

Cassock, *sb.* a military cloak, All's Well, iv. 3.
 Cast, *v.t.* to dismiss, Oth. i. 1; ii. 3; v. 2. To empty, M. for M. iii. 1. To cast the water is to ascertain a disease by an inspection of the patient's water, Macb. v. 3. *adj.* cast off, As You Like It, iii. 4.
 Castaway, *sb.* an outcast, R. III. ii. 2; Tit. And. v. 3; Lucr. 744.
 Castilano vulgo, Spanish of Sir Toby's invention, which has no meaning and was intended to have none, Tw. N. i. 3.
 Cat, *sb.* the civet cat, As You Like It, iii. 2; Lear, iii. 4.
 Cataian, *sb.* a native of Cathay, a Chinese; a cant term, Merry Wives, ii. 1; Tw. N. ii. 3.
 Cater-cousins, *sb.* good friends; derived from *quatre cousin*, but without any authority, M. of V. ii. 2.
 Catlings, *sb.* fiddle-strings, made of catgut, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.
 Cat o' mountain, *sb.* a wild cat; probably an ounce or small variety of leopard, Temp. iv. 1; Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Cause, *conj.* because, Macb. iii. 6.
 Cautel, *sb.* deceit, stratagem, Ham. 3; Lover's Compl. 303.
 Cautelous, *adj.* crafty, deceitful, J. C. ii. 1; Cor. iv. 1.
 Cavalero, cavalier, Merry Wives, ii. 3; 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Caviare, *sb.* the roe of the sturgeon, Ham. ii. 2.
 Cease, *sb.* decease, extinction, Ham. iii. 3.
 Ceased, *pp.* put off, stopped, Tim. of A. ii. 1.
 Censer, *sb.* the censers or firepans which were used for burning perfumes had their lids embossed with figures in slight relief, to which the beadle is compared, 2 H. IV. v. 4.
 Censure, *sb.* opinion, judgement, As You Like It, iv. 1; 1 H. VI. ii. 3; R. III. ii. 2. *v.t.* to judge, estimate, Much Ado, ii. 3; John, ii. 1. To pass judgement, Two G. i. 2.
 Century, *sb.* a hundred, Cym. iv. 2. A company of a hundred men, Cor. i. 7; Lear, iv. 4.
 Cerecloth, *sb.* waxed linen, used for shrouds, M. of V. ii. 7.
 Ceremonies, *sb.* external adornments, J. C. i. 1.
 'Cerns, concerns, Tam. of S. v. 1.
 Certainty, *sb.* assurance, All's Well, ii. 1; iii. 6.
 Certes, *adv.* certainly, Temp. ii. 3; Oth. i. 1.
 Cess, *sb.* reckoning, out of all cess = immoderately, 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Cesse, *v.i.* to cease, All's Well, v. 3.
 Chace, *sb.* a term at tennis, H. V. i. 2.
 Chafe, *sb.* anger, An. and Cl. i. 3. *v.t.* to make angry, Two G. iii. 1; Cor. iii. 3. *v.i.* to fret, fume, Merry Wives, v. 3; Macb. iv. 1.
 Chair-days, *sb.* time of repose, 2 H. VI. v. 2.
 Chairs of order, the seats of the knights in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Chaliced, *adj.* cup-shaped, Cym. ii. 3.
 Challenge, *v.t.* to claim as due, R. II. ii. 3; Oth. i. 3. To accuse, Macb. iii. 4.
 Challenger, *sb.* claimant, H. V. ii. 4; Ham. iv. 7.
 Chamber, *sb.* a rendering of the title *camera regis*, which was given to London, R. III. iii. 1.
 Chamberer, *sb.* an effeminate man, Oth. iii. 3.
 Chambers, *sb.* small cannon fired on festal occasions, 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Champain, *sb.* open country, Lear, i. 1; Tw. N. ii. 5.

Champion, *v.t.* to engage in single combat, Macb. iii. 1.
 Changeable, *adj.* of varying colour, like shot silk, Tw. N. ii. 4.
 Channel, *sb.* a gutter, 2 H. IV. ii. 1. *v.t.* to furrow, 1 H. IV. i. 1.
 Chanson, *sb.* a song, Ham. ii. 2.
 Chanticleer, *sb.* the cock, Temp. i. 2; As You Like It, ii. 7.
 Chape, *sb.* the metal end of a scabbard, All's Well, iv. 3.
 Chapeless, *adj.* without a chape, or metal end to the scabbard, Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Chapman, *sb.* a merchant, L's L's L. ii. 1; Tr. and Cr. iv. 1.
 Chaps, *sb.* jaws, Macb. i. 2; John, ii. 1.
 Character, *sb.* a special mark or sign of office, M. for M. v. 1.
 Character, *sb.* handwriting, Ham. iv. 7; Lear, i. 2. *v.t.* to write, inscribe, As You Like It, iii. 2; Ham. i. 3.
 Charactery, *sb.* written characters, Merry Wives, v. 5; J. C. ii. 1.
 Chare, *sb.* a turn of work, An. and Cl. iv. 5; v. 2.
 Charge, *sb.* weight, importance, Wint. T. iv. 4. Cost, expense, John, i. 1; J. C. iv. 1.
 Charges, *sb.* to be at charges for = to be at the expense of, R. III. i. 2.
 Chargeful, *adj.* expensive, Com. of E. iv. 1.
 Charge-house, *sb.* a schoolhouse, L's L's L. v. 1. The origin of the term is not known.
 Chariest, *adj.* most careful and scrupulous, Ham. i. 3.
 Chariness, *sb.* scrupulousness, Merry Wives, ii. 1.
 Charles' wain, *sb.* the Great Bear, 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Charm, *v.t.* to produce as by enchantment, M. N's Dr. iv. 1. To still, bring to silence, Much Ado, v. 1; Oth. v. 2. *sb.* a charmer, An. and Cl. iv. 12.
 Charmer, *sb.* an enchantress, Oth. iii. 4.
 Charming, *adj.* capable of producing fascination, 1 H. VI. v. 3; Cym. i. 3; v. 3.
 Charneco, *sb.* a kind of wine, perhaps so named from Charneca, a village in Portugal, 2 H. VI. ii. 3.
 Chary, *adv.* carefully, Sonn. xxii.
 Chat, *v.t.* to gossip about, Cor. ii. 1.
 Chaudron, *sb.* entrails, Macb. iv. 1.
 Cheapen, *v.t.* to bid for, Much Ado, ii. 3.
 Cheat, *sb.* fraud, Wint. T. iv. 3.
 Cheater, *sb.* an escheator or officer who collected fines due to the Exchequer, Merry Wives, i. 3. A swindler, rogue, 2 H. IV. ii. 4. In the phrase 'tame cheater' there is clearly a reference to the chetah or hunting leopard.
 Check, *v.i.* to start, stop at the sight of game, Tw. N. ii. 5; iii. 1. *v.t.* to rebuke, chide, J. C. iv. 3; Lear, ii. 2. *sb.* rebuke, reproof, Merry Wives, iii. 4; Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Cheer, *sb.* countenance, aspect, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; M. of V. iii. 2. Cheerfulness, R. III. v. 3; Ham. iii. 2. Entertainment, Ham. iii. 2.
 Cheerly, *adv.* cheerfully, As You Like It, ii. 6; R. II. i. 3.
 Cherry pit, *sb.* a childish game in which cherry stones were pitched into a small hole, Tw. N. iii. 4.
 Cherubin, *sb.* a cherub, Temp. i. 2; Macb. i. 7.
 Cheveril, *sb.* leather of kid skin, R. and J. ii. 4. Used as an adjective, Tw. N. iii. 1; H. VIII. ii. 3.

Che vor ye, I warn ye, Lear, iv. 6.
 Chew, *v.i.* to ruminate, J. C. 1. 2.
 Chewet, *sb.* a chough, 1 H. IV. v. 1. There may also be a reference to the other meaning of chewet or chuet, which is a pie of minced meat.
 Chide, *v.t.* to scold, rebuke, Temp. 1. 2; M. N's Dr. iii. 2. Used figuratively, 1 H. IV. iii. 1; H. V. ii. 4. *v.i.* to quarrel, Ven. and A. 46, hence, to cry out in a loud tone, As You Like It, ii. 1; Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
 Chiding, *sb.* used of a loud cry, M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
 Child-changed, changed by his children's conduct, Lear, iv. 7.
 Childed, *p.p.* having children, Lear, iii. 6.
 Childing, *adj.* fruitful, M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
 Childness, *sb.* childish ways, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Chill, I will, Lear, iv. 6.
 Churageonly, *adv.* in a surgeon-like manner, Temp. ii. 1.
 Choler, *sb.* anger, Merry Wives, ii. 3. R. II. 1. 1; Ham. iii. 2.
 Chop, *v.t.* to clap, pop, R. III. 1. 4.
 Chopine, *sb.* a shoe with a high sole, Ham. ii. 2.
 Chopping, *adj.* changing, as putting one word for another, R. II. v. 3. Or, minging.
 Choppy, *adj.* chapped, Ham. 1. 3.
 Chough, *sb.* the jackdaw, Temp. ii. 1; M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
 Christendom, *sb.* Christianity, John, iv. 1. Christian name, appellation, All's Well, 1. 1.
 Christom, *adj.* a corruption of chrism, the white cloth which was put upon a child at baptism. A chrism child was one which died within a month of its birth, H. V. ii. 3.
 Chuck, *sb.* chick, a term of endearment, Tw. N. iii. 4; Macb. iii. 2.
 Chud, I would, Lear, iv. 6.
 Chuff, *sb.* a churl, boor, 1 H. IV. ii. 2. Cotgrave has 'Marrouffe . . . a rich churle, or fat chuffe.'
 Churchman, *sb.* an ecclesiastic, Merry Wives, ii. 3; Tw. N. iii. 1.
 Churl, *sb.* a niggard, miser, R. and J. v. 3; Sonn. 1.
 Churlish, *adj.* niggardly, As You Like It, ii. 4.
 Cicatrice, *sb.* a scar, All's Well, ii. 1. Cor. ii. 1; As You Like It, iii. 5.
 Cicester, Cirencester, R. II. v. 6. The old spelling is Cicester.
 Cide, *v.t.* to decide, Sonn. xlvii.
 Cinque pace, *sb.* a slow stately dance, Much Ado, ii. 1; Tw. N. 1. 3.
 Cinque-spotted, *adj.* having five spots, Cym. ii. 2.
 Cipher, *v.t.* to decipher, Lucr. 207, 81.
 Circle, *sb.* crown, John, v. 1; An. and Cl. iii. 12.
 Compass, As You Like It, v. 4; John, v. 2.
 Ciled, *adj.* round, R. and J. ii. 2.
 Circle, *sb.* circle, crown, 2 H. VI. iii. 1. Ensurge, Ven. and A. 230.
 Circummed, *p.p.* walled about, M. for M. iv. 1.
 Circumstance, *sb.* particulars, details, detailed argument, John, ii. 1; R. III. 1. 2; Two G. 1. Ceremonious phrases, M. of V. 1. 1; Ham. 1. 5. Accidental occurrence, Wint. T. iii. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
 Circumstanced, *p.p.* influenced by circumstances, Oth. iii. 4.
 Cl, *sb.* recital, account, 1 H. IV. v. 2.
 Cl, *v.t.* to incite, urge, Two G. ii. 4; 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
 Clizen, *adj.* town-bred, Cym. iv. 2.

Cittern, *sb.* a guitar, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Civil, *adj.* orderly, decorous, Tw. N. 1. 4; iii. 4; An. and Cl. v. 1. A civil doctor is a doctor of civil law, M. of V. v. 1.
 Civilly, *adv.* decorously, An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Clack-dish, *sb.* a wooden dish with a cover carried by beggars, M. for M. iii. 2.
 Clamour, *v.t.* to still, silence, Wint. T. iv. 4. A word of doubtful origin.
 Clap 1' the clout, to hit the bull's eye, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Clap, *v.p.* to pledge oneself by clapping hands, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Clap into, to stuke into, set about, M. for M. iv. 3; As You Like It, v. 3.
 Clapped, *p.p.* applauded, Ham. ii. 2.
 Clapper-claw, *v.t.* to thrash, drub, Merry Wives, ii. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 4.
 Claw, *v.t.* to scratch, flatter, Much Ado, 1. 3.
 Clean, *adv.* entirely, J. C. 1. 3; Oth. 1. 3.
 Cleanly, *adv.* completely, quite, Ven. and A. 694; Tit. And. ii. 1.
 Clean-timbered, *adj.* well built, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Clear, *adj.* pure, innocent, Temp. iii. 3; Macb. 1. 7.
 Clearness, *sb.* freedom from suspicion, Macb. iii. 1.
 Clear-stories, *sb.* rows of upper windows in halls and churches, Tw. N. iv. 2.
 Cleave to, to adhere, cling closely to, Macb. 1. 3; ii. 1. To follow closely, Temp. iv. 1.
 Cleft, *adj.* divided, twofold, Lover's Compl. 293.
 Clepe, *v.t.* to call, L's L's L. v. 1; Ham. 1. 4; Ven. and A. 995.
 Clefs, *sb.* clef, the key in music, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Climate, *sb.* region of the earth or sky, R. II. iv. 1. John, ii. 1. *v.t.* to dwell, Wint. T. v. 1.
 Climates, *sb.* inhabitants of the same climate or region, Ham. 1. 1.
 Cling, *v.t.* to shivel up, Macb. v. 5.
 Clinqant, *adj.* sparkling with gold or silver lace, H. VIII. 1. 1.
 Clipp, *v.t.* to embrace, unfold, Ven. and A. 600; Cor. 1. 6; John, v. 2.
 Cloister, *sb.* a nunnery, M. for M. 1. 2; M. N's Dr. 1. 1. The covered walk, which was an essential part of a religious house. Two G. 1. 3. *v.t.* to shut up in a cloister, R. II. v. 1.
 Cloistered, *adj.* belonging to a cloister, secluded, solitary, Macb. iii. 2.
 Close, *sb.* a cadence in music, R. II. ii. 1; H. V. 1. 2. *adj.* secret, Macb. iii. 5; John, iv. 2. R. III. iv. 2. *v.t.* to come to an agreement, make terms, Two G. ii. 5; M. for M. v. 1.
 Closely, *adv.* secretly, John, iv. 1. R. III. iii. 1; Ham. iii. 1.
 Closeness, *sb.* retirement, privacy, Temp. 1. 2.
 Closure, *sb.* enclosure, R. III. iii. 3. Closing, ending, Tit. And. v. 3.
 Clothier-yard, A cloth-yard shaft was a term for the old English arrow, Lear, iv. 6.
 Cloud, *sb.* a spot, An. and Cl. iii. 2.
 Clouded, *p.p.* spotted, stained, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Cloudy, *adj.* gloomy, sullen, Temp. ii. 1; Macb. iii. 6.
 Clout, *sb.* the bull's eye of a target, L's L's L. iv. 1; 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Clouted, *adj.* hobnailed, 2 H. VI. iv. 2; Cym. iv. 2.
 Cloy, *v.t.* to stroke with a claw, Cym. v. 4.

Cloyless, *adj.* not cloying, An. and Cl. II. 1.
 Cloyment, *sb.* satiety, Tw. N. II. 4.
 Clubs! a cry to the bystanders to separate the combatants in an affray. Clubs were the weapons of the London 'prentices, and as commonly used in causing as in quelling a combat, As You Like It, v. 2. R. and J. I. 1.
 Clutch, *v.t.* to clench, close tightly, John, II. 1.
 Coagulate, *adj.* clotted, Ham. II. 2.
 Coals, carry. See Carry.
 Coast, *v.t.* to advance by an indirect course, like a vessel that hugs the shore, Ven. and A. 870.
 Coat, *sb.* coat of arms, armorial bearings, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 *Cobloaf, *sb.* a crusty ill-shapen loaf, Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
 Cock, *sb.* a cockboat, Lear, IV. 6. A weathercock, Lear, III. 2. A euphemism for 'God,' Ham. IV. 5; Tam. of S. IV. 1.
 Cock and pie, by, a petty oath, the latter part of which is thought to be derived from the service book of the Romish Church, but without any great probability. It is perhaps only a vulgar supplement to the former, Merry Wives, I. 1; 2 H. IV. v. 1.
 Cockatrice, *sb.* a fabulous serpent, the glance of whose eye was deadly, Tw. N. III. 4; R. III. IV. 1.
 Cockerel, *v.t.* pampered, John, v. 1.
 Cockle, *sb.* corn cockle, the *agrostemma githago* of botanists, L's L's L. IV. 3; Cor. III. 1. Not the same as daniel. A cockle shell, Tam. of S. IV. 3; Per. IV. 4. Used adjectively, Ham. IV. 5.
 Cockled, *adj.* enclosed in a shell, L's L's L. IV. 3.
 Cockney, *sb.* a city-bred person, a foolish wanton, Tw. N. IV. 1; Lear, II. 4.
 Cock-a-hoop, to set, to indulge in excessive jollity, R. and J. I. 5.
 Cockshut time, twilight; when the net called a cockshut is spread for catching birds, R. III. v. 3.
 Cod, *sb.* a pod, As You Like It, II. 4.
 Coddling, *adj.* lascivious, Tit. And. v. 1.
 Coffin, *sb.* the crust of a raised pie, Tit. And. v. 2.
 Cog, *v.t.* to cheat, R. III. 1. 3. *v.t.* to get by cheating, Cor. III. 2.
 Cognizance, *sb.* a badge, 1 H. VI. II. 4; J. C. II. 2.
 Coign, *sb.* a corner-stone, Macb. I. 6; Cor. v. 4.
 Coil, *sb.* turmoil, confusion, Temp. I. 2; John, II. 1. With a reference to the other meaning of the word, Ham. III. 1.
 Colleagued, *p.p.* leagued, Ham. I. 2.
 Collect, *v.t.* to gather, infer, 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Collection, *sb.* inference, conclusion, Ham. IV. 5; v. 2; Cym. v. 5.
 Collied, *p.p.* blackened, darkened, M. N's Dr. I. 1; Oth. II. 3.
 Collup, *sb.* a slice of flesh, Wint. T. I. 2; 1 H. VI. v. 4.
 Colocynthis, *sb.* colocynth, Oth. I. 3.
 Colour, *sb.* pretext, Lucr. 267; An. and Cl. I. 3. Bear no colour = allow of no excuse, J. C. II. 1. To fear no colours = to fear no enemy; hence, to be afraid of nothing, Tw. N. I. 5; 2 H. IV. v. 5.
 Colourable, *adj.* specious, plausible, L's L's L. IV. 2.
 Colt, *sb.* a raw, untrained youth, M. of V. I. 2. *v.t.* to play the fool with, gull, 1 H. IV. II. 2.

Combinate, *adj.* betrothed, contracted, M. for M. III. 1.
 Combine, *v.t.* to bind, M. for M. IV. 3; As You Like It, v. 4.
 Combustious, *adj.* combustible, Ven. and A. 1162.
 Come by, to get, acquire, Temp. II. 1; M. of V. I. 1.
 Come near, to come to the point, speak plainly, Tw. N. II. 5. 1 H. IV. I. 2; R. and J. I. 5.
 Come off, to come down with money, pay, Merry Wives, IV. 3.
 Come tardy off = uttered with hesitation, Ham. III. 2.
 Comfect, *sb.* comfit, Much Ado, IV. 1.
 Comfortable, *adj.* helpful, All's Well, I. 1; Lucr. 164. Cheerful, As You Like It, II. 6; Cor. I. 3.
 Comforting, *p.p.* strengthening, assisting, Lear, III. 5; Wint. T. II. 3.
 Coming-in, *sb.* income, M. of V. II. 2; H. V. IV. 1.
 Coming-on, *adj.* compliant, As You Like It, IV. 1.
 Comma, used apparently to denote the smallest possible break or separation, Ham. v. 2.
 Commandment, *sb.* command, Cor. II. 3; John, v. 2. At commandment = at pleasure, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Commence, *v.t.* to make a beginning upon, 2 H. IV. IV. 3. A graduate at Cambridge was said to 'commence' B. A. or M. A. when he began to enjoy the full privileges of his degree.
 Commend, *v.t.* to commit, deliver, L's L's L. III. 1; Lear, II. 4.
 Comment, *sb.* power of observation, Ham. III. 2.
 Commingled, *p.p.* mingled, tempered, Ham. III. 2.
 Commission, *sb.* warrant, authority, R. and J. IV. 1.
 Commit, *v.t.* to indulge unlawful love, Lear, III. 4.
 Commix, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to mingle Lover's Compl. 28; Cym. IV. 2.
 Commixion, *sb.* mixture, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Commixture, *sb.* mixture, composition, L's L's L. v. 2; 3 H. VI. II. 2.
 Commodity, *sb.* interest, advantage, John, II. 1; M. of V. III. 3. Cargo of merchandize, M. for M. IV. 3; Tw. N. III. 1.
 Commoner, *sb.* a prostitute, All's Well, v. 3; Oth. IV. 2.
 Commutual, *adv.* mutually, Ham. III. 2.
 Comonty, Sly's version of comedy, Tam. of S. ind. 2.
 Compact, *adj.* composed, M. N's Dr. v. 1; As You Like It, II. 7. Confederate, M. for M. v. 1; Lear, II. 2.
 Companion, *sb.* fellow; used contemptuously, Merry Wives, III. 1; M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Company, *sb.* companion, All's Well, IV. 3; M. N's Dr. I. 1; H. V. I. 1.
 Comparative, *adj.* fertile in comparisons, 1 H. IV. I. 2. *sb.* a rival in wit, 1 H. IV. III. 2.
 Compare, *sb.* comparison, Tw. N. II. 4; Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Compassed, *adj.* arched, round, Ven. and A. 272; Tam. of S. IV. 3; Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
 Compassion, *v.t.* to pity, Tit. And. IV. 1.
 Compassionate, *adj.* moving compassion, indulging in lamentation, R. II. I. 3.
 Compeer, *v.t.* to equal, Lear, v. 3. *v.t.* 111. 2.
 Competitor, *sb.* a confederate, Tw. N. III. 4.

Complain, *v.t.* to utter complainingly, *Lucr.* 1839; *R. II.* iii. 4.
 Complain of, to complain of good breeding is to lament the want of it, *As You Like It*, iii. 2.
 Complement, *sb.* outward demeanour, *H. V.* ii. 2.
 Complexion, *sb.* temperament, *Ham.* i. 4.
 Complices, *sb.* accomplices, confederates, *R. II.* ii. 3; *2 H. IV.* i. 1.
 Complimental, *adj.* courteous, *Tr.* and *Cr.* iii. 1.
 Complot, *sb.* plot, *2 H. VI.* iii. 1; *R. III.* iii. 1.
 Comply, *v.t.* to use ceremony, *Ham.* ii. 2; *v. 2*
 Compose, *v.t.* to come to agreement, *An.* and *Cl.* ii. 2.
 Composition, *sb.* agreement, consistency, *Oth.* i. 3.
 Composture, *sb.* comp'st, *Tim.* of *A.* iv. 3.
 Composure, *sb.* composition, *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 3; *An.* and *Cl.* i. 4. Compact, *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 3.
 Compromised, *pp.* mutually agreed, *M.* of *V.* i. 3.
 Compt, *sb.* account, reckoning, *All's Well*, v. 3; *Macb.* i. 6.
 Comptible, *adj.* susceptible, sensitive, *Tw. N.* i. 5.
 Compulsatory, *adj.* compulsive, constraining, *Ham.* i. 1.
 Compulsive, *adj.* impelling, *Ham.* iii. 4; *Oth.* iii. 3.
 Compunctious, *adj.* troubling the conscience, *Macb.* i. 5.
 Con, *v.t.* to study, learn by heart, *M. N's Dr.* i. 2; *Tw. N.* ii. 3. To con thanks=to be thankful, *All's Well*, iv. 3; *Tim.* of *A.* iv. 3.
 Conceit, *sb.* fancy, imagination, *As You Like It*, ii. 6; *Ham.* iii. 4; iv. 5; *Lear*, iv. 6. Intelligence, mental capacity, *As You Like It* v. 2. A fanciful device, *M. N's Dr.* i. 1. *v.t.* to form a conception, *Oth.* iii. 3. Used transitively in *J. C.* i. 3; iii. 1.
 Conceited, *pp.* possessed with an idea, *Tw. N.* iii. 4. Full of fancy or imagination, *Wint. T.* iv. 4; *Lucr.* 1371.
 Conceitless, *adj.* witless, *Two G.* iv. 2.
 Conceptions, *adj.* capable of conceiving, *Tim.* of *A.* iv. 3.
 Concernancy, *sb.* import, *Ham.* v. 2.
 Concerning, *sb.* concern, affair, *M.* for *M.* i. 1; *Ham.* iii. 4.
 Conclude, *v.t.* to be decisive, *John.* i. 1.
 Conclusion, *sb.* an experiment, *Ham.* iii. 4; *An.* and *Cl.* v. 2; *Lucr.* 1160. In *An.* and *Cl.* iv. 15 it seems to mean resolution, settled demeanour. Others interpret it of the power of drawing inferences.
 Concolinel, a nonsense word in singing, *L's L's L.* iii. 1.
 Concupiscible, *adj.* lustful, *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
 Concupy, *sb.* perhaps for concupiscence, *Tr.* and *Cr.* v. 2.
 Condition=on condition, *Tr.* and *Cr.* i. 2. *sb.* rank, *H. V.* iv. 3; *Temp.* iii. 1. Character, disposition, *M.* of *V.* i. 2; *R. III.* iv. 4.
 Condole, *v.t.* to mourn for, *H. V.* ii. 1.
 Condolement, *sb.* lamentation, *Ham.* i. 2. Consolation, *Per.* ii. 1.
 Conduce, *v.t.* to tend to come about, *Tr.* and *Cr.* v. 2. A doubtful word.
 Conduct, *sb.* a guide, *Temp.* v. 1; *R. II.* iv. 1.
 Escort, *M.* of *V.* iv. 1; *R. N.* iii. 4.
 Confidence, a blunder for 'conference,' *Merry Wives*, i. 4; *Much Ado*, iii. 5; *R.* and *J.* ii. 4.

Confine, *sb.* a bound, limit to which anything is confined, *Temp.* iv. 1; *Ham.* i. 1. A prison, *Ham.* ii. 2.
 Confineless, *adj.* boundless, *Macb.* iv. 3.
 Confiners, *sb.* borderers, *Cym.* iv. 2.
 Confirmity, blunder for 'infirmity,' *2 H. IV.* ii. 4.
 Confixed, *pp.* fixed, *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
 Conflux, *sb.* confluence, *Tr.* and *Cr.* i. 3.
 Confound, *v.t.* to waste, *1 H. IV.* i. 5; *Cor.* i. 6; *H. V.* iii. 1. To destroy, *M.* of *V.* iii. 2.
 Congest, *v.t.* to heap up, *Lower's Compl.* 258.
 Congied, *pp.* taken leave, *All's Well*, iv. 3.
 Congreering, *pp.* agreeing, *H. V.* i. 2.
 Congreeted, *pp.* greeted, *H. V.* v. 2.
 Congratiate, *sb.* a person, *Much Ado*, iv. 1; *Ham.* iv. 5.
 Conjoint, *adj.* closely united, *Lear*, ii. 2; *v. 1*.
 Conjunctive, *adj.* united, *Oth.* i. 3.
 Conjunction, *sb.* incantation, *2 H. VI.* i. 2; *Oth.* i. 3. Entreaty, solemn appeal, *R. II.* iii. 2; *R.* and *J.* v. 3; *Ham.* v. 2.
 Conscience, *sb.* inmost thoughts, *H. V.* iv. 1; *Wint. T.* iii. 2.
 Conscionable, *adj.* conscientious, *Oth.* ii. 1.
 Consent, *sb.* agreement, plot, *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Consequently, *adv.* accordingly, *Tw. N.* iii. 4. In consequence, *John.* iv. 2; *R. II.* i. 1.
 Conserve, *v.t.* to preserve, *M.* for *M.* iii. 1.
 Consider, *v.t.* to requite, reward, *Wint. T.* iv. 2; *iv. 4*; *Cym.* ii. 3.
 Considerance, *sb.* consideration, *2 H. IV.* v. 2.
 Considered, *adj.* deliberate, *Ham.* ii. 2.
 Considering, *sb.* consideration, *H. VIII.* ii. 4; *iii. 2*.
 Consign, *v.t.* to allot, assign, *Tr.* and *Cr.* iv. 4. *v.t.* to sign in token of agreement, *H. V.* v. 2.
 Consist, *v.t.* to insist, *2 H. IV.* iv. 1; *Per.* i. 4.
 Console, *v.t.* to console, *All's Well*, iii. 2.
 Consort, *sb.* company, fellowship, *Two G.* iv. 2; *Lear*, ii. 1. *v.t.* to accompany, attend, *Com.* of *E.* i. 2; *J. C.* v. 1.
 Spectuities, *sb.* powers of vision, *Cor.* ii. 1.
 Conspirant, *adj.* conspiring, *Lear*, v. 3.
 Constancy, *sb.* consistency, *M. N's Dr.* v. 1.
 Constant, *adj.* consistent, *Tw. N.* iv. 2. Steady, *Temp.* ii. 2; *J. C.* iii. 1.
 Constantly, *adv.* firmly, surely, *M.* for *M.* iv. 1; *Tr.* and *Cr.* iv. 1.
 Construe, *v.t.* to interpret, *Tw. N.* iii. 1.
 Consul, *sb.* senator, *Oth.* i. 1, i. 2; *Cym.* iv. 2.
 Contain, *v.t.* to restrain oneself, *Tim.* of *A.* ii. 2; *Tr.* and *Cr.* v. 2. *v.t.* to keep, retain, *M.* of *V.* v. 1.
 Containing, *sb.* contents, *Cym.* v. 5.
 Contemptible, *adj.* contemptuous, scornful, *Much Ado*, ii. 3.
 Contemptuous, *adj.* contemptible, *2 H. VI.* i. 3.
 Content, *adj.* be content = be calm, restrain yourself, *J. C.* i. 3; *iv. 2*.
 Contentless, *adj.* discontented, *Tim.* of *A.* iv. 3.
 Contestation, *sb.* contention, *An.* and *Cl.* ii. 2.
 Continent, *sb.* that which contains, *Ham.* iv. 4; *Lear*, iii. 2; *M. N's Dr.* ii. 1. Abstract, inventory, *M.* of *V.* iii. 2; *Ham.* v. 2.
 Continue, *adj.* uninterrupted, *Tim.* of *A.* i. 1; *Oth.* iii. 4.
 Contracting, *sb.* betrothal, *M.* for *M.* iii. 2.
 Contraction, *sb.* the making of the marriage contract, *Ham.* iii. 4.
 Contrarious, *adj.* contrary, *1 H. IV.* v. 1. Contradictory, *M.* for *M.* iv. 1.

- Contrary, *v.t.* to thwart, oppose, R. and J. i. 5.
 Contrive, *v.t.* to wear out, spend, Tam. of S. i. 2.
 To conspire, J. C. ii. 3.
 Contriver, *sb.* a schemer, plotter, J. C. ii. 1; Macb. iii. 5.
 Control, *sb.* constraint, John. i. 1. *v.t.* to check, confute, contradict, Temp. i. 2.
 Controller, *sb.* restrainer, 2 H. VI. iii. 2; Tit. And. ii. 3.
 Contolment, *sb.* constraint, restraint, John. i. 1; Much Ado, i. 3.
 Convenient, *adj.* suitable, becoming, Cor. i. 5; Lear, iv. 5; M. of V. iii. 4.
 Convent, *v.t.* to summon, M. for M. v. 1; Cor. ii. 2; Tw. N. v. 1.
 Conventicle, *sb.* a secret assembly, 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Conversation, *sb.* behaviour, conduct, Merry Wives, ii. 1; Oth. iii. 3.
 Conversion, *sb.* changed condition, As You Like It, iv. 3; John. i. 1.
 Convert, *v.t.* to change, Lucr. 592; Tim. of A. iv. 1.
 Convertite, *sb.* a penitent, Lucr. 743; As You Like It, v. 4; John. v. 1.
 Convey, *v.t.* to manage secretly, Macb. iv. 3; Lear, i. 2. To steal, Merry Wives, i. 3. *v.t.* to pass oneself off, H. V. i. 2.
 Conveyance, *sb.* crafty contrivance, Much Ado, ii. 1; 3 H. VI. iii. 3.
 Conveyers, *sb.* tricksters, cheaters, R. II. iv. 1.
 Convict, *p.p.* convicted, R. III. i. 4.
 Convicted, *adj.* defeated, John. iii. 4.
 Convince, *v.t.* to overpower, defeat, Macb. i. 7; iv. 3. To convict, Tr. and Cr. ii. 4.
 Convoke, *v.t.* to feast together, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Convoy, *sb.* escort, means of conveyance, All's Well, iv. 3; iv. 4.
 Cony, *sb.* a rabbit, Ven. and A. 687; As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Cony-catch, *v.t.* to cheat, Merry Wives, i. 1; i. 3.
 Cony-catched, *p.p.* cheated, Tam. of S. v. 1.
 Cony-catching, *sb.* cheating, practical joking, Tam. of S. iv. 1.
 Copatain hat, a high-crowned hat. Tam. of S. v. 1.
 Cope, *sb.* the firmament, Per. iv. 6. *v.t.* to requite, M. of V. iv. 1.
 Copemate, *sb.* companion, Lucr. 925.
 Copped, *adj.* round-topped, Per. i. 1.
 Copulatives, *sb.* persons desiring to be coupled in marriage, As You Like It, v. 4.
 Copy, *sb.* theme, text, Com. of E. v. 1. Tenure a copyhold being held by copy of court roll, Macb. iii. 2.
 Coragio (Ital.), courage! Temp. v. 1; All's Well, ii. 5.
 Coram = quorum, Merry Wives, i. 1. 'A Justice of the Peace and Quorum is one without whom the rest of the Justices in some cases cannot proceed.'—(overl.)
 Coranto, *sb.* a quick, lively dance, All's Well, ii. 3; Tw. N. i. 3.
 Cornith, said to be a cant term for a brothel, Tim. ii. 2.
 Corinthian, *sb.* a wench, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Cor-ival, *v.t.* to vie with, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Corky, *adj.* shrivelled, Lear, iii. 7.
 Cornuto, *sb.* a cuckold, Merry Wives, iii. 5.
 Corollary, *sb.* a supernumerary, Temp. iv. 1.
 Corporal, *adj.* bodily, M. for M. iii. 1; J. C. iv. 1. Material, substantial, Macb. i. 3.
 Corporal of the field, a kind of adjutant, under the quarter-master-general, L's L's L. iii. 1.
 Corpse, corpses, 1 H. IV. i. 1; 2 H. IV. i. 1.
 Correctioner, *sb.* one who administers correction, a beadle, 2 H. IV. v. 2.
 Correspondent, *adj.* answerable, obedient, Temp. i. 2.
 Corresponsive, *adj.* corresponding, Tr. and Cr. prol.
 Corrigible, *adj.* submissive to correction, An. and Cl. iv. 14. Corrective, Oth. i. 3.
 Corrival, *sb.* rival, 1 H. IV. i. 3.
 Corroborate, a nonsense word used by Pistol, H. V. ii. 1.
 Corrosive, *sb.* a biting or fretting remedy, 2 H. VI. iii. 2. *adj.* corrosive, 1 H. VI. iii. 3.
 Corruptly, *adv.* corruptively, so as to be corrupted, John. v. 7.
 Corslet, *sb.* cuirass, Cor. v. 4.
 Costard, *sb.* properly, an apple; ludicrously used for the head, Merry Wives, iii. 1; Lear, iv. 6.
 Costermonger, *adj.* paltry. A costermonger, or costardmonger, was a small street trader; hence, a petty trafficker, 2 H. IV. i. 2.
 Co-supreme, *sb.* an equal in supremacy, Phoenix 51.
 Cot-quean, *sb.* a man who busies himself in women's affairs, R. and J. iv. 4.
 Cote, *v.t.* to come up with, pass on the way, Ham. ii. 2. *sb.* cot, cottage, As You Like It, ii. 4; iii. 2.
 Couch, *v.t.* to make to couch and lie close, Lucr. 507.
 Couchings, *sb.* crouchings, howings, J. C. iii. 1.
 Countenance, *sb.* favour, patronage, Ham. iv. 2; Cor. v. 6.
 Counter, *adv.* to run or hunt counter is to follow the trace of the game backwards, Com. of E. iv. 2; 1 H. IV. i. 2. *sb.* a metal disk used in calculations, As You Like It, ii. 7; Wint. T. iv. 3; J. C. iv. 3.
 Counter-caster, *sb.* a reckoner, arithmetician, Oth. i. 1.
 Counterchange, *sb.* exchange, Cym. v. 5.
 Countercheck, *sb.* check, rebuff, John. ii. 1; As You Like It, v. 4.
 Counterfeit, *sb.* portrait, M. of V. iii. 2. A spurious coin, John iii. 1; 1 H. IV. ii. 4. *adj.* imitative. A 'counterfeit presentment' is a portrait, Ham. iii. 4.
 Counterfeitedly, *adv.* feignedly, Cor. ii. 3.
 Counter-gate, *sb.* the counter was the name of two prisons belonging to the Sheriffs of London, one in the Poultry, and the other in Wood Street, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Countermand, *v.t.* to contradict, Lucr. 276. To prohibit, keep in check, Com. of E. iv. 2.
 Counterpoint, *sb.* a counterpane, Tam. of S. ii. 1.
 Counter-sealed, *p.p.* sealed in duplicate, Cor. v. 3.
 Countervail, *v.t.* to counterbalance, outweigh, R. and J. ii. 6.
 Country, *adj.* belonging to one's country, Oth. iii. 3; Cym. i. 4.
 County, *sb.* a count, Much Ado, ii. 1; Tw. N. i. 5.
 Complement, *sb.* a union, Sonn. xxi. A pair, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Courage, *sb.* disposition, temperament, Cor. iii. iv. 1; 3 H. VI. ii. 2; Tim. of A. iii. 3.

- Course, *sb.* the attack of the dogs in bear-baiting, Macb. v. 7; Lear, III. 7.
- Courses, *sb.* the principal sails of a ship, Temp. I. 1.
- Courser's hair. A horse's hair laid in water was believed to turn into a serpent, An. and Cl. I. 2.
- Court-cupboard, a sideboard, R. and J. I. 5.
- Court of guard, a guard-house, 1 H. VI. II. 1; Oth. II. 1; II. 3; An. and Cl. IV. 9.
- Court holy water, flattery, Lear, III. 2.
- Courtier, *sb.* a wooer, An. and Cl. II. 6.
- Courtship, *sb.* courtly manners, 1's L's L. v. 2; 2 H. VI. I. 3.
- Cousin, *sb.* any one not in the first degree of relationship. Used of a nephew, John, III. 3. A niece, Tw. N. I. 3. An uncle, Tw. N. I. 5. A brother-in-law, 1 H. IV. III. 1. And a grandchild, John, III. 3.
- Covent, *sb.* convent, M. for M. IV. 3; H. VIII. IV. 2.
- Cover, *v.t.* to lay the table for dinner, M. of V. III. 5.
- Coverture, *sb.* cover, shelter, Much Ado, III. 1. Covering, Cor. I. 9.
- Covetousness, *sb.* eager desire, John, IV. 2.
- Cowardship, *sb.* cowardice, Tw. N. III. 4.
- Cowish, *adj.* cowardly, Lear, v. 2.
- Cowl-staff, *sb.* a staff or pole used for carrying a tub or basket borne by two persons, Merry Wives, III. 3.
- Coxcomb, *sb.* a fool's cap, which was ornamented with a cock's comb, Merry Wives, v. 5; Lear, I. 4.
- Cox my passion, a euphemism for 'God's passion,' All's Well, v. 2. See Tam. of S. IV. 1.
- Coy, *v.t.* to fondle, caress, M. N's Dr. IV. 1.
- v.i.* to disdain, Cor. v. 1.
- Coysril, *sb.* a groom, Tw. N. I. 3.
- Cozen, *v.t.* to cheat, Merry Wives, v. 5; M. of V. II. 9.
- Cozenage, *sb.* deceit, Merry Wives, IV. 5; Ham. v. 2.
- Cozener, *sb.* a cheater, 1 H. IV. I. 3; Lear, IV. 6.
- Cozier, a botcher, cobbler, Tw. N. II. 3.
- Crab, *sb.* a wild apple, Temp. II. 2; M. N's Dr. II. 1.
- Crack, *v.t.* to boast, L's I's L. IV. 3. *sb.* an urchin, 2 H. IV. III. 2; Cor. I. 3. The change of the voice on entering manhood, Cym. IV. 2.
- Cracked within the ring. If the crack in a coin extended to the inner circle enclosing the sovereign's head, the coin was worthless, Ham. II. 4.
- Cracker, *sb.* a boaster, John, II. 1.
- Crack-hemp, *sb.* a rogue who deserves hanging, Tam. of S. v. 1.
- Craft, *v.t.* have crafted fair=have made nice work of it, Cor. IV. 6.
- Craftsmen, *sb.* mechanics, R. II. I. 4.
- Crank, *sb.* a winding passage, Cor. I. 1. *v.t.* to wind crookedly, twist, Ven. and A. 682; 1 H. IV. III. 1.
- Crants, *sb.* a garland, chaplet, Ham. v. 1.
- Crare, *sb.* a small vessel or fishing-boat, Cym. IV. 2.
- Craven, *v.t.* to make cowardly, Cym. III. 4. *sb.* a beaten cock, Tam. of S. II. 1.
- Crazed, *adj.* damaged, having a flaw in it, M. N's Dr. I. 1.
- Cream, *v.t.* to form a covering on the surface like cream, M. of V. I. 1.
- Create, *p.p.* created, M. N's Dr. v. 1; John, IV. 1.
- Credent, *adj.* credulous, Ham. I. 3. Credible, Wint. T. I. 2. A credent bulk=a mass of credit, M. for M. IV. 4.
- Credit, *sb.* belief, current opinion, Tw. N. IV. 3.
- Crescent, *adj.* increasing, Ham. I. 3; An. and Cl. II. 1.
- Crescive, *adj.* growing, having the power of growth, H. V. I. 1.
- Cressets, *sb.* baskets of fire carried at the end of poles, and serving as portable beacons, 1 H. IV. III. 1.
- Crest, *v.t.* to form the crest of, An. and Cl. v. 2.
- Crestless, *adj.* not entitled to bear a heraldic crest, 1 H. VI. II. 4.
- Crisp, *adj.* curled, Temp. IV. 1; 1 H. IV. I. 3.
- Critic, *sb.* a censorer, Cym. Tr. and Cl. v. 2.
- Critical, *adj.* censorious, cynical, Oth. II. 1; M. N's Dr. v. 1.
- Crone, *sb.* an old woman, Wint. T. II. 3.
- Crop, *v.t.* to yield a crop, An. and Cl. II. 2.
- Cross, *sb.* money, so called because stamped with a cross, As You Like It, II. 4; 2 H. IV. I. 2.
- Crossed, *p.p.* furnished with crosses or money, Tim. of A. I. 2.
- Cross-gartered, *adj.* wearing the garter above and below the knee, so as to be crossed at the back of the leg Tw. N. II. 5.
- Cross-gartering, *sb.* wearing the garter crossed, Tw. N. III. 4.
- Cross-row, *sb.* the alphabet, R. III. I. 1.
- Crow flowers, *sb.* the commoner kinds of ranunculus, Ham. IV. 7.
- Crow-keeper, *sb.* a boy whose business it was to keep the crows from the corn, R. and J. I. 4; Lear, IV. 6.
- Crowner, *sb.* coroner, Tw. N. I. 5; Ham. v. 1.
- Crownet, *sb.* coronet, Tr. and Cr. prol.; An. and Cl. IV. 12; v. 2.
- Crudy, *adj.* raw, crude, 2 H. IV. IV. 3.
- Cruel garters, a pun on 'cruel' and 'cruel' or 'worsted,' Lear, II. 4.
- Crusado, *sb.* a Portuguese gold coin worth between 6s. and 7s., Oth. III. 4.
- Crush, *v.t.* to crush a cup is equivalent to cracking a bottle, R. and J. I. 2.
- Cry, *sb.* a pick, M. N's Dr. IV. 1, Cor. III. 3. Report, Oth. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. III. 3. *v.t.* Cried in the top of mine=loudly exceeded mine, Ham. II. 2. Cried out in the top of question=shouted at the top of their voices, Ham. II. 2.
- Cry aim. See Aim.
- Cry on, to cry aloud, R. III. v. 3; Ham. v. 2; Oth. v. 1.
- Cub-drawn, *adj.* sucked dry by cubs, Lear, III. 1.
- Cubiculo, bedroom, Tw. N. III. 2.
- Cuckoo-buds, *sb.* some species of ranunculus or crowfoot, but it is not certain which, L's L's I. v. 2.
- Cuckoo-flower, called also ladies' smock and wild water-cress, *Cardamine pratensis*, Lear, IV. 4.
- Cudgelled, *p.p.* beaten by a cudgel, H. V. v. 1.
- Cue, *sb.* a catchword; the signal to a player to be ready with his part, Merry Wives, III. 3; M. N's Dr. III. 1. Used figuratively, Ham. II. 2; Oth. I. 2.
- Cuisses, *sb.* armour for the thighs, 1 H. IV. IV. 1.
- Culhoun, *sb.* a base fellow, H. V. III. 2; 2 H. VI. I. 3.

- Cullionly, *adj.* base, mean, Lear, II. 2.
 Culverin, *sb.* a kind of cannon, 1 H. IV. II. 3.
 Cunning, *sb.* knowledge, skill, power, Oth. III. 3; Temp. III. 2; Ham. II. 2. *adj.* knowing, skilful, Tw. N. I. 5. Ham. III. 4. Skilfully wrought, R. II. I. 3. Oth. v. 2.
 Cupboard, *v.t.* to hoard, store up, Cor. I. 1.
 Curb, *v.t.* to bow, cringe, Ham. III. 4.
 Curdied, *p.p.* congealed, Cor. v. 3.
 Curiosity, *sb.* nicety, scrupulous exactness, critical scrutiny, Lear, I. 1; 1. 2; 1. 4; Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Curious, *adj.* scrupulous, punctilious, All's Well, I. 2. Careful, Cym. I. 6. Wrought with care, Ven. and A. 734; 3 H. VI. II. 5. Delicate, excessively minute, Wint. T. IV. 4. Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Curious-knotted, *adj.* laid out in fanciful plots, L's L's I. I. 1.
 Currance, *sb.* current, action of a current, H. V. I. 1.
 Currents, *sb.* for 'occurrences,' occurrences, 1 H. IV. II. 3.
 Curry, *v.t.* to use flattery, 2 H. IV. v. 1.
 Currsory, *adj.* cursory, hasty, H. V. 1. 2.
 Curst, *adj.* ill-tempered, crabbed, Ven. and A. 987; Much Ado, II. 1. Lear, II. 1.
 Curstness, *sb.* ill-humour, spitefulness, An. and Cl. II. 2.
 Curtail, *adj.* having a docked tail, Merry Wives, II. 1; Com. of E. III. 2.
 Curtail, *sb.* the name of a horse, from his having a docked tail, All's Well, II. 3.
 Curtlie-axe, *sb.* a cutlass, As You Like It, I. 3; H. V. IV. 2.
 Custalorum, a blunder for *custos rotulorum*, Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Custard-coffin, *sb.* the raised crust of a custard, Tam. of S. IV. 3.
 Customer, *sb.* a loose woman, All's Well, v. 3; Oth. IV. 1.
 Cut, *sb.* a bob-tailed horse, Tw. N. II. 3.
 Cut and longtail, all of every sort, both short and long tailed, Merry Wives, III. 4.
 Cuts, to draw. To draw lots, by means of straws or sticks cut of uneven lengths, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Cuttle, *sb.* a bully, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Cypress, *sb.* crape, Tw. N. III. 1; Wint. T. IV. 2.
 DAFF, *v.t.* to doff, Lover's Compl. 297; An. and Cl. IV. 4. To put aside, put off, Much Ado, II. 3; v. 1; Oth. IV. 2.
 Dagonet. A foolish knight at the court of King Arthur, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Daintry, Davenport, 3 H. VI. v. 1.
 Dainty, to make dainty = to affect to be delicate or over-nice, R. and J. I. 5.
 Damascus. The traditional scene of Abel's murder, 1 H. VI. I. 3.
 Damn, *v.t.* to condemn, J. C. IV. 1; An. and Cl. I. 1.
 Damosella, damsel, L's L's I. IV. 2.
 Dan, lord, master; corrupted from *dominus*, L's L's I. III. 1.
 Dance, *v.t.* to make to dance, Cor. IV. 5.
 Dancing horse. A famous horse belonging to Bankes a Scotchman, L's L's I. I. 2.
 Dancing-rapier, an ornamental sword, Tit. And. II. 1.
 Danger. To stand within a person's danger is to be in his power, to be liable to a penalty to be inflicted by him or at his suit, M. of V. IV. 1.
 Dank, *adj.* damp, M. N's Dr. II. 2; R. and J. II. 3; J. C. II. 1.
 Dankish, *adj.* dampish, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Dansker, a Dane, Ham. II. 1.
 Dare, *sb.* boldness, audacity, 1 H. IV. IV. 1. A challenge, An. and Cl. I. 2. *v.t.* to dare, terrify, make to crouch in fear, H. V. IV. 2, II. VIII. III. 2.
 Dareful, *adj.* full of defiance, Macb. v. 5.
 Darkling, *adv.* in the dark, M. N's Dr. II. 2; Lear, I. 4.
 Darksome, *adj.* dark, Lucr. 379.
 Darnel, *sb.* rye grass, *lolium temulentum*, H. V. v. 2; Lear, IV. 4.
 Darraign, *v.t.* to set in order, arrange, 3 H. VI. II. 2.
 Dash, *sb.* a mark of disgrace, Lucr. 206; Merry Wives, v. 2. At first dash = at the first onset, from the first, 1 H. VI. I. 2. *v.t.* to discoment, put out of countenance, depress, L's L's I. v. 2; Oth. III. 3.
 Date-broke. Date-broke bonds are bonds which have not been met at the date at which they were due, Tim. of A. II. 2.
 Daub, *v.t.* to colour, dissemble, R. III. III. 5. Lear, IV. 1.
 Daubery, *sb.* false pretence, imposition, Merry Wives, IV. 2.
 Day-bed, *sb.* a couch or sofa, Tw. N. II. 5, R. III. III. 7.
 Day-woman, *sb.* a dairy woman, L's L's I. I. 2.
 Dazle, *v.t.* to be dazzled, 3 H. VI. II. 1; Tit. And. III. 2.
 Deaf, *v.t.* to deafen, John, II. 1; L's L's I. v. 2.
 Deal, *sb.* a part, portion. No deal = nothing, Pass. Pilgr. 271. *v.t.* dealt on lieutenantry = acted by substitutes, An. and Cl. III. 11. Deal in her command = wield her authority, Temp. v. 1.
 Dear, from its original sense of costly, precious, comes to mean great, intense, grievous. Dear groans, L's L's I. v. 2. Dear guiltiness, L's L's I. v. 2. Dear offence, John, I. 1; H. V. II. 2.
 Deared, *p.p.* endeared, An. and Cl. I. 4.
 Dearly, *adv.* heartily, greatly, Ham. IV. 3. Excellently, Tr. and Cr. III. 3; Cym. II. 2.
 Dearth, *sb.* scarcity, dearthness, Ham. v. 2.
 Death's-man, *sb.* executioner, Lear, IV. 6; Lucr. 1001.
 Death-practised, *adj.* whose death is plotted Lear, IV. 6.
 Death-tokens, plague spots, Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
 Debate, *sb.* contest, quarrel, M. N's Dr. II. 1. 2 H. IV. IV. 4. *v.t.* to contend about, All's Well, I. 2, Ham. IV. 4.
 Debatement, *sb.* debate, M. for M. v. 1; Ham v. 2.
 Debile, *adj.* weak, All's Well, II. 3; Cor. I. 9.
 Debitor and creditor, an account book, Oth. I. 1 Cym. v. 4.
 Deboshed, *p.p.* debauched, dissolute, Temp. III. 2; All's Well, II. 3.
 Debted, *p.p.* indebted, Com. of E. IV. 1.
 Deceivable, *adj.* deceptive, Tw. N. IV. 3.
 Decent, *adj.* becoming, H. VIII. IV. 2.
 Deceptions, *adj.* deceptive, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Decern, blunder for 'concern,' Much Ado, III. 5.
 Deck, *sb.* a pack of cards, 3 H. VI. v. 1. *v.t.* to bedew, Temp. I. 2.
 Declare, *v.t.* to make clear, explain, H. V. I. 1 Cym. v. 5.

clension, *sb.* deterioration, going from bad to worse, R. III. iii. 7; Ham. ii. 2.
 cline, *v.t.* to bend, bow down, Com. of E. iii. 2; Lear, iv. 2. To go through from beginning to end, as a schoolboy his declensions, R. III. iv. 4; Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Declined, *pp.* fallen, humbled, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3; iv. 5; An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Dedicate, *pp.* dedicated, M. for M. ii. 2; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
 Deedless, *adj.* inactive, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Deed of saying, the doing what has been said or promised, Tim. v. 1.
 Deem, *sb.* doom, judgement, opinion, Tr. and Cr. iv. 4.
 Deep-fet, *adj.* deep-fetched, 2 H. VI. ii. 4.
 Deer, *sb.* game, Lear, iii. 4.
 Defame, *sb.* infamy, Lucr. 768, 817, 1033.
 Default, *sb.* fault, Com. of E. i. 2; 1 H. VI. ii. 1. In the default = at a pinch, All's Well, ii. 3.
 Defeat, *v.t.* to destroy, Oth. iv. 2. To disguise, disfigure, Oth. i. 3. *sb.* ruin, destruction, Much Ado, iv. 1; Ham. ii. 2.
 Defeatere, *sb.* disfigurement, Com. of E. ii. 1; v. 1; Ven. and A. 736.
 Defence, *sb.* fencing, swordplay, skill in weapons, Tw. N. iii. 4; Ham. iv. 7.
 Defend, *v.t.* to forbid, Much Ado, ii. 1; iv. 2; R. II. i. 3.
 Defendant, *adj.* defensive, H. V. ii. 4.
 Defensible, *adj.* capable of offering defence, 2 H. IV. ii. 3; H. V. iii. 3.
 Defiance, *sb.* renunciation, M. for M. iii. 1.
 Definement, *sb.* definition, description, Ham. v. 2.
 Deformed, *adj.* deforming, disfiguring, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Deftly, *adv.* dexterously, Macb. iv. 1.
 Defunction, *sb.* death, H. V. i. 2.
 Defunctive, *adj.* funereal, becoming the dead, Phoenix 14.
 Defuse, *v.t.* to render disordered, so as not to be recognised, Lear. i. 4.
 Defused, *adj.* disordered, shapeless, H. V. v. 2; R. III. i. 2.
 Defy, *v.t.* to renounce, John, iii. 4; Tw. N. iii. 4.
 Degree, *sb.* a step, as of a staircase or ladder, J. C. ii. 1; Cor. ii. 2.
 Deject, *adj.* dejected, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2; Ham. iii. 1.
 Delated, *adj.* set forth in detail, Ham. i. 2. The folios read 'dilated,' probably another form of the same word.
 Delation, close delations = secret informations, Oth. iii. 3.
 Delectable, *adj.* delightful, R. II. ii. 3.
 Delicates, *sb.* delicacies, 3 H. VI. ii. 5.
 Delighted, *adj.* framed for delight, M. for M. iii. 1. Delightful, Oth. i. 3. Cym. v. 4.
 Delve, *v.t.* to dig, Ham. iii. 4; Sonn. LX.
 Delver, *sb.* a digger, Ham. v. 1.
 Demean, *v.v.* to behave, Com. of E. iv. 3; v. 1.
 Dement, *sb.* merit, desert, Cor. i. 1; Macb. iv. 3; Oth. i. 2.
 Demise, *v.t.* to grant, transfer; as an estate for a term of years, R. III. iv. 4.
 Demurely, *adv.* soberly, solemnly, M. of V. ii. 2; An. and Cl. iv. 9.
 Demuring, *pp.* looking demurely, An. and Cl. iv. 15.

Denay, *sb.* denial, Tw. N. ii. 4.
 Denayed, *pp.* denied, 2 H. VI. i. 3.
 Denier, *sb.* a very small coin, equal in value to the twelfth part of a French sous, Tam. of S. ind. 1; 1 H. IV. iii. 3; R. III. i. 2.
 Denotement, *sb.* noting, observation, Oth. ii. 3.
 Denounce, *v.t.* to declare, An. and Cl. iii. 7.
 Denunciation, *sb.* formal announcement, M. for M. i. 2.
 Deny, *v.t.* to refuse, R. II. ii. 1; Macb. iii. 4.
 Depart, *sb.* departure, Two G. v. 4; 2 H. VI. i. 1. Death, 3 H. VI. ii. 1. *v.t.* to part, John, ii. 1; Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Departing, *sb.* parting, separation, 3 H. VI. ii. 6.
 Depand, *v.t.* to lean, Cym. ii. 4. To be dependent, Lear, i. 4. M. for M. ii. 2. To impend, R. and J. iii. 1. To be in suspense, Cym. iv. 3.
 Dependant, *adj.* impending, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Depose, *v.t.* to examine upon oath, R. II. i. 3.
 Depravation, *sb.* detraction, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Deprave, *v.t.* to vitify, Much Ado, v. 1. Tim. of A. i. 2.
 Deprive, *v.t.* to take away, I ucr. 1750; Ham. i. 4.
 Deracinate, *v.t.* to uproot, extirpate, H. V. v. 2; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Derived, *pp.* descended, Two G. v. 2; M. N's Dr. i. 1.
 Dein, *adj.* secret Per. ii. prol.
 Derogate, *v.t.* to degrade oneself, do that which is derogatory, Com. ii. 1. *pp.* degraded, dishonoured, Lear, i. 4.
 Derogately, *adv.* depreciatingly, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Descant, *sb.* the variations upon an air, Two G. i. 2. Used figuratively, R. III. iii. 7. *v.t.* to sing variations upon an air, Lucr. 1134, R. III. i. 1.
 Descending, *sb.* descent, lineage, Per. v. 1.
 Deserv, *sb.* deservency. The main deserv stands on the hourly thought = the view of the main body is hourly expected, Lear, iv. 6. *v.t.* to discover, Lear, iv. 5; R. III. v. 3.
 Deserved, *adj.* deserving, Cor. i. 1.
 Design, *v.t.* to designate, mark out, prescribe, R. II. i. 1. Ham. i. 1.
 Designment, *sb.* design, enterprise, Cor. v. 6; Oth. ii. 1.
 Desire . . . of. This construction occurs in M. N's Dr. iii. 1; M. of V. i. 1. As You Like it, v. 4.
 Desperate, *adj.* bold, reckless, R. and J. iii. 4.
 Despised, *adj.* despicable, hateful, R. II. ii. 3.
 Despite, *v.t.* to spite, vex, Much Ado, ii. 2. *sb.* spite, malice, Tw. N. iii. 4; Oth. iv. 2.
 Detect, *v.t.* to discover, disclose, 3 H. VI. ii. 2; R. III. i. 4.
 Determinate, *v.t.* to bring to an end, R. II. i. 3. *pp.* ended, Sonn. LXXXVII. Determined upon, Tw. N. ii. 1. Decided, H. VIII. ii. 4, Oth. iv. 2.
 Determination, *sb.* the coming to an end of a lease, Sonn. XIII.
 Determine, *v.t.* to put an end to, 2 H. IV. iv. 5; 1 H. VI. iv. 6. *v.t.* to end, come to an end, Cor. iii. 3; v. 3; An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Detest, a blunder for 'protest,' Merry Wives, i. 4; M. for M. i. 1.
 Devest, *v.t.* to undress, Oth. ii. 3.

- Devote, *adj.* devoted, Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Devoted, *adj.* consecrated holy, R. III. i. 2.
 Dewlap, *sb.* the loose flesh about the throat, M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
 Dexteriously, *adv.* dexterously, Tw. N. i. 5.
 Dexterity, *sb.* swiftness, Ham. i. 2.
 Diablo (Span.), devil, Oth. ii. 3.
 Dialogue, *v.t.* to converse, take both parts in a conversation, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Dian's bud, *sb.* perhaps the bud of the Agnus Castus or Chaste Tree, M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
 Diaper, *sb.* a towel, Tam. of S. ind. i.
 Dich, said to be a corruption of 'do it,' Tim. of A. i. 2.
 • Dickon, Dick, R. III. v. 3.
 Diet, *sb.* prescribed regimen, Two G. ii. 1; Tim. of A. iv. 3. *v.t.* to keep strictly, as by a certain regimen, Cym. iii. 4; All's Well, v. 3.
 Diet-r, *sb.* one who administers food in sickness, Cym. iv. 2.
 Difference, *sb.* a mark of distinction in heraldry, Much Ado, i. 1. Variance, strife, Cor. v. 3; J. C. i. 2.
 Differency, *sb.* difference, Cor. v. 4.
 Diffidence, *sb.* distrust, suspicion, John, i. 1; Lear, i. 2.
 Diffused, *adj.* wild, irregular, Merry Wives, iv. 4.
 Digressing, *pr.p.* transgressing, R. II. v. 3.
 Digression, *sb.* transgression, Lucr. 202, L's L's L. i. 2.
 Dig-you-den, give you good even, L's L's L. iv. 1.
 Dildo, *sb.* the burden of a song, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Diminutives, *sb.* the smallest pieces of coin, An. and Cl. iv. 12.
 Dint, *sb.* impression, Ven. and A. 354; J. C. iii. 2.
 Direction, *sb.* military skill, R. III. v. 3.
 Directitude, *a.* a bluntness for some word which cannot be readily guessed, Cor. iv. 5.
 Directive, *adj.* capable of being directed, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Directly, *adv.* clearly, undoubtedly, Oth. ii. 1; Cym. i. 4.
 Disable, *v.t.* to disparage, As You Like It, iv. 1; v. 4.
 Disanimate, *v.t.* to discourage, 1 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Disappointed, *adj.* unfurnished, unprepared, Ham. i. 5.
 Disaster, *v.t.* to injure, ruin, An. and Cl. ii. 7.
 Disbench, *v.t.* to drive from a seat, Cor. ii. 2.
 Disbranch, *v.r.* to tear away as a branch, Lear, iv. 2.
 Discandy, *v.t.* to thaw, An. and Cl. iii. 13; iv. 12.
 Discase, *v.r.* to unmask, Temp. v. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Discernings, *sb.* powers of discernment, perceptive faculties, Lear, i. 4.
 Dis-haize, *v.t.* to perform, as an actor his part, M. N's Dr. i. 2; Cor. iii. 2. *sb.* performance, Temp. ii. 1.
 Discipled, *pr.p.* taught, trained, All's Well, i. 2.
 Disclaim, *to* to own, Lear, ii. 2.
 Disclose, *v.t.* to hatch, Ham. v. 1. *sb.* the chipping of the shell, Ham. iii. 1.
 Discomfit, *sb.* discomfiture, discouragement, 2 H. VI. v. 2.
 Discomfortable, *adj.* having no word of comfort, R. II. iii. 2.
 Discommend, *v.t.* to disapprove, Lear, ii. 2.
 Discontent, *sb.* a malcontent, 1 H. IV. v. 1; An. and Cl. i. 4.
 Discontenting, *adj.* discontented, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Discourse, *sb.* reasoning, Tw. N. iv. 3; Tr. and Cr. ii. 3. Discourse of reason = the reasoning faculty, the power of arguing from premises to conclusion, Ham. i. 2.
 Discover, *v.t.* to reveal, disclose, Tw. N. ii. 5; R. and J. iii. 1.
 Discoverer, *sb.* a scout, 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
 Discovery, *sb.* reconnoitring, the report of scouts, Macb. v. 4; Lear, v. 1.
 Disdained, *adj.* disdainful, 1 H. IV. i. 3.
 Disease, *sb.* trouble, disorder, Lear, i. 1.
 Disedge, *v.t.* to take off the edge of appetite, Cym. iii. 4.
 Disgracious, *adj.* wanting grace, unpleasing, R. III. iii. 7; iv. 4.
 Dishabited, *pr.p.* dislodged, John, ii. 1.
 Dishonest, *adj.* unchaste, Tw. N. i. 5; H. V. i. 2.
 Dishonesty, *sb.* unchastity, Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Dishonoured, *adj.* dishonourable, Cor. iii. 1.
 Disjoint, *pr.p.* disjointed, out of joint, Ham. i. 2.
 Dislike, *v.t.* to displease, R. and J. ii. 2; Oth. ii. 3.
 Disliken, *v.t.* to disguise, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Dislimn, *v.t.* to efface, obliterate, An. and Cl. iv. 4.
 Dismay, *v.t.* to be filled with dismay, 1 H. VI. iii. 3.
 Disme, *sb.* a tenth, Tr. and Cr. ii. 1.
 Dis-natured, *adj.* unnatural, Lear, i. 4.
 Disorbed, *pr.p.* thrown out of its orbit or sphere, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
 Dispark, *v.t.* to destroy the enclosures of a park, R. II. iii. 1.
 Dispatched, *pr.p.* deprived, bereaved, Ham. i. 5.
 Dispiteous, *adj.* pitiless, John, iv. 1.
 Disponge, *v.t.* to squeeze out as if from a sponge, An. and Cl. iv. 9.
 Dispose, *sb.* disposal, Two G. ii. 7; John, i. 1.
 Disposition, *Tr.* and Cr. ii. 3, Oth. i. 3. *v.t.* to arrange, make terms, An. and Cl. iv. 14.
 Disposed, *adj.* in the humour for mirth, L's L's L. ii. 1; v. 2; Tw. N. ii. 3.
 Disposer, *sb.* manager, Tr. and Cr. iii. 1. Or it may be one who disposes or inclines others to mirth.
 Disposition, *sb.* settlement, maintenance, Oth. i. 3.
 Dispraisingly, *adv.* disparagingly, Oth. iii. 3.
 Disproperty, *v.t.* to take away, Cor. ii. 1.
 Dispersed, *pr.p.* disbursed, 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Disputable, *adj.* disputatious, As You Like It, ii. 5.
 Dispute, *v.t.* to discuss, reason upon, Wint. T. iv. 4; Macb. iv. 3.
 Disquantity, *v.t.* to diminish, Lear, i. 4.
 Disseat, *v.t.* to unseat, dethrone, Macb. v. 3.
 Dissemble, *v.r.* to disguise oneself, Tw. N. iv. 2.
 Dissembly, blunder for 'assembly,' Much Ado, iv. 2.
 Dissolution, *sb.* melting, Wint. T. iii. 5; Lucr. 355.
 Distain, *v.t.* to stain, defile, R. III. v. 3; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Distance, *sb.* hostility, variance, Macb. iii. 1.
 Distaste, *v.t.* to be distasteful, Oth. iii. 3. *v.t.* to make distasteful, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3. To loathe, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.

- Distasteful, *adj.* repulsive, Tim. of A. II. 2.
 Distemper, *sb.* disturbance of mind, H. V. II. 2.
 Ham. II. 2. *v.t.* to disturb, Tw. N. II. 1.
 Distemperature, *sb.* disorder of body, Com. of E.
 v. 1. Disturbance of mind, Per. v. 1; M. N's
 Dr. II. 1; K. and J. II. 3. Discomposed appearance,
 1 H. IV. v. 1.
 Distempered, *p.p.* disturbed, John, III. 4. Ill-
 humoured, discomposed, John, IV. 3; Temp.
 IV. 1.
 Distilled, *p.p.* melted, Ham. I. 2.
 Distilment, *sb.* distillation, Ham. I. 5.
 Distinctly, *adv.* separately, prominently, Temp.
 I. 2; Cor. III. 1; IV. 3.
 Distinguishment, *sb.* distinction, Wint. T. II. 1.
 Distractions, *sb.* divisions, detachment, An. and
 Cl. III. 7.
 Distrain, *v.t.* to seize, take possession of, R. II.
 II. 3; 1 H. VI. I. 3.
 Distracted, *adj.* distracted, mad, R. III. III. 5;
 R. and J. IV. 3.
 Distressful, *adj.* gained by misery and toil, H.
 V. IV. 1.
 Disvalue, *v.t.* to depreciate, M. for M. v. 1.
 Disvouch, *v.t.* to contradict, M. for M. IV. 4.
 Dive-dapper, *sb.* a dapper, dab-chick, Ven. and
 A. 86.
 Diverted, *p.p.* turned from its natural course, As
 You Like It, II. 3.
 Dividable, *adj.* separated, divided, Tr. and Cr.
 I. 3.
 Dividant, *adj.* separate, different, Tim. of A.
 IV. 3.
 Division, *sb.* variation, 1 H. IV. III. 1; R. and J.
 III. 5.
 Divorcement, *sb.* divorce, Oth. IV. 2.
 Divulged, *p.p.* published, proclaimed, Tw. N. I
 5. Well divulged = of good repute.
 Dizzy, *adj.* causing dizziness, Lear, IV. 6.
 Dizzy-eyed, *adj.* blinded as if by giddiness, 1 H.
 VI. IV. 7.
 Do, in the phrases, do him dead = put him to death,
 3 H. VI. I. 4. Do to death = put to death,
 Much Ado, v. 3; 2 H. VI. III. 2. Do me
 right = give me satisfaction, by fighting, Much
 Ado, v. 1; or drinking 2 H. IV. v. 3. See
 Oth. II. 3. Could not do withal = could not
 help it, M. of V. III. 4.
 Document, *sb.* precept, instruction, Ham. IV. 5.
 Doff, *v.t.* to put off, Tam. of S. III. 2; John,
 III. 1.
 Dog-apes, *sb.* male apes, As You Like It, II. 5.
 Dog-fox, *sb.* a male fox, Tr. and Cr. v. 4.
 Dogged, *adj.* cruel, unfeeling, John, IV. 1; IV
 3; 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Doit, *sb.* the German *deut*, the smallest piece of
 money, a half-farthing, Temp. II. 2; M. of V.
 I. 3.
 Dole, *sb.* grief, Ham. I. 2. Distribution, 2 H.
 IV. I. 1. Portion, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Don, *v.t.* to put on, Ham. IV. 5; An. and Cl.
 II. 1.
 Doomed, *p.p.* decided, Cym. v. 5.
 Dotant, *sb.* dotard, Cor. v. 2.
 Double-fatal, *adj.* fatal in two ways; the leaves
 of the yew being poisonous, and the wood used
 for bows as instruments of death, R. II. III. 2.
 Doubt, *sb.* fear, apprehension, 3 H. VI. IV. 8.
 Dout, *v.t.* to put out, extinguish, H. V. IV. 2;
 Ham. IV. 7.
 Dowlas, *sb.* coarse linen, 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Dowle, *sb.* a small particle of plumage, down,
 T. mp. III. 3.
 Down-gyved, *adj.* hanging down about the ankles
 like fetters, Ham. II. 1.
 Down-roping, *adj.* dripping, like the discharge
 from the eyes and nostrils, H. V. IV. 2.
 Drab, *sb.* a strumpet, Ham. II. 2.
 Drabbing, *sb.* haunting loose women, Ham. II. 1.
 Draff, *sb.* refuse, dregs, Merry Wives, IV. 2; 1
 H. IV. IV. 2.
 Drought, *sb.* a jakes, privy, Tr. and Cr. v. 1;
 Tim. of A. v. 1.
 Draw, *v.t.* to undraw, draw aside, M. of V. II. 9;
 Tw. N. I. 5. To withdraw, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Draw dryfoot. To draw dryfoot is to track game
 by the scent, Com. of F. IV. 2.
 Drawer, *sb.* a tapster, waiter, Merry Wives, II.
 2; 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Drawn, *p.p.* having the sword drawn, Temp. II.
 1; M. N's Dr. III. 2. Drawn of heaviness =
 emptied by sorrow, Cym. v. 4.
 Drawn fox, a hunted fox, and therefore full of
 cunning, 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Dreadfully, *adv.* with dread or apprehension,
 M. for M. IV. 2.
 Dress, *v.t.* to prepare, make ready, H. V. IV. 1;
 Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Dribbling, *adj.* used of an arrow weakly shot,
 not aimed point blank, M. for M. I. 3.
 Drive, *v.t.* to rush impetuously, Tit. And. II. 3.
 Drollery, *sb.* a puppet-show, Temp. III. 3. A
 humorous punning, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Droplet, *sb.* a little drop, tear, Tim. of A. v. 4.
 Drouth, *sb.* thirst, Ven. and A. 544; Per. II. I. prol.
 Drovier, *sb.* drover, Much Ado, II. 1.
 Drowse, *v.t.* to grow drowsy, 1 H. IV. III. 2.
 Drugs, *sb.* drudges, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Drum. John Drum's entertainment is a good
 beating, All's Well, III. 6.
 Drumble, to be sluggish or awkward, Merry
 Wives, III. 3.
 Dry, *adj.* thirst, Temp. I. 2; Tam. of S. v. 2.
 Dry-beat, *v.t.* to thrash, cudgel, L's L's L. v. 2;
 R. and J. III. 1; IV. 5.
 Duedame, the burden of a song, which is prob-
 ably intentional nonsense, As You Like It,
 II. 5.
 Dudgeon, *sb.* the handle of a dagger, Macb. II. 1.
 Due, *v.t.* to endure, 1 H. VI. IV. 2.
 Duelo, *sb.* the duelling code, L's L's L. I. 2; Tw.
 N. III. 4.
 Dull, *adj.* tending to produce dulness, soothing,
 2 H. IV. IV. 5.
 Dullard, *sb.* a stupid, insensible person, Lear, II.
 1; Cym. v. 5.
 Dumbered, *p.p.* stupefied, An. and Cl. I. 5.
 Dump, *sb.* a melancholy strain, Two G. III. 2.
 Lucr. 1127.
 Dumpy, *sb.* low spirits, melancholy, Much Ado,
 II. 3; R. and J. IV. 5.
 Dun, *sb.* a dun horse. In R. and J. I. 4 there is
 an allusion to a rustic game, 'dun's in the
 mire,' in which a log of wood represented a
 horse in the mire, which had to be dragged out
 by the monkey.
 Dun's the mouse, a proverbial expression, the
 meaning of which is lost, R. and J. I. 4.
 Dup, *v.t.* to do open, open, Ham. IV. 5.
 Durance, *sb.* imprisonment, M. for M. III. 1;
 Tw. N. v. 1. A suit of durance is a prison
 dress, Com. of E. IV. 3; 1 H. IV. I. 2.

Dusty, 'dusty death,' in which the body returns to dust, *Macb.* v. 5.

EACH, at, each joined to the other, end to end, *Lear*, iv. 6.

Eager, *adj.* sour, acid, *Ham.* i. 5; *Sonn.* cxviii. *Ean*, *v.t.* to yearn, bring forth young; used of ewes, 3 *H.* vi. ii. 5.

Eaning time, *sb.* the time for ewes to yearn or bring forth their young, *M.* of V. i. 3; *Per.* iii. 4.

Eanling, *sb.* a young lamb, *M.* of V. i. 3.

Ear, *v.t.* to plough, till, *All's Well*, i. 3; *R.* ii. iii. 2; *An.* and *Cl.* i. 4.

Earing, *sb.* ploughing, *An.* and *Cl.* i. 2.

Earthed, *p.p.* buried, *Temp.* ii. 1.

Easy, *adj.* slight, inconsiderable, 2 *H.* iv. v. 2; 2 *H.* vi. iii. 1.

Eche, *v.t.* to eke out, *Per.* iii. prol.

Ecstasy, *sb.* mental disturbance, produced by joy, grief, or fear, *M.* of V. iii. 2; *Temp.* iii. 3; *Much Ado*, ii. 3; *Macb.* iii. 2; *Ham.* iii. 1.

Effect, *sb.* the accomplishment of purpose, *Macb.* i. 5; *Ham.* iii. 4. Purport, *As You Like It*, iv. 3; *John*, iv. 1.

Effectually, *adv.* actually, in effect, *Sonn.* cxiii.

Effuse, *sb.* effusion, 3 *H.* vi. ii. 6. *v.t.* to shed, 1 *H.* vi. v. 4.

Effest, *adj.* readiest, *Much Ado*, iv. 2.

Eftsoons, *adv.* immediately, *Per.* v. 1.

Egal, *adj.* equal, *Tit.* And. iv. 4.

Egally, *adv.* equally, *R.* iii. iii. 7.

Eggs. Will you take eggs for money = will you be imposed upon? *Wint.* T. i. 2.

Eglantine, *sb.* the sweetbrier, *M. N's Dr.* ii. 1; *Cym.* iv. 2.

EGMA, blunder for 'enigma,' *L's L's L.* iii. 1.

Eisel, *sb.* vinegar, *Sonn.* cxi.; *Ham.* v. 1.

Eke, *adv.* also, *Merry Wives*, i. 3; ii. 3; *M. N's Dr.* iii. 1.

Elbow, *v.t.* to stand by the elbow, keep close to, *Lear*, iv. 3.

Eld, *sb.* old age, *Merry Wives*, iv. 4; *M.* for *M.* iii. 1.

Elect, *adj.* chosen, *H.* viii. ii. 4.

Element, *sb.* the sky, *Tw. N.* i. 1; *H.* v. iv. 1; *J.* C. i. 3.

Elf, *v.t.* to entangle, mat together, *Lear*, ii. 3. *sb.* a fairy, *M. N's Dr.* v. 1; *Temp.* v. 1.

Elflocks, *sb.* hair matted together; supposed to be the work of fairies, *R.* and *J.* i. 4.

Elvish-marked, *adj.* marked by fairies, *R.* iii. 1. 3.

Emballing, *sb.* the being invested with the ball and sceptre at coronation, *H.* viii. ii. 3.

Embarquements, *sb.* hindrances, restraints, *Cor.* i. 10.

Embassade, *sb.* embassy, 3 *H.* vi. iv. 3.

Embassage, *sb.* embassy, message, *Much Ado*, i. 1; *R.* ii. iii. 4.

Embattle, *v.t.* to form in order of battle, *An.* and *Cl.* iv. 9.

Embattled, *p.p.* arrayed, *Merry Wives*, ii. 2; *John*, iv. 2; *H.* v. iv. 2.

Embayed, *p.p.* land-locked, *Oth.* ii. 1.

Emblaze, *v.t.* to blazon, proclaim, 2 *H.* vi. iv. 10.

Emboss, *v.t.* to drive to extremities, hunt down, *All's Well*, iii. 6.

Embossed, *adj.* foaming at the mouth, *Tam.* of *S.* ind. i.; *An.* and *Cl.* iv. 13. Swollen, prominent, *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

Embowelled, *p.p.* emptied, exhausted, *All's Well*, i. 3.

Embracement, *sb.* embrace, *Com.* of *E.* i. 1; *R.* iii. ii. 1.

Embrasure, *sb.* embrace, *Tr.* and *Cr.* iv. 4.

Embrewed, *p.p.* bathed in blood, *Tit.* And. ii. 3.

Eminence, present him eminence = treat him with distinction, *Macb.* iii. 2.

Emmanuel, formerly written at the head of letters and deeds, 2 *H.* vi. iv. 2.

Emmew, *v.t.* to mew up, keep under, *M.* for *M.* iii. 1. A doubtful word.

Empale, *v.t.* to encircle, *Tr.* and *Cr.* v. 7.

Empery, *sb.* empire, dominion, *H.* v. i. 2; *R.* iii. iii. 7.

Imperial, blunder for 'emperor,' *Tit.* And. iv. 3; and 'imperial,' *Tit.* And. iv. 4.

Empiricute, *adj.* empirical, quackish, *Cor.* ii. 1.

Empoi-on, *v.t.* to poison, *Much Ado*, iii. 1; *Cor.* v. 6.

Emulate, *adj.* jealous, envious, *Ham.* i. 1.

Emulation, *sb.* jealous rivalry, *J.* C. ii. 3; *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 2.

Emulous, *adj.* envious, *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 3.

Enact, *sb.* action, *Tit.* And. iv. 2.

Enacture, *sb.* enactment, performance, *Ham.* iii. 2.

Encave, *v.r.* to hide oneself, *Oth.* iv. 1.

Enchantingly, *adv.* as if by enchantment, *As You Like It*, i. 1.

Encompasment, *sb.* circumvention, *Ham.* ii. 1.

Encounters, *sb.* encounterers, combatants, *L's L's L.* v. 2.

Encumbered, *p.p.* folded, *Ham.* i. 5.

End, *v.t.* to get in the harvest. A corruption of 'in,' *Cor.* v. 6. *sb.* still an end = continually, *Com.* of *E.* iv. 4. There an end = there is no more to say, *Two G.* i. 3; *R.* ii. v. 1.

Endamage, *v.t.* to damage, *Two G.* ii. 3; 2 *H.* vi. ii. 1.

Endamagement, *sb.* damage, *John.* ii. 1.

Endart, *v.t.* to dart, *R.* and *J.* i. 3.

Endeared, *p.p.* bound, indebted, 2 *H.* iv. ii. 3; *Tim.* of *A.* i. 2; iii. 2.

Ends, *sb.* fragments, *Much Ado*, i. 1; *R.* iii. 1. 3.

Enfeoff, *v.r.* to give as a fief, or in fee simple, 1 *H.* iv. ii. 2.

Enforce, *v.t.* to urge, press hard, *Cor.* iii. 3; *J.* C. iv. 3. To lay stress upon, *Cor.* ii. 3; *J.* C. iii. 2.

Enforcedly, *adv.* by constraint, *Tim.* of *A.* iv. 3.

Enforcement, *sb.* constraint, *As You Like It*, ii. 7. Violation, *L'cr.* 1623; *R.* iii. iii. 7.

Enfranchised, *p.p.* enfranchised, *An.* and *Cl.* iii. 13.

Enfreedoming, *p.p.* setting at liberty, *L's L's L.* iii. 1.

Engaged, *p.p.* left as a hostage, 1 *H.* iv. iv. 3; v. 2. Pledged, *Tim.* of *A.* ii. 2. Bound, entangled, *Ham.* iii. 3.

Engaol, *v.t.* to imprison, *R.* ii. i. 3.

Engine, *sb.* a machine of war, *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 3; *Cor.* v. 4; *Oth.* iii. 3. An instrument of torture, *Lear*, i. 4.

Engineer, *sb.* engineer, *Ham.* iii. 4; *Tr.* and *Cr.* ii. 3.

Englut, *v.t.* to swallow up, *H.* v. iv. 3; *Oth.* i. 3.

Engrafted, *p.p.* firmly fixed, closely attached, *Lear*, i. 1; 2 *H.* iv. ii. 6.

Engross, *v.t.* to make gross, fatten, R. III. iii. 7.
 Engrossment, *sb.* accumulation, 2 H. IV. iv. 5.
 Enguard, *v.t.* to guard, protect, Lear, i. 4.
 Enkindle, *v.t.* to incite, Macb. i. 3.
 Enlard, *v.t.* to fatten, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Enlarge, *v.t.* to set at liberty, Tw. N. v. 1; H. V. ii. 2.
 Enlargement, *sb.* liberty, release from imprisonment, L's L's I. iii. 1; Cym. ii. 3.
 Enmesh, *v.t.* to ensnare, Oth. ii. 3.
 Enormous, *adj.* irregular, monstrous, Lear, ii. 2.
 Enow, *adj.* enough; used as a plural, M. of V. iii. 5; H. V. iv. 1.
 Enpatron, *v.t.* to be a patron to, patronise, Lover's Compl. 224.
 Enpierced, *p.p.* pierced, R. and J. i. 4.
 Enrank, *v.t.* to place in order, 1 H. VI. i. 1.
 Enrapt, *p.p.* inspired, 11, and Cr. v. 3.
 Enridged, *p.p.* lying in ridges, Lear, iv. 6.
 Enround, *v.t.* to encircle, H. V. iv. chor.
 Ensconce, *v.t.* to hide, shelter, Merry Wives, ii. 2; iii. 3; Lucr. 1515.
 Enseamed, *adj.* defiled, filthy, Ham. iii. 4. See Seam.
 To enseam a hawk was to purge it of grease.
 Ensear, *v.t.* to dry up, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Enshield, *adj.* enshielded, protected, M. for M. ii. 4.
 Entame, *v.t.* to tame, subdue, As You Like It, iii. 5.
 Entertain, *v.t.* to take into one's service, engage, Two G. ii. 4; Merry Wives, i. 3; Much Ado, i. 3. *sb.* entertainment, Per. i. 1.
 Entertainment, *sb.* service, Cor. iv. 3; A's Well, iii. 6; iv. 1. Strain his entertainment = press his engagement in the service, Oth. i. 3.
 Entitled, *p.p.* having a title or claim, L's L's I. v. 2, Sonn. xxxvii.
 Entreat, *v.t.* to treat, Tr. and Cr. iv. 4; R. III. iv. 4.
 Entreatments, *sb.* invitations, solicitations, Ham. i. 3.
 Entreats, *sb.* entreaties, R. III. iii. 7, Tit. And. i. 1.
 Envious, *adj.* malicious, spiteful, M. of V. iii. 2; R. and J. iii. 1.
 Enviously, *adv.* spitefully, Ham. iv. 5.
 Envy, *sb.* malice, spite, Temp. i. 2; M. of V. iv. 1. Fame and envy = envied or hated fame, Cor. i. 8. *v.t.* to be envious, show malice, John, iii. 4; H. VIII. v. 3; Cor. iii. 3.
 Enwheel, *v.t.* to encompass, Oth. ii. 1.
 Ephesian, a boon companion, Merry Wives, iv. 5; 2 H. IV. ii. 2.
 Epileptic, *adj.* pale with fright and distorted with attempting to laugh, like the face of one in a fit of epilepsy, Lear, ii. 2.
 Epithet, *sb.* expression, phrase, Much Ado, v. 2, L's L's I. iv. 2; Oth. i. 1.
 Epitheton = epithet, L's L's I. 1. 2.
 Equal, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to match, 3 H. VI. v. 5; 2 H. IV. i. 3. *adj.* just, impartial, L's L's I. iv. 3; H. VIII. ii. 4.
 Equality, *sb.* equality, partnership, An. and Cl. v. 1.
 Eracles, Hercules, M. N's Dr. i. 2.
 Erection, blunder for 'direction,' Merry Wives, iii. 5.
 Erewhile, *adv.* a short time since, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; As You Like It, ii. 4.
 Eringoes, *sb.* the roots of the sea-holly; supposed to be a provocative, Merry Wives, v. 5.

Errant, *adj.* deviating, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Erring, *adj.* wandering, roving, As You Like It, iii. 2; Ham. i. 1; Oth. i. 3.
 Erst, *adv.* formerly, As You Like It, iii. 5; H. V. v. 2.
 Escape, *sb.* a freak, wanton act, Tit. And. iv. 2; Oth. i. 3.
 Escapen, escape, Per. ii. prol.
 Eschew, *v.t.* to avoid, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Escot, *v.t.* to pay for, Ham. ii. 2.
 Espérance, *sb.* hope, Tr. and Cr. v. 2; Lear, iv. 1.
 Espial, *sb.* spy, 1 H. VI. i. 4; iv. 3; Ham. iii. 1.
 Essay, *sb.* proof, trial, Lear, i. 2; Sonn. cx.
 Estate, *sb.* rank, dignity, Ham. iii. 2; v. 16; Macb. i. 4; R. III. iii. 7. *v.t.* to settle, bestow, Temp. iv. 1; As You Like It, v. 2.
 Esteem, *sb.* estimation, Sonn. cxxvii. Tr. and Cr. iii. 3. Our esteem = what we are worth, All's Well, v. 3.
 Estimable, *adj.* valuable, M. of V. i. 3. Estimable wonder = admiration affecting the judgement, Tw. N. ii. 1.
 Estimate, *sb.* the rate at which anything is valued, Cor. iii. 3.
 Estimation, *sb.* conjecture, 1 H. IV. i. 3.
 Estridge, *sb.* ostrich, 1 H. IV. iv. 1; An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Eternal, *adj.* perhaps for 'infernal,' J. C. i. 2; Ham. i. 5, v. 2; Oth. iv. 2.
 Eterne, *adj.* eternal, Macb. iii. 2; Ham. ii. 2.
 Eternize, *v.t.* to immortalise, 2 H. VI. v. 3.
 Even, *v.t.* to even one's to pass smoothly over in his memory, Lear, iv. 7. To equal, keep up with, All's Well, i. 3; Cym. iii. 4. *adv.* to go even = to agree, Tw. N. v. 1, Cym. i. 4. *adj.* straight forward, Ham. ii. 2. *sb.* the plain truth, H. V. ii. 1.
 Evened, *p.p.* made equal, quits, Oth. ii. 1.
 Even Christian, fellow-Christian, Ham. v. 1.
 Even-pleached, *p.p.* smoothly interwined, H. V. v. 2.
 Ever, *adv.* not ever = not always, H. VIII. v. 1.
 Ever among, *adv.* at all times, 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Evil, *sb.* the evil, evil, 11, Macb. iv. 3. A privy, joke, M. N's Dr. ii. 2; H. VIII. ii. 1. Comp. 2 Kings x. 27.
 Evil-eyed, *adj.* malignant in aspect, Cym. i. 1.
 Evitate, *v.t.* to avoid, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Examine, *v.t.* to question, doubt, All's Well, iii. 5.
 Example, *v.t.* to illustrate by example, L's L's I. i. 2; iii. 1; H. V. i. 2.
 Exasperate, *p.p.* exasperated, Macb. iii. 6; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
 Exceed, *v.t.* to be of surpassing excellence, Much Ado, iii. 4; Per. ii. 3.
 Except, 'except before excepted' is a common phrase in old leases, Tw. N. i. 3.
 Exclaim, *sb.* exclamation, outcry, Tr. and Cr. v. 3; R. II. i. 2.
 Excrement, *sb.* anything which grows out of the body, as hair, nails, etc. Used of the hair, Ham. iii. 4, Com. of L. ii. 2. Of the beard, M. of V. iii. 2, Wint. T. iv. 2. Of the moustache, L's L's I. v. 1.
 Executor, *sb.* executioner, H. V. i. 2.
 Exempt, *adj.* separated, remote from, Com. of E. ii. 2; As You Like It, ii. 1. *v.t.* to take away from, remove, All's Well, ii. 1; H. VIII. i. 2.

- Exequies, *sb.* funeral ceremonies, 1 H. VI. III. 2.
 Exercise, *sb.* a religious service, Wint. T. III. 2;
 R. III. III. 2; III. 7; Oth. III. 4.
 Exhalation, *sb.* a meteor, John, III. 4; 1 H. IV.
 II. 4; J. C. II. 1.
 Exhale, *v.t.* to draw out, R. III. 1. 2, R. and J.
 III. 5; 1 H. IV. v. 1.
 Exhaust, *v.t.* to draw out, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Exhibition, *sb.* an allowance, pension, Two G.
 1. 3; Lear, 1. 2; Oth. 1. 3. Blunder for 'com-
 mission,' Much Ado, iv. 2.
 Exigent, *sb.* exigence, critical moment, J. C. v.
 1; An. and Cl. iv. 14. End, 1 H. VI. II. 5.
 Exion, blunder for 'action,' 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Exorciser, *sb.* a conjurer who raises spirits, Cym.
 iv. 2.
 Exorcism, *sb.* conjuration for raising spirits, 2 H.
 VI. 1. 4.
 Exorcist, *sb.* a conjurer who raises spirits, All's
 Well, v. 3; J. C. II. 1.
 Expect, *sb.* expectation, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3. *v.t.*
 to await, M. of V. v. 1; An. and Cl. iv. 4.
 Expectance, *sb.* expectation, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Expedience, *sb.* haste, speed, R. II. II. 1; H. V.
 iv. 3. Expedition, 1 H. IV. 1. 1; An. and Cl.
 1. 2.
 Expedient, *adj.* expeditious, speedy, John, II. 1;
 iv. 2; R. III. 1. 2.
 Expeditiously, *adv.* quickly, As You Like It,
 III. 1.
 Expense, *sb.* expenditure, spending, Lear, II. 1;
 Merry Wives, II. 2. Hence, loss, Sonn. xxx.
 Expiate, *v.t.* to bring to an end, Sonn. xxii.
pp. terminated, R. III. III. 3.
 Expire, *v.t.* to bring to an end, R. and J. 1. 4.
 Exploit, *sb.* action, military service, All's Well,
 1. 2; iv. 1.
 Expostulate, *v.t.* to expound, discuss in detail,
 Two G. III. 1; Ham. II. 2.
 Expostulation, *sb.* friendly discussion, Tr. and
 Cr. iv. 4.
 Exposure, *sb.* exposure, Cor. iv. 1.
 Express, *v.t.* to give expression to, utter, Wint.
 T. III. 2. *v.r.* to reveal oneself, make oneself
 known, Tw. N. II. 1. *adj.* expressive, perfect,
 Ham. II. 2.
 Expressive, *adj.* communicative, All's Well, II. 1.
 Expressly, *adv.* distinctly, perfectly, Lucr. 1397;
 Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Expressure, *sb.* expression, Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Tw. N. II. 3. Impression, trace, Merry Wives,
 v. 5.
 Expulsed, *pp.* expelled, 1 H. VI. III. 3.
 Exsufflicate, *adj.* inflated; and so, empty, insub-
 stantial, Oth. III. 3.
 Extant, *adj.* existing, present, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Extend, *v.t.* to seize upon, An. and Cl. 1. 2. To
 show as a favour, All's Well, III. 6.
 Extent, *sb.* seizure, As You Like It, II. 1. Viol-
 ent attack, Tw. N. iv. 1. Condescension,
 favour, Ham. II. 2. Display, Tit. And. iv. 4.
 Exterminate, *v.t.* to mitigate, weaken the force of,
 M. N's Dr. 1. 1. To depreciate, J. C. III. 2.
 Exteriorly, *adv.* externally, John, iv. 2.
 Exterminated, *pp.* exterminated, As You Like It,
 III. 5.
 Extern, *adj.* external, Oth. 1. 1. Used as a sub-
 stantive, Sonn. cxxv.
 Extinct, *pp.* extinguished, R. II. 1. 3; Ham.
 1. 3.
 Extincted, *pp.* extinguished, Oth. II. 1.
- Extincture, *sb.* extinction, Lover's Compl. 294.
 Extirp, *v.t.* to extirpate, uproot, M. for M. III. 2;
 1 H. VI. III. 3.
 Extolment, *sb.* praise, Ham. v. 2.
 Extracting, *adj.* distracting, drawing everything
 else away with it, absorbing, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Extraught, *pp.* extracted, derived, 3 H. VI.
 II. 2.
 Extravagancy, *sb.* vagrancy, aimless wandering,
 Tw. N. II. 1.
 Extravagant, *adj.* wandering, vagrant, Ham. 1.
 1; Oth. 1. 1.
 Extremes, *sb.* extravagancies, whether of action
 or passion, excesses, John, iv. 1; v. 7; Tit.
 And. III. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4. Extremities, R.
 and J. iv. 1.
 Extremity, *sb.* the utmost of anything, whether
 of calamity, severity, or folly, Ham. II. 2; R.
 III. 1. 1; J. C. II. 1. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Eyas, *sb.* a nestling, a young hawk just taken
 from the nest, Ham. II. 2.
 Eyas-musket, *sb.* the young male of the sparrow-
 hawk, Merry Wives, III. 3.
 Eye, *sb.* a shade of colour, Temp. II. 1. *v.t.* to
 appear, look, An. and Cl. 1. 3.
 Eyne, *sb.* eyes, L's L's L. v. 2; M. N's Dr. 1. 1.
- FACE, *v.t.* to repair a garment with new facings,
 1 H. IV. iv. 1. To oppose with effrontery,
 bully, Tam. of S. iv. 3; v. 1. To face me out
 of my wits = to make me out of my wits by
 sheer impudence, Tw. N. iv. 2. To face me
 out of his acquaintance = impudently to pre-
 tend not to know me, Tw. N. v. 1. See H. V.
 III. 7. To face it with a card of ten (Tam. of
 S. II. 1) is a term at primero, which seems to
 mean to stand boldly upon a ten, with the risk
 of the adversary having a higher card. *v.t.* to
 act with effrontery, 2 H. VI. v. 3.
 Facinerosus, *adj.* facinorous, wicked, All's Well,
 II. 3.
 Fact, *sb.* a deed; used in a bad sense, Macb. III.
 6; 1 H. VI. iv. 1. Those of your fact = those
 who have done as you have done, Wint. T.
 III. 2.
 Factionary, *adj.* taking part in a quarrel, Cor.
 v. 2.
 Factious, *adj.* active in a quarrel, R. III. 1. 3;
 J. C. 1. 3.
 Factor, *sb.* agent, 1 H. IV. III. 2; R. III. III. 7.
 Faculty, *sb.* power, ability, All's Well, 1. 3;
 Macb. 1. 7; Ham. II. 2. Quality, essential
 nature, H. V. 1. 1; J. C. 1. 3.
 Fadge, *v.t.* to turn out, succeed, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Tw. N. II. 2.
 Fading, *sb.* the burden of a song, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Fail, *sb.* failure, Wint. T. II. 3; v. 1; Cym.
 III. 4.
 Fain, *adj.* glad, pleased, 2 H. VI. II. 1. Obligated,
 2 H. IV. II. 1; Lear, iv. 7. *adv.* gladly, Temp.
 1. 1; As You Like It, 1. 2; Oth. iv. 1.
 Fair, *sb.* fairness, beauty, Ven. and A. 1083, 1086;
 M. N's Dr. 1. 1; As You Like It, III. 2. *v.t.* to
 make beautiful, Sonn. cxxvii.
 Fair-betrothed, honourably contracted, Per. v.
 3.
 Fairing, *sb.* anything bought at a fair, L's L's L.
 v. 2.
 Fairy, *sb.* an enchantress, An. and Cl. iv. 8.
 Faithed, *pp.* credited, Lear, II. 1.
 Faithless, *adj.* unbelieving, M. of V. II. 4.

- Faitor, *sb.* evil-doer, 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Fall, *sb.* a cadence in music, Tw. N. i. 1. At fall = at ebb, Tim. of A. ii. 2. *v.t.* to fall away, diminish, H. V. v. 2. To be let fall, brought forth, John, iii. 1; M. of V. i. 3. *v.t.* to let fall, Temp. ii. 1; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Fall away, *v.t.* to desert, An. and Cl. iv. 6; H. VIII. ii. 1.
 Fallen off, *pp.* revolted, Cym. iii. 7.
 Falling-from, *sb.* desertion, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Fallow, *adj.* yellowish brown, Merry Wives, i. 1.
 False, *v.t.* to perjure oneself, be untrue, Cym. ii. 3. *sb.* falsehood, M. for M. ii. 4; Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Falsing, *pp.* deceptive, Com. of E. ii. 2.
 Fame, *v.t.* to make famous, Sonn. LXXXIV.
 Familiar, *sb.* an attendant spirit, L's L's L. i. 2; 1 H. VI. iii. 2.
 Famous, *pp.* renowned, Sonn. xxv.
 Fan, *v.t.* to winnow, test, Cym. i. 6.
 Fancy, *sb.* love, M. N's Dr. i. 1; Tw. N. i. 1. *v.t.* and *v.t.* to love, Two G. iii. 1; Tw. N. ii. 5; Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
 Fancy-free, *adj.* free from the power of love, M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
 Fancy-monger, *sb.* one who deals in love, As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Fancy-sick, *adj.* love-sick, M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
 Fang, *v.t.* to seize, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Fangled, *adj.* given to novel fancies, Cym. v. 4.
 Fantastic, *adj.* created by fancy, imaginary, R. II. i. 3. Strange, prodigious, Tr. and Cr. v. 5.
 Fantastical, *adj.* imaginary, existing in the imagination, Macb. i. 3. Imaginative, Tw. N. i. 1.
 Fantasticoes, *sb.* coxcombs, R. and J. ii. 4.
 Fap, *adj.* drunk, Merry Wives, i. 1.
 Far, *adv.* further, Wint. T. iv. 4. To speak one far is to praise him excessively, Cym. i. 1.
 Farced, *adj.* stuffed out, pompous, H. V. iv. 1.
 Fardel, *sb.* a burden, pack, bundle, Wint. T. iv. 4; Ham. iii. 1.
 Far-fet, *adj.* far-fetched, deep, 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Farrow, *sb.* the pigs of a litter, Macb. iv. 1.
 Farthingale, *sb.* a hoop petticoat, Two G. ii. 7; iv. 4; Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Fartuous, blunder for 'virtuous,' Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Fashions, *sb.* a skin disease in horses (Fr. *farcin*), Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Fast, *pp.* fasted, Cym. iv. 2. *adj.* firm, settled, Lear, i. 1. *adv.* unalterably, M. for M. i. 2; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
 Fastly *adv.* quickly, Lover's Compl. 6r.
 Fat, *adj.* cloying, Tw. N. v. 1. *v.t.* to fatten, M. N's Dr. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2; iv. 3.
 Fatigate, *adj.* wearied, fatigued, Cor. ii. 2.
 Fault, *sb.* misfortune, Merry Wives, i. 1; iii. 3; Per. iv. 2. A defect or interruption in the scent of the game, Tw. N. ii. 5; Tam. of S. ind. i; Ven. and A. 694.
 Favour, *sb.* outward appearance, aspect, M. N's Dr. i. 1; As You Like It, iv. 3; Macb. i. 5. In the plural, features, 1 H. IV. iii. 2, Lear, iii. 7.
 Fay, *sb.* faith, R. and J. i. 5; Ham. ii. 2.
 Fear, *sb.* an object of fear, M. N's Dr. v. 1; Ham. iii. 3. *v.t.* to frighten, M. for M. ii. 1; M. of V. ii. 1. To fear for, M. of V. iii. 5.
 Fearful, *adj.* terrible, Temp. i. 2. Causing apprehension, alarming, M. of V. i. 3; Tw. N. i. 5; John, iv. 2.
 Feat, *adj.* neat, dexterous, Cym. v. 5. *v.t.* to fashion, form, Cym. i. 1.
 Feater, *adv.* more neatly or gracefully, Temp. ii. 1.
 Featly, *adv.* gracefully, Temp. i. 2; Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Feature, *sb.* form, shape, the whole external appearance, Two G. ii. 4; R. III. i. 1.
 Federary, *sb.* confederate, Wint. T. ii. 1.
 Fee, *sb.* worth, value, Ham. i. 4.
 Feeble, *v.t.* to weaken, John, v. 2; Cor. i. 1.
 Feeder, *sb.* servant, As You Like It, ii. 4; An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Feeding, *sb.* pasturage, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Fee-farm, *sb.* a tenure unlimited in duration, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Fee-grief, *sb.* a special grief, which none can share, Macb. iv. 3.
 Felicitate, *adj.* made happy, I's I's L. i. 1.
 Fell, *sb.* skin, fleece, As You Like It, iii. 2, Macb. v. 5. Lear, v. 3. *adj.* fierce, cruel, M. N's Dr. ii. 1; Tw. N. i. 1.
 Fell-lurking, *adj.* lying in wait with a savage purpose, 2 H. VI. v. 1.
 Fellies, *sb.* the parts which form the rim of a wheel, Ham. ii. 2.
 Fellow, *sb.* equal, Temp. ii. 1; iii. 1; J. C. iii. 1.
 Fellowly, *adj.* sympathetic, companionable, Temp. v. 1.
 Fence, *sb.* skill in fencing, Much Ado, v. 1; Tw. N. iii. 4; John, ii. 1.
 Feodary, *sb.* confederate, M. for M. ii. 4; Cym. iii. 2.
 Fere, *sb.* consort, spouse, Tit. And. iv. 1; Per. prol.
 Fervency, *sb.* eager haste, An. and Cl. ii. 5.
 Festinate, *adj.* hasty, Lear, iii. 7.
 Festinately, *adv.* hastily, quickly, L's L's L. iii. 1.
 Fet, *pp.* fetched, II V. iii. 1.
 Fetch, *sb.* an artifice, contrivance, Ham. ii. 1; Lear, ii. 4.
 Fettle, *v.t.* to prepare, trim up, R. and J. iii. 5.
 Few, in, in few words, H. V. i. 2. In short, Temp. i. 2.
 Few, in a, in few words, Tam. of S. i. 2.
 Fewness, *sb.* brevity, M. for M. i. 4.
 Fico, *sb.* a fig (Span.). Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Field, *sb.* a battle-field, battle, M. of V. ii. 1; 1 H. IV. v. 5; Oth. i. 3; Lucr. 58, 72.
 Field-bed, *sb.* a camp bed, R. and J. ii. 1.
 Fielded, *adj.* in the battle-field, Cor. i. 4.
 Fifteenth, *sb.* the fifteenth part of a man's goods and personal estate, 1 H. VI. i. 1. *pl.* fifteens, 1 H. VI. iv. 7.
 Fig, *v.t.* to taunt by an insulting gesture, 2 H. IV. v. 3. *sb.* an insulting gesture of Spanish origin, H. V. iii. 6. There is perhaps a reference to the poisoned figs of Spanish revenge.
 Fights, *sb.* cloths hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Figo, *sb.* an expression of contempt accompanied by an insulting gesture in which the thumb was thrust between the first and second fingers and the hand closed, H. V. iii. 6; iv. 1.
 Figures, *sb.* imaginary forms, ideas, 1 H. IV. i. 3; Merry Wives, iv. 2; J. C. ii. 1.

- File, *sb.* list, catalogue, Macb. III. 1; v. 2. *v.t.* to defile, Macb. III. 1. To smooth, polish, L's L's L. v. 1. *v.t.* to walk in file, keep pace with, H. VIII. II. 2.
- Fill-horse, *sb.* shaft horse, M. of V. II. 2.
- Fills, *sb.* shafts, Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
- Filth, *sb.* a term of contempt, applied to prostitutes, Oth. v. 2. General filths = common whores, Tim. of A. IV. 1.
- Find, *v.t.* to provide, furnish, H. V. I. 2. To find out, Ham. III. 1.
- Find forth, to find out, M. of V. I. 1; Com. of E. I. 2.
- Fine, *sb.* end, Much Ado, I. 1; All's Well, IV. 4; Ham. v. 1.
- Fine, *v.t.* to pay as a fine, H. V. IV. 7. To put an end to, Lucr. 936.
- Fineless, *adj.* infinite, Oth. III. 3.
- Firago, *sb.* virago, T. W. N. III. 4.
- Fire-drake, *sb.* a meteor, will o' the wisp, H. VIII. v. 4.
- Fire-new, *adj.* fresh from the mint, brand new, Tw. N. III. 2; R. III. I. 3; Lear, v. 3.
- Firk, *v.t.* to beat, H. V. I. 4.
- Firfling, *sb.* first offspring, Tr. and Cr. prol.; Macb. IV. 1.
- Fishified, *p.p.* turned into fish, R. and J. II. 4.
- Fisnomy, *sb.* physiognomy, All's Well, IV. 5.
- Fit, *sb.* a twist, contortion, H. VIII. I. 3.
- Fitchew, *sb.* a pole cat, Tr. and Cr. v. 1; Lear, IV. 6; Oth. IV. 1.
- Fitful, *adj.* full of fits or paroxysms, Macb. III. 2.
- Fitly, *adv.* properly, becomingly, Cor. I. 1; Lear, I. 1.
- Fitment, *sb.* what is befitting, Cym. v. 5; Per. IV. 6.
- Fitted, *p.p.* tortured as by fits, Sonn. cxix.
- Fives, *sb.* Fr. *avues*, an inflammation of the parotid glands in horses, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Fixture, *sb.* setting, Merry Wives, III. 3.
- Fixure, *sb.* stability, Tr. and Cr. I. 3. Setting, fixedness, Wint. T. v. 3.
- Flaky, *adj.* broken into flakes, R. III. v. 3.
- Flap-dragon, *sb.* a snap-dragon, or small inflammable body floating in liquor and to be swallowed burning, L's L's L. v. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 4. *v.t.* to toss down like a flap-dragon, Wint. T. III. 3.
- Flap-jack, *sb.* a pancake, Per. II. 1.
- Flask, *sb.* a powder horn, L's L's L. v. 2; R. and J. III. 3.
- Flat, *adj.* that's flat = that is positive, L's L's L. III. 1; 1 H. IV. I. 3; IV. 2.
- Flatlong, *adv.* flat, Temp. II. 1.
- Flatness, *sb.* completeness, Wint. T. III. 2.
- Flaunts, *sb.* finery, Wint. T. IV. 4.
- Flaw, *sb.* a gust or blast of wind, Ham. v. 1. Cor. v. 3. A flake of ice, 2 H. IV. IV. 4. Passionate outburst, M. for M. II. 3; Macb. III. 4. *v.t.* to make a flaw in, to break, H. VIII. I. 1; I. 2.
- Flecked, *p.p.* spotted, R. and J. II. 3.
- Fleer, *sb.* a sneer, Oth. IV. 1. *v.t.* to grin, sneer, L's L's L. v. 2; J. C. I. 3; Much Ado, v. 1.
- Fleet, *v.t.* to float, An. and Cl. III. 13. To pass away rapidly, flit, M. of V. III. 2; IV. 1; John, II. 1. *v.t.* to cause to pass rapidly, As You Like It, I. 1.
- Fleeting, *adj.* inconstant, unstable, Lucr. 212; R. III. I. 4; An. and Cl. v. 2.
- Fleshment, *sb.* the encouragement given by a first success, Lear, II. 2.
- Flewed, *adj.* with large hanging chaps, M. N's Dr. IV. 1.
- Flexure, *sb.* bowing, bending, H. V. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
- Flight, *sb.* a long and light feathered arrow for shooting great distances, Much Ado, I. 1.
- Flightly, *adj.* swift, Macb. IV. 1.
- Flirt-gill, *sb.* a light wench, R. and J. II. 4.
- Floodgate, *adj.* rushing, impetuous, Oth. I. 3.
- Flote, *sb.* flood, sea, Temp. I. 2.
- Flourish, *sb.* ornament, R. III. I. 3; Ham. II. 2. *v.t.* to embellish, gloss over, M. for M. IV. 1.
- Flower-de-luce, *sb.* the iris or fleur-de-lis, Wint. T. IV. 4; 1 H. VI. I. 1; I. 2; H. V. v. 2.
- Flush, *adj.* full of vigour, Tum. of A. v. 4; Ham. III. 3; An. and Cl. I. 4.
- Flushing, *sb.* filling to the full, Ham. I. 2.
- Fluxive, *adj.* flowing with tears, Lover's Compl. 50.
- Flying at the brook, hawking at waterfowl, 2 H. VI. II. 1.
- Fob, *v.t.* to fob off = to put off with a jest, Cor. I. 1.
- Fobbed, *p.p.* cheated, deluded, 1 H. IV. I. 2.
- Foil, *sb.* defeat, 1 H. VI. III. 3; v. 3; Temp. III. 1. *v.t.* to defeat, mar, Pass. Pilgr. 99.
- Foin, *sb.* a thrust in fencing, Lear, IV. 6. *v.t.* to make a thrust, Merry Wives, II. 3; Much Ado, v. 1.
- Foison, *sb.* plenty, abundance, Temp. II. 1; IV. 1. Macb. IV. 3.
- Folly, *sb.* wantonness, Tr. and Cr. v. 2; Oth. v. 2.
- Folly-fallen, *adj.* grown foolish, Tw. N. III. 1.
- Fond, *adj.* foolish, M. for M. v. 1; Cor. IV. 1; J. C. III. 1. *v.t.* to dote, Tw. N. II. 2.
- Fonder, *adj.* more foolish, Tr. and Cr. I. 1.
- Fondly, *adv.* foolishly, John, II. 1; R. II. III. 3.
- Fool, *sb.* a term of endearment, Wint. T. II. 1; As you Like It, II. 1; Lear, v. 3.
- Fool-begged, *adj.* so foolish that the guardianship of it might be asked for as being unable to take care of itself, Com. of E. II. 1.
- Fool-born, *adj.* born of fools, 2 H. IV. v. 5.
- Foot, *v.t.* to spurn; M. of V. I. 3; Cym. III. 5. To strike or seize with the foot (of an eagle), Cym. v. 4.
- Foot-cloth, *sb.* a saddle cloth hanging to the ground, 2 H. VI. IV. 7. Used as an adjective, 2 H. VI. IV. 1; R. III. III. 4.
- Footed, *p.p.* landed, H. V. II. 4; Lear, III. 3; III. 7.
- Foot-land rakers, vagabond foot-pads, 1 H. IV. II. 1.
- Fop, *sb.* a fool, trifler, Lear, I. 2.
- Fopped, *p.p.* cheated, duped, Oth. IV. 2.
- Foppery, *sb.* folly, M. of V. II. 5; Lear, I. 2.
- Decent, trickery, Merry Wives, v. 5.
- Foppish, *adj.* foolish, Lear, I. 4.
- For, *conj.* because, Temp. I. 2; M. N's Dr. IV. 1. In order that, 3 H. VI. III. 1; III. 2.
- For because, *conj.* because, Wint. T. II. 1; John, II. 1.
- For is equivalent to 'for want of' in the phrases 'for action, H. V. I. 2; 'for breath, Macb. I. 5; 'for food, Cym. III. 6; 'for hope, R. III. v. 3; 'for succour, As You Like It, II. 4. In the following passages it is equivalent to 'for fear of,' Two G. I. 2; 2 H. VI. IV. 1; Per. I. 1; Sonn. LII.

- Forage, *v.t.* to range abroad for prey, John, v. 1; H. V. 1. 2. *sb.* ranging for prey, L's L's L. iv. 1.
 Forbid, *p.p.* under a curse, bewitched, Macb. 1. 3.
 Forbid, *p.p.* forbidden, Lover's Compl. 164.
 Force, *v.t.* to strengthen, Macb. v. 5. To regard, care for, L's L's L. v. 2; Lucr. 1021. To urge, enforce, M. for M. iii. 1; Cor. iii. 2. To stuff, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2; v. 1.
 Force, *of*, of importance, weighty, 1 H. VI. iii. 1; 2 H. VI. 1. 3. Of necessity, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; M. of V. iv. 1.
 Forced, *adj.* constrained, unnatural, Wint. T. ii. 3; iv. 4; 1 H. IV. iii. 1.
 Forceful, *adj.* powerful, Wint. T. ii. 1.
 Force perforce, in spite of opposition, John, iii. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 1; iv. 4.
 Fordo, *v.t.* to undo, destroy, Ham. ii. 1; v. 1; Lear, v. 3; Oth. v. 1.
 Fordone, *p.p.* exhausted, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Fore-end, *sb.* the earlier part, Cym. iii. 3.
 Foregoers, *sb.* predecessors, ancestors, All's Well, 1. 3.
 Forehand, *adj.* anticipated, Much Ado, iv. 1. A forehand shaft was an arrow for shooting point blank, 2 H. IV. iii. 2. *sb.* advantage, superiority, H. V. iv. 1. A prominent member, leader, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
 Foreign, *adj.* living abroad, H. VIII. ii. 2.
 Foreknowing, *sb.* foreknowledge, Ham. 1. 1.
 Forepast, *adj.* previous, All's Well, v. 3.
 Foresay, *v.t.* to predestine, Cym. iv. 2.
 Forestall, *v.t.* to anticipate anything, and so deprive it of its value, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3; 2 H. IV. v. 2.
 Forethink, *v.t.* to anticipate, 1 H. IV. iii. 2; Cym. iii. 4.
 Forethought, *p.p.* predestined, John, iii. 1.
 Foreward, *sb.* vanguard, R. III. v. 3.
 Forfeit, *adj.* liable to punishment, M. for M. ii. 2; iii. 2. Forfeited, M. of V. iii. 2; iv. 1. *sb.* the forfeit of my servant's life is the life which he has forfeited, R. III. ii. 1.
 Forfend, *v.t.* to forbid, R. II. iv. 1; Oth. v. 2.
 Forfended, *p.p.* forbidden, Lear, v. 1.
 Forgetive, *adj.* inventive, 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
 Forgot, *p.p.* you are thus forgot = you have thus forgotten yourself, Oth. ii. 3.
 Fork, *sb.* the forked tongue of a snake, M. for M. iii. 1; Macb. iv. 1. The barbed head of an arrow, Lear, 1. 1. The part where the body divides, Lear, iv. 6.
 Forked, *adj.* barbed, As You Like It, ii. 1. Horned as a cuckold, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Formal, *adj.* rational, Com. of E. v. 1; Tw. N. ii. 5. Regular, R. III. iii. 1.
 Former, *adj.* foremost, J. C. v. 1.
 Formerly, *adv.* previously, M. of V. iv. 1.
 Forslow, *v.t.* to delay, 3 H. VI. ii. 3.
 Forspeak, *v.t.* to speak against, An. and Cl. iii. 7.
 Forspent, *p.p.* wearied, exhausted, 2 H. IV. 1. 1; 3 H. VI. ii. 3.
 Forted, *adj.* fortified, M. for M. v. 1.
 Forth, *prep.* out of, M. N's Dr. 1. 1; 1 H. VI. 1. 2; Cor. 1. 4.
 Forthcoming, *adj.* under arrest, ready to be produced when called for, 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
 Forthright, *sb.* a straight path, Temp. iii. 3; Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.
 Fortune, *v.t.* to assign as a man's fortune, An. and Cl. 1. 2. *v.t.* to happen, Two G. v. 4.
 Fowwearied, *p.p.* worn out, exhausted, John, ii. 1.
 Fosset-seller, *sb.* a seller of taps, Cor. ii. 1.
 Foul, *adj.* ugly, Tam. of S. 1. 2; As You Like It, iii. 3; Ven. and A. 133; Sonn. cxxvii.
 Foulness, *sb.* ugliness, As You Like It, iii. 3; iii. 5.
 Found, *p.p.* well found = well furnished, or, according to some, well approved, All's Well, ii. 1.
 Founder, *v.t.* to make a horse footsore, Temp. iv. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
 Foutra, an expression of contempt, 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Fox, *sb.* a broadsword, H. V. iv. 4.
 Foxship, *sb.* cunning and ingratitude, the characteristics of a fox, Cor. iv. 2.
 Fracted, *p.p.* broken, H. V. ii. 1; Tim. of A. ii. 1.
 Fracton, *sb.* breach, discord, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Fractions, *sb.* broken fragments, scraps, Tr. and Cr. v. 2; Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Frame, *sb.* order, disposition, Much Ado, iv. 1. Schmidt interprets it 'mould.' Form, M. for M. v. 1. Contrivance, Much Ado, iv. 1. *v.t.* to repair, resort, Per. prol.
 Frampold, *adj.* turbulent, quarrelsome, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Franchised, *adj.* free, Macb. ii. 1.
 Frank, *sb.* a sty, 2 H. IV. ii. 2.
 Franked, *p.p.* shut up in a frank or sty, R. III. 1. 3; iv. 5.
 Franklin, *sb.* a freeholder, yeoman, Wint. T. v. 2; 1 H. IV. ii. 1; Cym. iii. 2.
 Fright, *sb.* freight, cargo, load, Tw. N. v. 1; Tit. And. 1. 1; Oth. iii. 3. *v.t.* to load, burden, Cym. 1. 1. *p.p.* laden, M. of V. ii. 8. Stored, Two G. ii. 2; H. V. ii. 2.
 Fraughtage, *sb.* freight, cargo, Com. of E. iv. 1; Tr. and Cr. prol.
 Fraughting, *pr.p.* constituting the freight, Temp. 1. 2.
 Frayed, *p.p.* frightened, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Free, *adj.* innocent, Ham. ii. 2; iii. 2. Noble, generous, Tw. N. 1. 5; Tr. and Cr. iv. 5. Careless, happy, Tw. N. ii. 4.
 Freeness, *sb.* generosity, Cym. v. 5.
 Freetown, Villafranca, R. and J. 1. 1.
 French crown, *sb.* the baldness caused by venereal disease, M. N's Dr. 1. 2.
 Fresh, *sb.* a spring of fresh water, Temp. iii. 2.
 Fresh-brook, *adj.* fresh-water, Temp. 1. 2.
 Fret, *v.t.* to ent or wear away, R. II. iii. 3; Lear, 1. 4. To agitate, vex, 3 H. VI. ii. 6; Ham. iii. 2 (with a play upon the word as in H. VIII. iii. 2). To mark as with patterns, variegate, adorn, J. C. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2, Cym. ii. 4.
 Fretful, *adj.* fretting, gnawing, 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
 Frets, *sb.* the stops of a guitar or lute, Lucr. 1140; Tam. of S. ii. 1. They are pieces of wire fastened upon the instrument to guide the movement of the fingers.
 Fretted, *p.p.* variegated, various, An. and Cl. iv. 12.
 Fretten, *p.p.* agitated, worried, M. of V. iv. 1.
 Friend, *sb.* at friend = friendly, Wint. T. v. 1. To friend = as a friend, J. C. iii. 1; Macb. iv. 3. *v.t.* to befriend, favour, H. V. iv. 5; M. for M. iv. 2.

- Friending, *sb.* friendship, Ham. i. 5.
 Frippery, *sb.* an old-clothes shop, Temp. iv. 1.
 Frolic, *adj.* merry, M. N's Dr. v. 1; Tam. of S. iv. 3.
 From, *prep.* different from, contrary to, Much Ado, iii. 1, Tw. N. i. 5; v. 1; i H. IV. iii. 2; J. C. ii. 1.
 Front, *v.t.* to confront, oppose, An. and Cl. ii. 2. To stand in front of, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5. *v.t.* to march in front, H. VIII. i. 2.
 Frontier, *sb.* an outwork in fortification, i H. IV. ii. 3. Used figuratively, i H. IV. i. 3.
 Frontlet, *sb.* a band for the forehead; used figuratively, Lear, i. 4.
 Fruitful, *adj.* bountiful, Oth. i. 3. Plentiful, M. for M. iv. 3.
 Fruitfully, *adv.* fully, plentifully, All's Well, ii. 2; Lear, iv. 6.
 Frush, *v.t.* to bruise, batter, Tr. and Cr. v. 6.
 Frustrate, *pp.* frustrated, Temp. iii. 3; An. and Cl. v. 1.
 Frutify, *v.t.* to certify, M. of V. ii. 2.
 Fubbed off, *pp.* put off with excuses, 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Fulfil, *v.t.* to fill to the full, Sonn. cxxxvi. Lucr. 1258; Tr. and Cr. prol.
 Full, *adj.* complete, Oth. ii. 1.
 Fullam, *sb.* a kind of false dice, Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Fulsome, *adj.* cloying, nauseous, disgusting, Tw. N. v. 1; John, iii. 4; R. III. v. 3. Oth. iv. 1. Lustful, M. of V. i. 3.
 Fumiter, *sb.* fumitory, Lear, iv. 4.
 Function, *sb.* the active exercise of the faculties, Macb. i. 3; Oth. ii. 3.
 Furnace, *v.t.* to emit as from a furnace, Cym. i. 6.
 Furnished, *pp.* equipped, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Furnishings, *sb.* appendages, trimmings, Lear, iii. 1.
 Furniture, *sb.* equipment, trappings, All's Well, ii. 3; i H. IV. iii. 3.
 Fust, *v.t.* to grow fusty, Ham. iv. 4.
 Fustlarian, *sb.* a term of abuse from Falstaff's copious vocabulary, 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
 GABERDINE, *sb.* a long coarse smock-frock, Temp. ii. 2; M. of V. i. 3.
 Gad, *sb.* a pointed instrument, Tit. And. iv. 1. Upon the gad = on the spur of the moment, hastily, Lear, i. 2.
 Gage, *sb.* a pledge, pawn, R. II. i. 1; iv. 1; Lucr. 1351. *v.t.* to pledge, Ham. i. 1; Lucr. 144. To engage, M. of V. i. 1; i H. IV. i. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
 Gain-giving, *sb.* misgiving, Ham. v. 2.
 Gainsay, *v.t.* to forbid, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Gait, *sb.* proceeding, Ham. i. 2.
 Gall, *v.t.* to jest bitterly, H. V. v. 1.
 Gallant-springing, *adj.* full of youthful promise, R. III. i. 4.
 Gallian, *adj.* Gallic, French, Cym. i. 6; i H. VI. v. 4.
 Galliard, *sb.* a lively dance, Tw. N. i. 3; H. V. i. 2.
 Gallies, *sb.* large galleys, Tam. of S. ii. 1.
 Gallimaufry, *sb.* a medley, hotch-potch (Fr. *gallimaufree*), Merry Wives, ii. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Gallow, *v.t.* to scare, Lear, iii. 2.
 Gallowglass, *sb.* heavy armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles, 2 H. VI. iv. 9; Macb. i. 2.
 Gallows, *sb.* a gallows bird, one that deserves hanging, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Gamester, *sb.* one who plays at a game; not necessarily a gambler, Merry Wives, iii. 1, L's L's L. i. 2; H. V. iii. 6. A frolicsome fellow, As You Like It, i. 1; H. VIII. i. 4. A prostitute, All's Well, v. 3; Per. iv. 6.
 Gan, *impr.* of gin, began, Cor. ii. 2; Ven. and A. 95.
 Gaping, *adj.* a gaping pig was a pig dressed for the table with a lemon in its mouth, M. of V. iv. 1. *sb.* shouting, bawling, H. VIII. v. 4.
 Garboil, *sb.* uproar, disturbance, An. and Cl. i. 3; ii. 2.
 Garden-house, *sb.* a summer-house, M. for M. v. 1.
 Garish, *adj.* gaudy, R. III. iv. 4; R. and J. iii. 2.
 Garner, *v.t.* to lay up, store up, Oth. iv. 2. *sb.* a granary, Temp. iv. 1; Cor. i. 1.
 Gaskins, *sb.* loose breeches, Tw. N. i. 5.
 Gasted, *pp.* frightened, Lear, ii. 1.
 Gastness, *sb.* ghastliness, terror, Oth. v. 1.
 Gaudy, *adj.* festive, An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Gawd, *sb.* a toy, trifling ornament, M. N's Dr. i. 1; iv. 1. John, iii. 3.
 Gaze, *sb.* gazing-stock, Macb. v. 8.
 Gear, *sb.* a turn, purpose, M. of V. i. 1; ii. 2. Matter, business, R. III. i. 4; R. and J. ii. 4.
 Geck, *sb.* a dupe, Tw. N. v. 1; Cym. v. 4.
 Gemini, *sb.* a pair, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Gender, *sb.* race, kind, sort, Ham. iv. 7; Oth. i. 3. *v.t.* to procreate, breed, Oth. iv. 2.
 General, *sb.* the common people, the public, J. C. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2. *adj.* common, belonging to the public. General filths = public prostitutes, Tim. of A. iv. 1. General ear = the ear of the public, Ham. ii. 2. General louts = common clowns, Cor. iii. 2.
 Generation, *sb.* off-spring, Wint. T. ii. 1; R. II. v. 5; Tr. and Cr. iii. 1; Lear, i. 1.
 Generosity, *sb.* nobility, those of noble birth, Cor. i. 1.
 Genesious, *adj.* nobly born, M. for M. iv. 6; Oth. iii. 3.
 Genius, *sb.* the spirit which was supposed to control the actions of men, the rational soul, Temp. iv. 1; Tw. N. iii. 4; J. C. ii. 1; Macb. iii. 1.
 Gennet, *sb.* a Spanish horse, Oth. i. 1.
 Gentility, *sb.* gentle birth, good breeding, As You Like It, i. 1. Good manners, L's L's L. i. 1.
 Gentle, *v.t.* to ennoble, H. V. iv. 3. *adj.* noble, well born, Wint. T. i. 2; H. V. iv. chor.; R. III. i. 3. *adv.* gently, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5; An. and Cl. v. 1.
 Gentles, *sb.* gentlefolk, Merry Wives, iii. 2; L's L's L. iv. 2; M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Gentry, *sb.* rank by birth, Merry Wives, ii. 1, Cor. iii. 1. Courtsey, Ham. ii. 2; v. 2.
 German, *adj.* akin, Tim. of A. iv. 3; Ham. v. 2. *sb.* a near kinsman, Oth. i. 1.
 Germane, *adj.* akin, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Germen, *sb.* a germ, seed, Macb. iv. 1; Lear, iii. 2.
 Gest, *sb.* a halting-place in a roval progress, hence, the period of stay, Wint. T. i. 2.
 Gests, *sb.* deeds, exploits, An. and Cl. iv. 8.
 Ghost, *v.t.* to haunt, An. and Cl. ii. 6. *sb.* a corpse, 2 H. VI. iii. 2; Ham. i. 4.
 Gib, *sb.* an old tom-cat, Ham. iii. 4.

Gibbet, *v.t.* to hang, as a barrel on the sling by which it is carried, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Gib-cat, *sb.* an old tom-cat, 1 H. IV. i. 2.
 Gig, *sb.* a top, L's L's L. iv. 3; v. 1.
 Giglot, *sb.* a wanton, loose woman, M. for M. v. 1; Cym. iii. 1. Used adjectively, 1 H. VI. iv. 7.
 Gogs-worms, for 'God's worms', Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Gild, *v.t.* to stain with red, John, ii. 1; Macb. ii. 2 (comp. 'golden blood', Macb. ii. 3). To make drunk, Temp. v. 1.
 Gillyvors, *sb.* gillyflowers, a further corruption of Fr. *gloire*, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Gilt, *sb.* used for gold in order to introduce a quibble, H. V. ii. chor.
 Gimmal. A gimmal bit was either made of gimmal or double rings, or probably was itself double, H. V. iv. 2.
 Gimmors, *sb.* contrivances, 1 H. VI. i. 2.
 Gin, *sb.* a snare, Tw. N. ii. 5; Macb. iv. 2.
 'Gin or gin, *v.t.* to begin, Macb. i. 2; v. 5.
 Ging, *sb.* a gang, pack, Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Gingerly, *adv.* nicely, carefully, Tw. G. i. 2.
 Gird, *v.t.* to taunt, rally, Cor. i. 1. *v.t.* to crack jokes, 2 H. IV. i. 2. *sb.* a jest, sarcasm, Tam. of S. v. 2; 1 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Girdle. To turn the girdle with the buckle behind is said to be a phrase for changing one's humour. According to others it is a challenge at wrestling, Much Ado, v. 1.
 Gis, a corruption of Jesus, Ham. iv. 5.
 Give, *v.t.* to display as armorial bearings, Merry Wives, i. 1; 1 H. VI. i. 5. To give up, Wint. T. iii. 2.
 Give out, *v.t.* to give up, over, 2 H. VI. iv. 8. To exhibit, represent, Wint. T. iv. 4; Oth. iii. 3. To report, Cor. i. 1.
 Giving out, *sb.* representation, statement, M. for M. i. 4; Ham. i. 5; Oth. iv. 1.
 Glad, *sb.* gladness, Per. ii. prol.
 Glance, *v.t.* to hint, M. N's Dr. ii. 1; J. C. i. 2.
 Glances, *sb.* side hits, oblique allusions, As You Like It, ii. 7.
 Glass-faced, *adj.* with a face like a mirror, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Gleek, *v.t.* to scoff, M. N's Dr. iii. 1. H. V. v. 1. *sb.* a scoff, 1 H. VI. iii. 2; R. and J. iii. 2; R. and J. iv. 5.
 Glib, *v.t.* to gild, Wint. T. ii. 1.
 Glide, *sb.* a sliding motion, As You Like It, iv. 3.
 Glooming, *adj.* full of gloom, gloomy, R. and J. v. 3.
 Glow, *v.t.* to make to glow, flush, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Gloze, *v.t.* to comment, interpret, H. V. i. 2; Tr. and Cr. ii. 2. To use flattering speeches, R. II. ii. 1; Tit. And. iv. 4; Per. i. 1.
 Glozes, *sb.* fair speeches, L's L's L. iv. 3.
 Glut, *v.t.* to swallow greedily, Temp. i. 1.
 Gluttoning, *pr.p.* feeding greedily, Sonn. lxxv.
 Gnarling, *pr.p.* snarling, R. II. i. 3; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Go, to go in the song=to join in the song, Much Ado, i. 1. To go through=to complete a bargain, M. for M. ii. 1; Per. iv. 2.
 Gobbet, *sb.* a small lump, 2 H. VI. iv. 1; v. 2.
 God, *v.t.* to make a god of, worship, Cor. v. 3.
 To before, before God, I swear by God, H. V. i. 2; iii. 6. Others take it as equivalent to 'God being our leader.'

God bless the mark, an apologetic phrase, originally employed to avert the evil omen, and perhaps accompanied by the sign of the cross, M. of V. ii. 2; Oth. i. 1.
 God save the mark=God bless the mark, 1 H. IV. i. 3; R. and J. iii. 2.
 God 'ild=God yield, God reward, As You Like It, iii. 3; v. 4; Macb. i. 6; Ham. iv. 5.
 God ye=God gi' you, R. and J. ii. 4.
 God-den, God even, H. V. iii. 2; Cor. ii. 1; iv. 6.
 God gi' god-den, God give you good even, R. and J. i. 2.
 Gogs-wounds, for 'God's wounds', Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Good, *adj.* wealthy, substantial, M. of V. i. 3; Cor. i. 1. Used as a vocative, Temp. i. 1; Wint. T. v. 1; Ham. i. 1.
 Good cheap, *adv.* cheap, 1 H. IV. iii. 3.
 Good-conceted, *adj.* well conceived or devised, Cym. ii. 3.
 Good deed, indeed, verily, Wint. T. i. 2.
 Good den, good even, John, i. 1; Tit. And. iv. 4; R. and J. ii. 4.
 Good even to twenty, good even twenty times over, Merry Wives, ii. 1.
 Good lady, a patroness, Cym. ii. 3.
 Good leave, ready permission, As You Like It, i. 1; M. of V. iii. 2.
 Good life, lifelike truthfulness, Temp. iii. 3.
 Good name, good repute, Merry Wives, iii. 3. A song of good life=a song with a moral in it, Tw. N. ii. 3.
 Good lord, a patron, 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
 Good master, a patron, Wint. T. v. 2; Oth. i. 3.
 Good-nights, *sb.* serenades, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Good time, in, opportunely happily, R. III. ii. 1.
 Good year. What the good year! is a petty curse.
 Perhaps a euphemism for the opposite, or a corruption of the old English *quade yere*=*Ital. mal anno*, Merry Wives, i. 4; Much Ado, i. 3; 2 H. IV. ii. 4. In Lear, v. 3 'good-years' is supposed to be corrupted from *gouyère*, the venereal disease, but no evidence is given for the existence of this word.
 Corbellied, *adj.* bigbellied, 1 H. IV. ii. 2.
 Gore blood, clotted blood, R. and J. iii. 2.
 Gorge, *sb.* the throat, gullet, Wint. T. ii. 1; Ham. v. 1.
 Gorget, *sb.* a piece of armour for the throat, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Gossiped, *pr.p.* instructed in the precepts of the Gospel, Macb. iii. 1.
 Goss, *sb.* gorse, Temp. iv. 1.
 Gossip, *sb.* a sponsor, Tw. G. iii. 1; Wint. T. ii. 3.
 Gourd, *sb.* a kind of false dice, Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Gout, *sb.* a drop, Macb. ii. 1.
 Governance, *sb.* government, control, 2 H. VI. i. 3.
 Government, *sb.* self-control, 1 H. IV. i. 2; iii. 1; Lucr. 1400.
 Grace, *sb.* excellence, virtue, R. and J. ii. 3.
 Graced, *adj.* dignified, Macb. iii. 4; Lear, i. 4.
 Graceful, *adj.* virtuous, Wint. T. v. 1. Favourable, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Gracious, *adj.* pleasing, attractive, M. of V. iii. 2; Tw. N. i. 5; John, ii. 4. Full of grace and goodness, Ham. i. 1.
 Graff, *sb.* graft, scion, Lear. 1062; Per. v. 1. *v.t.* to graft, As You Like It, iii. 2; 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Graft, *pr.p.* grafted, 2 H. VI. iii. 2; R. III. iii. 7.

- Grafter, *sb.* that from which a graft is taken, H. V. III. 5.
- Grain, *sb.* 'In grain' is used of a fast colour that will not wash out, from the grain or kermes of which the purple dye was originally made, Com. of E. III. 2; M. N's Dr. I. 2; Tw. N. I. 5.
- Grained, *adj.* close grained, tough, Cor. IV. 5.
- Engrained, Ham. III. 4.
- Gramercy, great thanks, Fr. *grand merci*, M. of V. II. 2; R. III. III. 2.
- Grandam, *sb.* grandmother, M. of V. II. 2; John, I. 1.
- Grange, *sb.* a lone farmhouse, M. for M. III. 1; Wint. T. IV. 4; Oth. I. 1.
- Granted, *p.p.* acknowledged, Cym. II. 1.
- Grate, *v.t.* to vex, annoy, Ham. III. 1; An. and Cl. I. 1.
- Gratify, *v.t.* to reward, M. of V. IV. 1; Cor. II. 2.
- Gratuity, corruption of 'gratuity', Tw. N. II. 3.
- Gratulate, *v.t.* to congratulate, R. III. IV. 1; Tit. And. I. 1; Tim. of A. I. 2. *adj.* gratifying, M. for M. v. 1.
- Grave, *v.t.* to entomb, bury, R. II. III. 2; Tim. of A. IV. 3. To carve, engrave, Lucr. 755; M. of V. II. 7.
- Graymalkin, *sb.* a witch's familiar in the shape of a grey cat, Macb. I. 1.
- Greasily, *adv.* filthily, L's L's L. IV. 1.
- Great morning, broad daylight, Tr. and Cr. IV. 3; Cym. IV. 2.
- 'Gree, *v.i.* to agree, Two G. II. 4; Tam. of S. II. 1.
- Greek, *sb.* a reveller, boon companion, Tw. N. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. I. 2. 'Grig' is another form of the word.
- Greenly, *adv.* foolishly, H. V. v. 2; Ham. IV. 5.
- Grief, *sb.* pain, I H. IV. I. 3; v. 1; 2 H. IV. I. 1.
- Grief-shot, *adj.* stricken with grief, Cor. v. 1.
- Grime, *v.t.* to begrime, Lear, II. 3.
- Grim-looking, *adj.* grim-looking, grim-visaged, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
- Gripe, *sb.* a griffin, Lucr. 543.
- Grize, *sb.* a step, Tw. N. III. 1; Oth. I. 3.
- Grizzle, *sb.* a tinge of grey, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Groat, *sb.* a coin worth fourpence, Merry Wives, I. 1.
- Gross, *adj.* palpable, M. for M. I. 2; All's Well, I. 3; H. V. II. 2.
- Grossly, *adv.* palpably, Com. of E. II. 2; H. V. II. 2.
- Grossness, *sb.* passages of grossness = gross impositions, Tw. N. III. 2.
- Ground, *sb.* the plainness or air on which variations are made, R. III. III. 7.
- Groundlings, *sb.* the spectators who stood on the ground in what corresponded to the pit of a modern theatre, Ham. III. 2.
- Grow, *v.t.* to accrue, Com. of E. IV. 1; IV. 4.
- Grow to, *v.i.* to have a strong flavour, like milk that is burnt, M. of V. II. 2. Others understand by it, to have a certain tendency.
- Grow to a point, come to the point, M. N's Dr. I. 2.
- Guard, *v.t.* to trim, ornament, Much Ado, I. 1; M. of V. II. 2; John, IV. 2.
- Guards, *sb.* facings, ornaments, M. for M. III. 1; Much Ado, I. 1. The stars β and γ of Ursa Minor, Oth. II. 1.
- Guardage, *sb.* guard, safe keeping, Oth. I. 2.
- Guardant, *sb.* a guard, sentinel, I H. VI. IV. 7; Cor. v. 2.
- Guerdon, *sb.* reward, Much Ado, v. 3; L's L's L. III. 1.
- Guerdoned, *p.p.* rewarded, 2 H. VI. I. 4; 3 H. VI. III. 3.
- Guidon, *sb.* a standard or banner, H. V. IV. 2. The old reading is 'Guard: on.'
- Guilder, *sb.* a Dutch coin, Com. of E. I. 1; IV. 1.
- Guiled, *adj.* full of guile, treacherous, M. of V. III. 2.
- Gules, *adj.* red, in heraldry, Tim. of A. IV. 3; Ham. II. 2.
- Gulf, *sb.* the swallow, gullet, Macb. IV. 1.
- Gull, *sb.* an unfledged nestling, I H. IV. v. 1; Tim. of A. II. 1. A dupe, fool, Tw. N. III. 2; v. 1; R. III. I. 3. A trick, Much Ado, II. 3.
- Gull-catcher, *sb.* one who entraps foolish persons, Tw. N. II. 5.
- Gummed velvet, velvet stiffened with gum, I H. IV. II. 2.
- Gun-stones, *sb.* cannon balls of stone, H. V. I. 2.
- Gust, *sb.* taste, relish, Tw. N. I. 3; Sonn. CXIV. *v.t.* to taste, perceive, Wint. T. I. 2.
- Gyve, *v.t.* to fetter, catch, Oth. II. 1.
- Gyves, *sb.* fetters, shackles, I H. IV. IV. 2; Ham. IV. 7.
- HABILIMENT, *sb.* dress, garment, Tit. And. v. 2; R. II. I. 3; An. and Cl. III. 6.
- Habit, *sb.* demeanour, deportment, M. of V. II. 2; Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Habitude, *sb.* habit, condition of body, Lover's Compl. 114.
- Hack, *v.i.* to grow common, Merry Wives, II. 1.
- Haggard, *sb.* a wild, untrained hawk, Tw. N. III. 1; Much Ado, III. 1. Used as an adjective, Oth. III. 3.
- Haggish, *adj.* hag-like, ugly, All's Well, I. 2.
- Haggled, *p.p.* haggled, mangled, H. V. IV. 6.
- Hag-seed, *sb.* offspring of a hag, Temp. I. 2.
- Hair, *sb.* texture, nature, I H. IV. IV. 1. Against the hair = against the grain, Merry Wives, II. 3; Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
- Halcyon. The body of the halcyon or kingfisher, suspended by its beak, was believed to show which way the wind blew, Lear, II. 2.
- Hale, *v.t.* to draw, drag, haul, Much Ado, II. 3; Tw. N. III. 2.
- Halfcaps, *sb.* half bows, caps half taken off, slight salutations, Tim. of A. IV. 2.
- Half-checked, *adj.* A half-checked bit was perhaps a bit of which only one part remained, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Half-cheek, *sb.* a profile, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Half-face, *sb.* a thin face, John, I. 1.
- Half-faced, *adj.* showing the king's face in profile, John, I. 1. Thin-faced, wretched-looking, I H. IV. I. 3; 2 H. IV. III. 2.
- Half kirtles, *sb.* A kirtle was a kind of jacket with a petticoat attached. Either of these was a half-kirtle, 2 H. IV. v. 4.
- Halfpence, *sb.* small pieces, Much Ado, II. 3. So Chaucer uses 'ferthing.'
- Half-sword, at, within half a sword's length, at close quarters, I H. IV. II. 4.
- Half-tales, *sb.* tales of which only one half is told, An. and Cl. II. 2.
- Halidom, *sb.* holiness, sanctity, Two G. IV. 2.
- Hall. A hall! was a cry to clear a space for dancing, R. and J. I. 5.

Hallowmas, *sb.* All Saints' Day, Two G. II. 1; M. for M. II. 1; R. II. v. 1.
 Halt, *adj.* lame, Pass. Pilgr. 308. *v.t.* to limp, Tw. N. v. 1; An. and Cl. iv. 7; Ham. II. 2.
 Halting, *adj.* limping; hence, loitering, dilatory, John, v. 2. *sb.* hesitation, Cym. III. 5.
 Hand, at, by hand, John, v. 2. 'Hot at hand' of horses is equivalent to 'hot in hand,' that is, when they are held in, J. C. iv. 2. Others understand it, when they are led by the hand, not mounted.
 Hand, at any, in any case, Tam. of S. 1. 2.
 Hand, in any, at any rate, All's Well, III. 6.
 Hand, in the hand of = led by, Cor. v. 3; R. III. iv. 1. To hold hand with = to be equal to, John, II. 1.
 Handfast, *sb.* custody, Wint. T. iv. 4. Contract, Cym. I. 5.
 Hands, a tall man of his hands = a stout, active fellow, Merry Wives, I. 4; Wint. T. v. 2. Give me your hands = applaud, M. N's Dr. v. 1. See Temp. v. epil.
 Hands, of all, at any rate, in any case, L's L's L. IV. 3.
 Handsaw, *sb.* a corruption of heronshaw, a heron, Ham. II. 2.
 Handy-dandy, *sb.* a game in which an object is rapidly passed from one hand to the other, Lear, IV. 6.
 Hangers, *sb.* the straps by which the sword was suspended from the girdle, Ham. v. 2.
 Hangman. The hangman boys = the young rascals, gallows birds, crack-hemps, Two G. IV. 4.
 Hap, *sb.* fortune, luck, chance, Com. of E. I. 1; R. II. I. 1; Ham. IV. 3.
 Haply, *adv.* perhaps, Tw. N. I. 2; H. V. IV. 7.
 Happiest, *adj.* most favourable, H. VIII. prol.
 Happily, *adv.* haply, perhaps, M. for M. IV. 2; Tam. of S. IV. 4.
 Happiness, *sb.* accomplishment, Much Ado, II. 3; Ham. II. 2.
 Happy, *adj.* accomplished, Two G. IV. 1; Cym. III. 4. *v.t.* to make happy, Sonn. vi.
 Harbourage, *sb.* shelter, refuge, John, II. 1; Per. I. 4.
 Hard a keeping = hard o' keeping, difficult to be kept, L's L's L. I. 1.
 Hardiment, *sb.* daring exploit, boldness, I H. IV. I. 3; Tr. and Cr. iv. 5; Cym. v. 4.
 Hardiness, *sb.* bravery, H. V. I. 2; Cym. III. 6.
 Hardness, *sb.* hardship, Oth. I. 3; Cym. III. 6.
 Harlot, *adj.* lewd, Wint. T. II. 3.
 Harlotry, *sb.* a harlot, Oth. IV. 2. A baggage, I H. IV. III. 1; R. and J. IV. 2. Used adjectively, I H. IV. II. 4.
 Harness, *sb.* armour, I H. IV. III. 2; Macb. v. 5.
 Harnessed, *pp.* armed, John, v. 2; Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
 Harp, *v.t.* to strike upon as a key-note, Macb. IV. 1.
 Harry, *v.t.* to vex, annoy, An. and Cl. III. 3.
 Harry ten shillings, a piece of the value of ten shillings coined by Henry VII., 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Hatch, *sb.* a half-door, John, I. 1; v. 2; Lear, III. 6.
 Hatched, *pp.* closed with a half-door, Per. IV. 2.
 Hatched, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Hateful, *adj.* malignant, R. II. II. 2.
 Hatefully, *adv.* malignantly, Ven. and A. 940.
 Haught, *adj.* haughty, R. II. IV. 1; 3 H. VI. II. 1.

Haughty, *adj.* lofty, high-spirited, I H. VI. IV. 1; R. III. IV. 2.
 Haunch, *sb.* rear, 2 H. IV. IV. 4.
 Haunt, *sb.* resort, place of resort, As You Like It, II. 1; Ham. IV. 1; An. and Cl. IV. 14.
 Have, you have me = you understand me, catch my meaning, Ham. II. 1. Imperatively in the phrases Have after = I'll follow, Ham. I. 4. Have at = I'll begin or attack, Wint. T. IV. 4; Ham. v. 2. Have to = I'll go to, Tam. of S. I. 1. Have through = I'll make my way through, 2 H. VI. IV. 8. Have with = I'll go with, Cor. II. 1; Oth. I. 2.
 Haver, *sb.* possessor, Cor. II. 2.
 Having, *sb.* property, possessions, As You Like It, III. 2; Tw. N. III. 4.
 Haviour, *sb.* behaviour, Tw. N. III. 4; Ham. I. 2.
 Havoc, *sb.* to cry havoc was to give the signal for indiscriminate slaughter, to cry no quarter, John, II. 1; J. C. III. 1; Ham. v. 2. *v.t.* to cut to pieces, destroy, H. V. I. 2.
 Hawking, *adj.* hawklike, All's Well, I. 1.
 Hay, *sb.* a term used by a fencer (Ital. *hai*, you have it) when he hit his adversary, R. and J. II. 4. A circular dance, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Head, *sb.* an armed force, John, v. 2; I H. IV. IV. 4; Ham. IV. 5.
 Head-lugged, *adj.* dragged by the head, Lear, IV. 2.
 Headsman, *sb.* executioner, All's Well, IV. 3.
 Head-stall, *sb.* the part of a bridle which goes over the head, Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Heady, *adj.* headstrong, impetuous, I H. IV. II. 3; H. V. I. 1.
 Heady-rash, *adj.* impetuously violent, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Health, *sb.* welfare, wellbeing, M. of V. v. 1; J. C. IV. 3; Ham. I. 3.
 Healthful, *adj.* wholesome, salutary, Com. of E. I. 1.
 Healthsome, *adj.* wholesome, R. and J. IV. 3.
 Heaps, on, in heaps, H. V. IV. 5; v. 2.
 Hearted, *adj.* seated in the heart, Oth. I. 3; III. 3.
 Hearten, *v.t.* to encourage, cheer, 3 H. VI. II. 2; Lucr. 295.
 Heart-heaviness, *sb.* heart-sorrow, As You Like It, v. 2.
 Heat, *pp.* heated, John, IV. 1. *v.t.* to run a course or heat in a race, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Heaves, *sb.* deep sighs, Ham. IV. 1.
 Heaviness, *sb.* sorrow, sadness, Temp. v. 1; M. of V. II. 8.
 Heavings, *sb.* deep sighings, Wint. T. II. 3.
 Heavy, *adj.* sad, sorrowful, M. of V. v. 1; Ven. and A. 839.
 Hebenon, *sb.* possibly the yew (Germ. *eiben*), Ham. I. 5. Ebony and henbane have also been suggested.
 Hedge, *v.t.* to creep along by the hedge, skulk, move stealthily, Tr. and Cr. III. 3; Merry Wives, II. 2; H. VIII. III. 2.
 Hedge-pig, *sb.* a young hedge-hog, Macb. IV. 1.
 Heel, *v.t.* to step as in dancing, Tr. and Cr. IV. 4.
 Hefts, *sb.* heavings, Wint. T. II. 1.
 Helm, *v.t.* to steer, M. for M. III. 2.
 Help, *v.t.* to cure, Temp. II. 2; Lucr. 1822. *sb.* cure, Macb. I. 2.
 Helpless, *adj.* incurable, Lucr. 756. Unavailing, R. III. I. 2; Lucr. 1027.

- Hence, *adv.* henceforward, 2 H. IV. v. 5; Oth. III. 3.
- Henchman, *sb.* a page, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
- Hent, *sb.* grip; hence, a purpose for which to be seized, Ham. III. 3. *v.t.* to take, clear, pass, Wint. T. IV. 3; M. for M. IV. 6.
- Herb-grace, *sb.* rue, Ham. IV. 5.
- Herblet, *sb.* a small herb, Cym. IV. 2.
- Herb of grace, *sb.* rue, All's Well, IV. 5; R. II. III. 4.
- Hereby, *adv.* That's hereby is said to mean, in provincial usage, that's as it may happen, L's L's L. I. 2.
- Hermit, *sb.* a beadsman, one bound to pray for another, Macb. I. 6.
- Hest, *sb.* a command, behest, Temp. I. 2; III. 1.
- Hey-day, *int.* a frolicsome cry. Temp. II. 2. Used as a substantive for frolic, Ham. III. 4.
- Hide fox and all after, a game like hide-and-seek, Ham. IV. 2.
- Hie, *v.t.* to hasten, Ven and A. 1189; Ham. I. 1. *v.r.* Macb. I. 5.
- Hiems, winter, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
- High and low, two kinds of false dice, Merry Wives, I. 3.
- High battled, *adj.* at the head of proud battalions, An. and Cl. III. 13.
- High-blown, *adj.* inflated, H. VIII. III. 2.
- High-day, *adj.* holiday, M. of V. II. 9.
- Highest, *adj.* highest, R. and J. II. 5; Sonn. VII.
- High-repented, *adj.* deeply repented, All's Well, v. 3.
- High-resolved, *adj.* resolute, firmly resolved, Tit. And. IV. 4.
- High-sighted, *adj.* supercilious, J. C. II. 1.
- High-stomached, *adj.* haughty, R. II. 1. 1.
- High-vised, *adj.* conspicuously wicked, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Hight, is called, L's L's L. I. 1; M. N's Dr. v. 1; Per. IV. prol.
- Hild, *p.p.* held, Lucr. 1257.
- Hilding, *sb.* a menial, drudge, Cym. II. 3; R. and J. II. 4; III. 5. *adj.* base, mean, 2 H. IV. I. 1; H. V. IV. 2.
- Hilts, *sb.* hilt; used of a single weapon, R. III. I. 4; J. C. v. 3.
- Himself, by, by his own hand, Cor. v. 2.
- Hind, *sb.* a farm-servant, menial, As You Like It, I. 1; Merry Wives, III. 5.
- Hinge, *v.t.* to bend as a hinge, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Hint, *sb.* occasion, the cause or motive of anything, whether action or speech, Temp. I. 2; II. 1; Cor. III. 3.
- Hip. To catch or have on the hip is a term of wrestling, and signifies to have the advantage of, M. of V. I. 3; IV. 1; Oth. II. 1.
- Hipped, *p.p.* galled in the hips, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- History, *v.t.* to record, 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
- Hit, *v.t.* to agree, Lear, I. 1.
- Hitherto, *adv.* up to this point, 1 H. IV. III. 1.
- Hive, *v.t.* to dwell as in a hive, M. of V. II. 5.
- Hoar, *v.t.* to make hoary or white as with leprosy, Tim. of A. IV. 3. *v.t.* to become mouldy, R. and J. II. 4.
- Hobby-horse, *sb.* a principal figure in the old morris-dance, L's L's L. III. 1; Ham. III. 2. Hence used contemptuously of persons of light conduct, Much Ado, III. 2; Wint. T. I. 1.
- Hob, nob, have or not have, hit or miss, come what may, Tw. N. III. 4.
- Hodge-pudding, *sb.* probably a hodge-podge pudding, or haggis, Wint. T. v. 5.
- Hoise, *v.t.* to hoist, heave up, Temp. I. 2; 2 H. VI. I. 1; R. III. IV. 4.
- Hoist, *p.p.* hoisted, Ham. III. 4.
- Hold, *v.t.* to endure, Cor. III. 2; Tim. of A. I. 2; Ham. v. 1. *v.t.* to keep promise, M. N's Dr. I. 2. *sb.* fortress, John, v. 7; 2 H. IV. ind.
- Hold friends, to continue friends, Much Ado, I. 1.
- Hold in, to keep counsel, 1 H. IV. II. 1.
- Holding, *sb.* the burden of a song, An. and Cl. II. 7. Fitness, All's Well, IV. 2.
- Hold up, to keep up a jest, Much Ado, II. 3; M. N's Dr. III. 2.
- Holidame=halidom, Tam. of S. v. 2; R. and J. I. 3; H. VIII. v. 1.
- Holp, the past tense and past participle of 'help,' John, I. 1; R. III. I. 2; Temp. I. 2; Cor. III. 1.
- Holy-ales, *sb.* rural festivals on saints' days, Per. prol.
- Holy-thistle, *sb.* also called Blessed Thistle, *carduus benedictus*, Much Ado, III. 4.
- Homager, *sb.* one who does homage, a vassal, An. and Cl. I. 1.
- Home, *adv.* to the utmost, thoroughly, Cor. II. 2; Macb. I. 3; Cym. III. 5.
- Honest, *adj.* chaste, Merry Wives, I. 4; II. 1; Oth. IV. 2.
- Honesty, *sb.* chastity, Merry Wives, II. 2; As You Like It, III. 3. Decency, Tw. N. II. 3; Ham. II. 2. Liberality, generosity, Tim. of A. III. 1.
- Honey-seed, blunder for 'homicide,' 2 H. IV. II. 1.
- Honey-stalks, *sb.* the common purple clover, Tim. of A. IV. 4.
- Honey-suckle, blunder for 'homicidal,' 2 H. IV. II. 1.
- Hood, *v.t.* to cover with a hood, like a falcon till it was let fly at the game, H. V. III. 7; R. and J. III. 2.
- Hoodman, the one who was blinded at the game of blind man's buff, All's Well, IV. 3.
- Hoodman-blind, blind man's buff, All's Well, IV. 3.
- Hoodwink, *v.t.* to blindfold, hence, to cover, conceal, Temp. IV. 1.
- Hoop, *v.t.* to whoop, shout, As You Like It, III. 2; H. V. II. 2; Cor. IV. 5.
- Hope, *v.t.* to expect, H. V. III. 7; An. and Cl. II. 1.
- Horn-mad, like a mad bull, with a reference to horns being the emblem of a cuckold, Merry Wives, I. 4; Com. of E. II. 1; Much Ado, I. 1.
- Horning, *sb.* the making of cuckolds, Tit. And. II. 3.
- Horologe, *sb.* a clock, Oth. II. 3.
- Hose, *sb.* breeches, As You Like It, II. 4; II. 7. Round hose or French hose were trunk hose which were made very full, M. of V. I. 2; H. V. III. 7.
- Host, *v.t.* to lodge, Com. of E. I. 2; All's Well, III. 5.
- Hot-house, *sb.* a bagnio, often used as a brothel, M. for M. II. 1.
- House, *v.t.* to dwell, keep house, R. and J. III. 5; Cym. III. 3.

- Housewife, *sb.* housekeeper, mistress of a house, M. N's Dr. II. 1. 1; R. and J. IV. 2; Oth. I. 3. A hussy, wanton, 2 H. IV. III. 2; H. V. v. 1. Oth. IV. 1.
- Housewifery, *sb.* domestic management, H. V. II. 3; Oth. II. 1.
- How, how go? = for what price? 2 H. IV. III. 2; Per. IV. 6.
- How and which way, How or which way, redundant expressions, All's Well, IV. 3; R. II. II. 2; 1 H. VI. II. 1.
- However, *adv.* in any case, Two G. I. 1; H. VIII. IV. 1.
- Hox, *v.t.* to hough, hamstring, Wint. T. I. 2.
- Hoy, *sb.* a small coasting vessel, Com. of E. IV. 3.
- Hug, *v.i.* to lie close, John, v. 2.
- Hugger-mugger, in, secretly, by stealth, Ham. IV. 5.
- Hull, *v.t.* to float, drift to and fro, like a ship at the mercy of the waves, Tw. N. I. 5; R. III. IV. 4, H. VIII. II. 4.
- Human, *adj.* made of flesh and blood, As You Like It, v. 2.
- Humorous, *adj.* capricious, full of fancies and humour, As You Like It, I. 2; John, III. 1, 2 H. IV. IV. 4. Damp, moist, R. and J. II. 1.
- Humour, *sb.* characteristic disposition, affectation of manner or language. A word much abused in Shakespeare's time, and ridiculed by him by being employed frequently without any meaning at all, L's L's L. III. 1; Merry Wives, I. 1, 1, 3.
- Humphrey Hour, R. III. IV. 4. The meaning of this is lost. Stevens supposed that there was a reference to the phrase to dine with Duke Humphrey, that is, to walk up and down in St. Paul's during the dinner hour and not to dine at all. But this does not help us.
- Hungerly, *adv.* hungrily, scantily, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Hungry, *adj.* their hungry prey = the prey for which they hunger, 1 H. VI. I. 2.
- Hunt, *sb.* the game taken in the chase, Cym. III. 6. The hunt is up = the game is afoot, Tit. And. II. 2.
- Hunt's up, *sb.* a tune to arouse the hunters early, R. and J. III. 5.
- Hurly, *sb.* uproar, John, III. 4; 2 H. IV. III. 1.
- Hurly-burly, *sb.* uproar, tumult, Macb. I. 1. Used adjectively, 1 H. IV. v. 1.
- Hurricane, *sb.* a waterspout, Tr. and Cr. v. 2; Lear, III. 2.
- Hurtle, *v.t.* to clash, J. C. II. 2.
- Hurtless, *adj.* harmless, Lear, IV. 6.
- Hurthing, *sb.* clashing, din, As You Like It, IV. 3.
- Husband, *sb.* housekeeper, M. for M. III. 2; Tam. of S. v. 1. Husbandman, 2 H. IV. v. 3.
- Husbandry, *sb.* thrift, economy, Macb. II. 1; Ham. I. 3. Management, stewardship, M. of V. III. 4; Tim. of A. II. 2.
- Hush, *adj.* still, silent, Ham. II. 2.
- Huswife, *sb.* one who does housework, a housemaid, As You Like It, IV. 3. Housewife, Cor. I. 3.
- Hyen, *sb.* hyena, As You Like It, IV. 1.
- Hyperion, *sb.* Phœbus, the sun, H. V. IV. 1; Ham. I. 2; III. 4.
- Hyrcan, *adj.* Hyrcanian, Macb. III. 4.
- cold water, as of the Salo by Bilbilis in Spain, Oth. v. 2.
- Iceland dog. A white, curly-haired dog, with sharp-pointed ears, much in request among ladies as a lap-dog, H. V. II. 1.
- Idle, *adj.* trifling, insignificant, Tr. and Cr. I. 2. Unoccupied, Oth. I. 3. Foolish, crazy, Ham. III. 2; Lear, I. 3. Useless, unprofitable, Com. of E. III. 2; Lear, IV. 4. *v.t.* to float idly. R. and J. II. 6.
- Idle-headed, *adj.* foolish, Merry Wives, IV. 4.
- Ifecks, *int.* perhaps a corruption of 'in faith,' Wint. T. I. 2.
- Ignomy, *sb.* ignominy, M. for M. II. 4; Tr. and Cr. v. 10; Tit. And. IV. 2.
- Ignorant. Ignorant fumes = fumes that produce ignorance or unconsciousness, Temp. v. 1.
- Ill-erected, *adj.* built for an evil purpose, or with evil auspices, R. II. v. 1.
- Ill-favoured, *adj.* ill-looking, ugly, Wint. T. I. 1; As You Like It, III. 5.
- Ill-favouredly, *adv.* badly, ill, As You Like It, III. 2; H. V. IV. 2.
- Ill-inhabited, *adj.* badly housed, As You Like It, III. 3.
- Illness, *sb.* badness, wickedness, Macb. I. 5.
- Ill-nurtured, *adj.* ill-bred, rude, 2 H. VI. I. 2; Ven. and A. 134.
- Ill-ta'en, *adj.* misapprehended, Wint. T. I. 2.
- Illume, *v.t.* to illumine, Ham. I. 1.
- Illustrate, *adj.* illustrious, I's L's L. IV. 1; v. 1.
- Ill-wresting, *adj.* twisting to a bad sense, Sonn. CXL.
- Imagery, *sb.* figures in painting, R. II. v. 2.
- Imaginary, *adj.* belonging to the imagination, John, IV. 2. Imaginary forces = powers of imagination, H. V. prol.
- Imagined, *adj.* belonging to the imagination, M. of V. III. 4; H. V. III. chor.
- Imagining, *sb.* imaginations, Macb. I. 3.
- Imbar, *v.t.* to bar in, secure, H. V. I. 2.
- Immanity, *sb.* savageness, ferocity, 1 H. VI. v. 1.
- Immask, *v.t.* to hide in a mask, disguise, 1 H. IV. I. 2.
- Immediacy, *sb.* direct holding of office, Lear, v. 3.
- Immoment, *adj.* of no moment, insignificant, An. and Cl. v. 2.
- Immures, *sb.* enclosing walls, Tr. and Cr. prol.
- Imp, *sb.* a scion or offshoot, 2 H. IV. v. 5; H. V. v. 1. *v.t.* to graft; hence, to supply new feathers to a falcon's wing, R. II. II. 1.
- Impaint, *v.t.* to paint, colour, 1 H. IV. v. 1.
- Impair, *adj.* unsuitable, inappropriate, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
- Impale, *v.t.* to encircle, Tr. and Cr. v. 7.
- Impart, *v.t.* to afford, grant, Lucr. 1039; Sonn. LXXII. *v.t.* to behave oneself, Ham. I. 2.
- Impartial, *adj.* indifferent, taking no part, Ven. and A. 748; M. for M. v. 1.
- Impartment, *sb.* communication, Ham. I. 4.
- Impasted, *pp.* formed into a crust, coagulated, Ham. II. 2.
- Impawn, *v.t.* to pawn, pledge, Wint. T. I. 2.
- Impeach, *sb.* impeachment, accusation, Com. of E. v. 1; 3 H. VI. I. 4. *v.t.* to bring into question, expose to reproach, M. N's Dr. II. 1; M. of V. III. 2; III. 3; R. II. I. 1.
- Impeachment, *sb.* check, impediment, H. V. III. 6.
- Imperceiverant, *adj.* dull of perception, Cym. IV. 1.
- ¹ ICE-BROOK. 'The ice-brook's temper' is the temper of steel produced by plunging it into ice-

Imperious, *adj.* imperial, Ham. v. 1; Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
Impetuous, *adj.* To impocket, or impeticoat; a nonsense word, Tw. N. ii. 3.
Impleached, *p.p.* intertwined, Lover's Compl. 205.
Implorators, *sb.* solicitors, Ham. i. 3.
Imponed, *p.p.* laid as a wager, Ham. v. 2.
Import, *sb.* importance, moment, R. and J. v. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
Importance, *sb.* import, Wint. T. v. 2. Impotunity, urgent request, Tw. N. v. 1; John, ii. 1. That which is imported, the question at issue, Cym. i. 4.
Importancy, *sb.* importance, Oth. i. 3.
Important, *adj.* urgent, Com. of E. v. 1; Much Ado, ii. 1.
Importless, *adj.* meaningless, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
Importing, *adj.* full of meaning, significant, All's Well, v. 3.
Impose, *sb.* injunction, Two G. iv. 3. *v.t.* to enjoin, Much Ado, v. 1.
Imposition, *sb.* injunction, command, M. of V. i. 2. Penalty, M. for M. i. 2; Wint. T. i. 2.
Imposthume, *sb.* an abscess, Ham. iv. 4; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
Impotence, *sb.* infirmity, Ham. ii. 2.
Impotent, *adj.* infirm, Ham. i. 2.
Imprese, *sb.* a device with a motto, R. II. iii. 1.
Impress, *v.t.* to compel to serve, press into service, Macb. iv. 1; i. H. IV. i. 1.
Impressure, *sb.* imprint, impression, As You Like It, iii. 5; Tw. N. ii. 5.
Impudency, *sb.* impudence, L's L's L. v. 1.
Impugn, *v.t.* to oppose, resist, M. of V. iv. 1; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
Imputation, *sb.* reputation, Tr. and Cr. i. 3; Ham. v. 2. That which may be ascribed to an act, Oth. iii. 3.
In, *prep.* on, M. N's Dr. ii. 1; R. III. i. 4; Tr. and Cr. iv. 2. Into, M. for M. ii. 3; Merry Wives, iii. 5; R. III. i. 2. *v.t.* to get in, house, All's Well, i. 3.
Inaidible, *adj.* that cannot be helped, irremediable, All's Well, ii. 1.
Incapable, *adj.* not susceptible, Cor. iv. 6. Unable to comprehend, Ham. iv. 7.
Incardinate, *adj.* incarnate, Tw. N. v. 1.
Incarnadine, *v.t.* to dye a deep red, Macb. ii. 2.
Incarnal, blunder for 'incarnate,' M. of V. ii. 2.
Incensed, *p.p.* instructed, informed, H. VIII. v. 1.
Incensement, *sb.* exasperation, Tw. N. iii. 4.
Incharitable, *adj.* uncharitable, Temp. i. 1.
Inch meal, by, by inches, gradually, Temp. ii. 2.
Incidency, *sb.* incidence, liability to happen, Wint. T. i. 2.
Incision, *sb.* blood-letting, L's L's L. iv. 3. To make incision is to cut for the purpose of letting blood, M. of V. ii. 1; As You Like It, iii. 2.
Incivil, *adj.* rude, discourteous, Cym. v. 5.
Inclinable, *adj.* inclined, disposed, Cor. ii. 2.
Inclining, *adj.* compliant, favourably disposed, Oth. ii. 3. *sb.* inclination, party, Oth. i. 2.
Inclip, *v.t.* to encircle, embrace, An. and Cl. ii. 7.
Include, *v.t.* to conclude, close, end, Two G. v. 4; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
Inclusive, *adj.* latent, All's Well, i. 3.
Income, *sb.* the coming in, Lucr. 334.
Incontinent, *adv.* immediately, As You Like It, v. 2; R. II. v. 1.

Incontinently, *adv.* immediately, Oth. i. 3.
Incony, *adj.* dainty, delicate, L's L's L. iii. 1; iv. 1.
Incorporal, *adj.* immaterial, Ham. iii. 4.
Incorporate, *p.p.* closely united, J. C. i. 3.
Incorpsed, *p.p.* made one body, Ham. iv. 7.
Incorrect, *adj.* unsubdued, unsubmitive, Ham. i. 2.
Increase, *sb.* produce, Temp. iv. 1; Cor. iii. 3.
Increaseful, *adj.* full of produce, Lucr. 958.
Incredulous, *adj.* incredible, Tw. N. iii. 4.
Incursions, *sb.* inroads into the enemy's country, Tr. and Cr. ii. 1.
Ind or Inde, *sb.* India, Temp. ii. 2; L's L's L. iv. 3; As You Like It, iii. 2.
Indent, *v.t.* to make terms, compound, i. H. IV. i. 3. *sb.* indentation, i. H. IV. iii. 1.
Index, *sb.* the table of contents, originally placed at the beginning of a book; hence, introduction, prologue, R. III. ii. 2; iv. 4; Tr. and Cr. i. 3; Ham. iii. 4; Oth. ii. 1.
Indifferency, *sb.* impartiality, John, ii. 1. Moderate capacity, ordinary size, 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Indifferent, *adj.* ordinary, commonplace, Tam. of S. iv. 1; Ham. ii. 2. Impartial, R. II. ii. 3; H. VIII. ii. 4. *adv.* tolerably, moderately, not exceptionally, Tw. N. i. 3; i. 5. Ham. iii. 1.
Indifferently, *adv.* moderately, tolerably, H. V. ii. 1; Ham. iii. 2.
Indigest, *sb.* a shapeless mass, chaos, John, v. 7. *adj.* shapeless, Sonn. cxiv.
Indign, *adj.* unworthy, disgraceful, Oth. i. 3.
Indirection, *sb.* injustice, crooked policy, John, iii. 1; J. C. iv. 3. Indirect or oblique method, Ham. ii. 1.
Indirectly, *adv.* wrongfully, unjustly, John, ii. 1; H. V. ii. 4.
Indistinguishable, *adj.* mongrel, whose breed cannot be recognised, Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
Indite, blunder for 'invite,' 2 H. IV. ii. 1; R. and J. ii. 4.
Individable. 'Scene individable' is perhaps a play in which the unity of place is preserved, Ham. ii. 2.
Indrenched, *p.p.* drenched, overwhelmed, Tr. and Cr. i. 1.
Indubitate, *adj.* undoubted, L's L's L. iv. 1.
Induction, *sb.* beginning, introduction, i. H. IV. iii. 1; R. III. i. 1; iv. 4.
Indue, *v.t.* to endow, affect, qualify, Oth. iii. 4; Ham. iv. 7.
Indurance, *sb.* duration, imprisonment, H. VIII. v. 1.
Inequality, *sb.* inconsistency, M. for M. v. 1.
Inexorable, *adj.* that cannot be sufficiently exasperated, M. of V. iv. 1.
Infamelize, *v.t.* to render infamous, defame, L's L's L. v. 2.
Infect, *p.p.* infected, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
Infection, blunder for 'affection,' Merry Wives, ii. 2; M. of V. ii. 2.
Infer, *v.t.* to allege, bring in as an argument, R. III. iii. 5; iii. 7; Tim. of A. iii. 5.
Infest, *v.t.* to harass, vex, Temp. v. 1.
Infinite, *sb.* infinity, Two G. ii. 7; Much Ado, ii. 3; Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
Infinitive, blunder for 'infinite,' 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Inform, *v.t.* to take shape, Macb. ii. 1. *v.t.* to form, fashion; hence, to inspire, animate, Cor. v. 3.
Informal, *adj.* crazy, irrational, M. for M. v. 1.

- Information, *sb.* informer; abstract for concrete, Cor. iv. 6.
- Infusion, *sb.* essential quality, Ham. v. 2.
- Ingenious, *adj.* delicately sensitive, intelligent, Ham. v. 1; Lear, iv. 6.
- Ingeniously, *adv.* ingeniously, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
- Ingraft, *p.p.* ingrafted, Oth. ii. 2.
- Ingrate, *adj.* ungrateful, Tw. N. v. 1; John, v. 2.
- Ingrateful, *adj.* ungrateful, Tw. N. v. 1; Cor. ii. 2.
- Inhabitable, *adj.* uninhabitable, R. II. i. 1.
- Inherit, *v.t.* to possess, Temp. iv. 1. To cause to possess, put in possession, R. II. i. 1. 7. 1. to take possession Temp. ii. 2.
- Inhooped, *p.p.* enclosed or confined in a hoop, in which birds were made to fight, An. and Cl. ii. 3.
- Initiate, *adj.* 'initiate fear' is that which attends the beginning of a career of guilt, Macb. iii. 4.
- Injoined, *p.p.* joined, Oth. i. 3.
- Injurious, *adj.* insulting, 2 H. VI. i. 4; Cor. iii. 3.
- Injury, *sb.* insult, M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
- Inkhorn mate, *sb.* a term of contempt applied to a bookish man, 1 H. VI. iii. 1.
- Inkle, *sb.* coarse tape, L's L's L. iii. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4; Per. v. prol.
- Inland, *adj.* belonging to the interior of the country; hence, civilised, refined, As You Like It, iii. 2. *adv.* inland bred = brought up in the interior, and so, cultivated, As You Like It, iii. 7.
- Inly, *adj.* inward, Two G. ii. 7; 3 H. VI. i. 4. *adv.* inwardly, Temp. v. 1; 1 H. VI. iv. chor.
- Inn, *sb.* a temporary residence, R. II. v. 1.
- Innocent, *sb.* an idiot, fool, All's Well, iv. 3. Lear, iii. 6; Per. iv. 3.
- Inquire, *sb.* inquiry, Ham. ii. 1; Per. iii. prol.
- Inquisition, *sb.* inquiry, Temp. i. 2; As You Like It, ii. 2.
- Insane, *adj.* maddening, causing insanity, Macb. i. 3.
- Insanie, *sb.* madness, L's L's L. v. 1.
- Insconce, *v.t.* and *v.r.* to shelter, hide, Lucr. 1515; Merry Wives, ii. 2; iii. 3.
- Insculped, *p.p.* engraved, cut. 'Insculped upon' = cut in relief, M. of V. ii. 7.
- Insculpture, *sb.* inscription, Tim. of A. v. 4.
- Inseparate, *adj.* that cannot be divided, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
- Inset, *v.t.* to set, 2 H. IV. i. 2.
- Insinewed, *p.p.* bound as by sinews, 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
- Insinuate, *v.t.* to coax, wheedle, ingratiate oneself, R. II. iv. 1; Cor. ii. 3; Ven. and A. 1012. *v.t.* to suggest, hint, L's L's L. v. 1.
- Insinuation, *sb.* a flattering proposal, John, v. 1. Artful intrusion, Ham. v. 2.
- Insisture, *sb.* persistence, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
- Insociable, *adj.* unsociable, L's L's L. v. 1; v. 2.
- Instalment, *sb.* installation, R. III. iii. 1. Perhaps, stall, Merry Wives, v. 5.
- Instance, *sb.* motive, H. V. ii. 2, R. III. iii. 2.
- Proof, evidence, Much Ado, ii. 2; 2 H. IV. iii. 1. Token, Two G. ii. 7; Lucr. 1511. Example, Tw. N. iv. 3. Anything given in proof, a sentence, Much Ado, v. 2; As You Like It, ii. 7.
- Instant, *adv.* immediately, Tim. of A. ii. 2; Ham. i. 5.
- Insufficiency, *sb.* insufficiency, Wint. T. i. 1.
- Insultment, *sb.* insult, triumph over an enemy, Cym. iii. 5.
- Insuppressive, *adj.* that cannot be suppressed, J. C. ii. 1.
- Intellect, *sb.* meaning, purport, I's L's L. iv. 2.
- Intelligencing, *adj.* conveying intelligence, carrying messages, Wint. T. ii. 3.
- Intelligent, *adj.* bearing intelligence, giving information, Wint. T. i. 2; Lear, iii. 1; iii. 5; iii. 7.
- Intemperance, *sb.* want of restraint, licentiousness, 1 H. IV. iii. 2; Macb. iv. 3.
- Intend, *v.t.* to direct, An. and Cl. v. 2; Per. 1. 2. To mean, An. and Cl. ii. 2. To pretend, Much Ado, ii. 2; Tam. of S. iv. 1; R. III. iii. 5.
- Intendment, *sb.* intention, design, As You Like It, i. 1; Ven. and A. 222. Aim; the main intendment = the chief attack, H. V. i. 2.
- Intemible, *adj.* incapable of retaining, All's Well, i. 3.
- Intention, *sb.* aim, bent, Merry Wives, i. 3. Wint. T. i. 2.
- Intently, *adv.* attentively, Oth. i. 3.
- Interested, *p.p.* interested, Lear, i. 1.
- Interest, *sb.* right, claim, John, v. 2; 1 H. IV. iii. 2.
- Interrogatory, *sb.* interrogatory, M. of V. v. 1, All's Well, iv. 3.
- Intermission, *sb.* pause, delay, interruption, M. of V. iii. 2, As You Like It, ii. 7; Macb. iv. 3.
- Intermissive, *adj.* intermitted, interrupted, 1 H. VI. i. 1.
- Interrogatory, *sb.* a question to be answered on oath, John, iii. 1.
- Intertissued, *p.p.* woven into the tissue, H. V. iv. 1.
- Intervallums, *sb.* intervals, 2 H. IV. v. 1.
- Intil, *prep.* into, Ham. v. 1.
- Into, *prep.* unto, All's Well, i. 3; Tw. N. v. 1. H. V. i. 2; ii. 2.
- Intreasured, *p.p.* stored up, 2 H. IV. iii. 1.
- Intrenchant, *adj.* that cannot be cut, invulnerable, Macb. v. 8.
- Intrinsc, *adj.* tightly drawn, Lear, ii. 2.
- Intrinsicate, *adj.* tightly drawn; or perhaps, intricate, An. and Cl. v. 2.
- Invasive, *adj.* invading, John, v. 1.
- Invectively, *adv.* reproachfully, abusively, As You Like It, ii. 1.
- Investing, *p.p.* enveloping, enwrapping, H. V. iv. chor.
- Investments, *sb.* dress, apparel, 2 H. IV. iv. 1; Ham. i. 3.
- Invincible, *adj.* an error for 'invisible,' 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
- Invised, *adj.* perhaps, unseen, Lover's Compl. 212.
- Inviting, *sb.* invitation, Tim. of A. iii. 6.
- Invoke, *v.t.* to invoke, R. III. i. 2; 1 H. VI. i. 1.
- Inward, *adj.* intimate, R. III. iii. 4. Private, secret, I's L's L. v. 1; Much Ado, iv. 1. *sb.* inside, Sonn. cxxviii. An intimate, M. for M. iii. 2. *adv.* inwardly, M. of V. iii. 2; Ham. iv. 4.
- Inwardness, *sb.* intimacy, Much Ado, iv. 1.

- Irk, *v.t.* to vex, annoy; used impersonally, As You Like It, II. 1. 1; 1 H. VI. I. 4; 3 H. VI. II. 2.
- Irregular, *adj.* disorderly, lawless, Cym. IV. 2.
- Issued, *p.p.* descended, Temp. I. 2.
- It, *poss. pron.* its, Temp. II. 1; Wint. T. II. 3; H. V. v. 2; Ham. I. 2.
- Iterance, *sb.* repetition, Oth. v. 2.
- Iteration, *sb.* repetition, 1 H. IV. I. 2; Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
- I wis, *adv.* truly, certainly, M. of V. II. 9; R. III. I. 3.
- Jack, *sb.* the small bowl aimed at in the game of bowls, Cym. II. 1. A term of contempt for a paltry fellow, R. III. I. 3; R. and J. II. 4. The figure which struck the bell in old clocks, R. II. v. 5; R. III. IV. 2.
- Jack-a-Lent, *sb.* a rag doll, thrown at in Lent, Merry Wives, III. 3. v. 5.
- Jack guardant, a rascally sentinel, Cor. v. 2.
- Jacks, *sb.* the keys of a virginal, Sonn. cxxviii. Drinking vessels, Tam. of S. IV. 1.
- Jacksauce, a saucy Jack, H. V. IV. 7.
- Jade, *v.t.* to play the jade with, run away with, Tw. N. II. 5. To drive like a jade, An. and Cl. III. 1. To treat with contempt, H. VIII. III. 2.
- Jaded, *p.p.* worn out, 2 H. VI. IV. 1.
- Jar, *sb.* a tick of the clock, Wint. T. I. 2 *v.t.* to tick, R. II. v. 5.
- Jar, *sb.* quarrel, 1 H. VI. I. 1. *v.t.* to quarrel, 1 H. VI. III. 1.
- Jaunce, *v.t.* to fret a horse so as to make him prance, R. II. v. 5.
- Jaunt, *sb.* a prancing, R. and J. II. 5.
- Jaunting, prancing, R. and J. II. 5.
- Jay, *sb.* used for a loose woman, Merry Wives, III. 3; Cym. III. 4.
- Jennet, *sb.* a Spanish horse, Ven. and A. 260.
- Jerkin, *sb.* jacket, Temp. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
- Jesses, *sb.* the straps by which the legs of a hawk were fastened to the falconer's hand, Oth. III. 3.
- Jest, *v.t.* to play a part in a masque, R. II. I. 3.
- Jet, *v.t.* to strut with head erect, Tw. N. II. 5; Cym. III. 3. To encroach, R. III. II. 4; Tit. And. II. 1.
- Jig, *sb.* a merry dance, Much Ado, II. 1; Tw. N. I. 3. A ludicrous ballad or farce, Ham. II. 2. *v.t.* to walk as one that dances a jig, Ham. III. 1. To write jigs or doggerel ballads, J. C. IV. 3. To sing like the tune of a jig, L's L's L. III. 1.
- Jig-maker, *sb.* a composer of jigs, Ham. III. 2.
- Joan, old, the name of a hawk, 2 H. VI. II. 1.
- John-a-Dreams, John o' dreams, John the Dreamer, Ham. II. 2.
- Joinder, *sb.* joining, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Joint, *v.t.* and *v.t.* to unite, join, An. and Cl. I. 2; Cym. V. 4; v. 5.
- Jointress, *sb.* a widow with a jointure, a dowager, Ham. I. 2.
- Joint-ring, *sb.* a split-ring, gimball-ring, of which the two halves were made to fit very closely, Oth. IV. 3.
- Joined-stool, *sb.* a joint-stool, a folding-stool, 1 H. IV. II. 4; 2 H. IV. II. 4; Tam. of S. II. 1.
- Joint-stool, *sb.* a folding-stool, R. and J. I. 5; Lear, III. 6.
- Jolt-head, *sb.* blockhead, Two G. III. 1; Tam. of S. IV. 1.
- Jordan, *sb.* a chamber-pot, 1 H. IV. II. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Journal, *adj.* diurnal, daily, M. for M. IV. 3; Cym. IV. 2.
- Journey-bated, *adj.* tired with marching, 1 H. IV. IV. 3.
- Jovial, *adj.* Jove-like, Cym. IV. 2.
- Jowl, *v.t.* to knock, dash, All's Well, I. 3; Ham. v. 1.
- Joy, *v.t.* to gladden, R. III. I. 2. To enjoy, R. II. v. 6. *v.t.* to be glad, R. II. II. 3; v. 3; 1 H. IV. II. 1. To have delight, R. III. IV. 4; R. and J. II. 2.
- Judicious, *adj.* judicial, Cor. v. 6.
- Jump, *sb.* hazard, An. and Cl. III. 8. *v.t.* to agree, Tw. N. v. 1, R. III. III. 1. *v.t.* to hazard, risk, Macb. I. 7; Cym. v. 4. To expose to risk, Cor. III. 1. *adv.* just, exactly, Ham. I. 1; v. 2, Oth. II. 3.
- Junkets, *sb.* sweetmeats, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Just, *sb.* a tilt, tournament, R. II. v. 2. *v.t.* to tilt, Per. II. 1. *adv.* exactly, M. for M. III. 1; v. 1; Much Ado, II. 1.
- Justicer, *sb.* justice, judge, Lear, III. 6; IV. 2; Cym. v. 5.
- Jutty, *sb.* projection, Macb. I. 6. *v.t.* to project over, H. V. III. 1.
- Juvenal, *sb.* a youth, L's L's L. I. 2; III. 1; M. N's Dr. III. 1; 2 H. IV. I. 2.
- KAM, *adj.* crooked, awry, Cor. III. 1.
- Kecksies, *sb.* hemlock and similar plants with hollow stalks, H. V. v. 2.
- Keech, *sb.* a round lump of tallow or fat, H. VIII. I. 1.
- Keel, *v.t.* to cool, L's L's L. v. 2. Others interpret it 'to scum or skim.'
- Keep, *sb.* keeping, custody, Tam. of S. I. 2. *v.t.* to live, dwell, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5; Macb. v. 4; Ham. II. 1, M. of V. III. 3. *v.t.* to restrain oneself, Two G. IV. 4.
- Keeping, *sb.* maintenance, As You Like It, I. 1.
- Keisar, *sb.* emperor, Merry Wives, I. 3.
- Ken, *sb.* perception, sight, view, 2 H. IV. IV. 1; 2 H. VI. III. 2. Cym. III. 6. *v.t.* to discern, know, 2 H. VI. III. 2; Tr. and Cr. IV. 5; Merry Wives, I. 3.
- Kendal Green, *sb.* a dark green cloth made at Kendal, 1 H. IV. II. 4.
- Kerchief, *sb.* originally a covering for the head, a handkerchief, Merry Wives, III. 3; IV. 2; J. C. II. 1.
- Kern, *sb.* a light-armed foot soldier of Ireland and the Western Isles, R. II. II. 1; Macb. I. 2.
- Kersey, *sb.* coarse woollen cloth, M. for M. I. 2; Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Kettle, *sb.* a kettle-drum, Ham. v. 2.
- Key, *sb.* a tuning-key, Temp. I. 2.
- Key-cold, *adj.* cold as a key, R. III. I. 2; Lucr. 1774.
- Kibe, *sb.* a chilblain on the heel, Temp. II. 1; Ham. v. 1.
- Kickshaws, *sb.* a trifle, Tw. N. I. 3; 2 H. IV. v. 1.
- Kicky-wicky, *sb.* a darling, a pet term for wife or mistress, All's Well, II. 3.
- Kid-fox, *sb.* a fox cub, Much Ado, II. 3.
- Kill! the cry of troops when charging the enemy, Cor. v. 6; Lear, IV. 6; Ven. and A. 652.

Killén, *v.t.* to kill, Per. II. prol.
 Killingworth, Kenilworth, 2 H. VI. IV. 4.
 Kiln-hole, *sb.* the fireplace of a kiln, Merry Wives, IV. 2; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Kin, *adj.* akin, related, M. for M. II. 4; 2 H. IV. II. 2.
 Kind, *sb.* nature, J. C. I. 3; Lucr. 1147; M. of V. I. 3. *adj.* natural, Lucr. 1423. *adv.* kindly, Tim. of A. I. 2.
 Kindle, *v.t.* to incite, As You Like It, I. I. 1. To bring forth young, As You Like It, III. 2.
 Kindless, *adj.* unnatural, Ham. II. 2.
 Kindlier, *adv.* more naturally, Temp. v. 1.
 Kindly, *adj.* natural, seasonable, Much Ado, IV. 1; As You Like It, II. 3. *adv.* naturally, in a natural manner, Tam. of S. ind. 1; R. and J. II. 4.
 Kinged, *p.p.* furnished with a king, ruled, John, II. 1; H. V. II. 4. Made a king, R. II. v. 5.
 Kingdomed, *p.p.* like a kingdom, Tr. and Cr. II. 3. Comp. J. C. II. 1.
 Kingly, *adv.* royally, Sonn. CXIV.
 Kingly-poor, *adj.* poor for a king, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Kirtle, *sb.* a jacket with petticoat attached, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Kissing-comfits, *sb.* comfits for sweetening the breath, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Kitchen, *v.t.* to entertain in the kitchen, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Knack, *sb.* a knick-knack, trifle, M. N's Dr. I. 1; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Knap, *v.t.* to snap, break off short, M. of V. III. 1. To rap, Lear, II. 4.
 Knave, *sb.* a lad, servant, J. C. IV. 3, Merry Wives, III. 5.
 Knee, *v.t.* to go on one's knees, Cor. v. 1. To kneel before, Lear, II. 4.
 Knit, *sb.* texture or pattern in knitting, Tam. of S. IV. 1.
 Knolled, *p.p.* tolled, As You Like It, II. 7; Macb. v. 8.
 Knot, *sb.* used of folded arms, Temp. I. 2; Tit. And. III. 2. A plot or bed in a garden, R. II. III. 4.
 Knotgrass, *sb.* the plant *polygonum aviculare*, which was supposed to have the power of checking growth, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Knotty-pated, *adj.* thick-headed, I H. IV. II. 4.
 Knowing, *sb.* knowledge, Ham. v. 2; Tim. of A. III. 2. Experience, Macb. II. 4; Cym. I. 4.
 Known, *p.p.* been acquainted, An. and Cl. II. 6; Cym. I. 4.
 LABOURSOME, *adj.* laborious, elaborate, Ham. I. 2; Cym. III. 4.
 Labras, lips. Pistol's Spanish, Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Lace, *v.t.* to adorn, as with embroidery, Macb. II. 3; Cym. II. 2.
 Laced mutton, *sb.* a cant name for a courtesan, Two G. I. 1.
 Lade, *v.t.* to empty, drain, 3 H. VI. III. 2.
 Lady-smock, *sb.* the plant *cardamine pratensis*, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Lag, *sb.* the lowest class, Tim. of A. III. 6. *adv.* late, R. III. II. 1. *adj.* lag of = loitering behind, Lear, I. 2.
 Lag-end, *sb.* the lag-end, last part, I H. IV. v. 1; H. VIII. I. 3.
 Laid, *p.p.* waylaid, 2 H. VI. IV. 10.

Lakin, ladykin or little lady, Temp. III. 3; M. N's Dr. III. 1.
 Lampass, *sb.* a swelling of the bars of the palate in horses, Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Land, *sb.* lawn, Temp. IV. 1. See Laund.
 Land-damn, an incurable corruption in Wint. T. II. 1.
 Land-rakers, *sb.* vagabonds, I H. IV. II. 1.
 Languish, *sb.* a lingering malady, R. and J. I. 2; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Languishing, *sb.* lingering disease, All's Well, I. 3.
 Lank, *v.i.* to grow thin, An. and Cl. I. 4.
 Lap, *v.t.* to wrap, R. III. II. 1; Macb. I. 2; Cym. v. 5.
 Lapse, *sb.* slip, error, All's Well, II. 3. *v.i.* to fall away, especially from truth, Cor. v. 2; Cym. III. 6.
 Lapsed, *p.p.* caught, surprised, Tw. N. III. 3.
 Fallen, Ham. III. 4. 'Lapsed in time and passion,' may mean fallen away from his duty by neglecting opportunity and indulging passion.
 Lard, *v.t.* to garnish, H. V. IV. 6; Ham. IV. 5. To fatten, I H. IV. II. 2; Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Large, *adj.* free; and so, gross, licentious, Macb. III. 4; Much Ado, II. 3; IV. 1.
 Large-handed, *adj.* grasping, Tim. of A. IV. 1.
 Largess, *sb.* bounty, present, R. II. I. 4. Macb. II. 1.
 Lass-lorn, *adj.* forsaken by his mistress, Temp. IV. 1.
 Last, in the last = at last, Cor. v. 6.
 Latch, *v.t.* to catch, lay hold of, Macb. IV. 3; Sonn. CXIII. In M. N's Dr. III. 2 it seems to mean to take or hold as by a spell or charm; or, perhaps, to close. For the sense of 'smear, anoint,' there appears to be no evidence.
 Late, *adj.* lately appointed, H. V. II. 2. Recent, Temp. v. 1.
 Lated, *p.p.* belated, benighted, Macb. III. 3; An. and Cl. III. 11.
 Latten, *sb.* a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine, Merry Wives, I. 1. It is also used of tinned iron plates, and in Cornwall for tin itself.
 Laud, *sb.* praise, glory, 2 H. IV. IV. 5; Tr. and Cr. III. 3. *v.t.* to praise, I H. IV. III. 3; Cym. v. 5.
 Laund, *sb.* lawn, glade, 3 H. VI. III. 1; Ven. and A. 813.
 Launder, *v.t.* to wash, Lover's Compl. 17.
 Lavish, *adj.* licentious, 2 H. IV. IV. 6.
 Lavishly, *adv.* licentiously, arbitrarily, 2 H. IV. IV. 2.
 Lavolt, *sb.* a dance by two persons, consisting chiefly of lofty bounds and whirling round; a kind of waltz, Tr. and Cr. IV. 4.
 Lavolta, *sb.* See Lavolt, H. V. III. 5.
 Law-days, *sb.* court days, when the judges sit, Oth. III. 3.
 Lay, *sb.* a wager, stake, 2 H. VI. v. 2; Oth. II. 3.
 Lay by, stand still, a phrase borrowed from sailors, I H. IV. I. 2.
 Layer up, H. V. v. 2. See Lay up.
 Lay for, to lay out for, venture for, strive to win, Tim. of A. III. 5.
 Lay up, to fold up and put away, 2 H. IV. v. 1.
 Lazar, *sb.* a leper, H. V. I. 1.
 Lazar-like, *adj.* leprous, Ham. I. 5.
 Leading, *sb.* generalship, I H. IV. IV. 3.

Leaguer, *sb.* camp, All's Well, III. 6.
 Lean-looking, *adj.* lean-looking, R. II. II. 4.
 Lean-witted, *adj.* empty-headed, R. II. II. 1.
 Leas, *sb.* fields of arable land, Temp. iv. 1; H. V. v. 2; Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Leasing, *sb.* lying, falsehood, Tw. N. I. 5; Cor. v. 2.
 Leather-coats, *sb.* golden russetings, a kind of apple, 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Leave, *v.t.* to part with, Two G. iv. 4; M. of V. v. 1; Ham. III. 4. *v.i.* to cease, Ham. II. 2. *sb.* license, liberty, 3 H. VI. III. 2; Ven. and A. 568.
 Leavened, *adj.* well made up, M. for M. I. 1.
 Leech, *sb.* a physician, Tim. of A. v. 4.
 Leer, *sb.* complexion, As You Like It, iv. 1; Tit. And. iv. 2.
 Leese, *v.t.* to lose, Sonn. v.
 Leet, *sb.* a manor court, Tam. of S. ind. 2. The time at which such a court is held, Oth. III. 3.
 Leg, *sb.* a bow, All's Well, II. 2; R. II. III. 3, Cor. II. 1.
 'Lege, *v.t.* to allege, Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Legerity, *sb.* lightness, nimbleness, activity, H. V. IV. 1.
 Leiger, *sb.* an ambassador, M. for M. III. 1.
 Leisure, *sb.* time at one's own disposal, R. II. I. 1; R. III. v. 3. By my good leisure = by the good use of my time with him, M. for M. III. 2.
 Leman, *sb.* a paramour, Merry Wives, iv. 2, Tw. N. II. 3; 2 H. IV. v. 3.
 Lendings, *sb.* superfluous ornaments, Lear, III. 4.
 Length, *sb.* delay, protraction, An. and Cl. IV. 14. *v.t.* to lengthen, Pass. Pilgr. 210.
 Lenten, *adj.* meagre, scanty, like a dinner in Lent, Ham. II. 2, Tw. N. I. 5.
 L'envoy, *sb.* the epilogue, L's L's L. III. 1.
 Lesson, *v.t.* to teach, instruct, Two G. II. 7, R. III. I. 4; Cor. II. 3.
 Let, *v.t.* to hinder, Ham. I. 4, Tw. N. v. 1. To detain, Wint. T. I. 2. *v.t.* to forbear, Lucr. 10. *pp.* caused, Ham. iv. 6. *sb.* hindrance, impediment, H. V. IV. 2; Lucr. 330, 646.
 Let-alone, *sb.* hindrance, prohibition, Lear, v. 3.
 Lethe, *sb.* oblivion, Tw. N. IV. 1; An. and Cl. II. 7. Death (?) J. C. III. 1.
 Level, *sb.* aim, line of fire, Wint. T. II. 3; H. VIII. I. 2; R. and J. III. 3. *v.t.* to aim, R. III. IV. 4. To guess, M. of V. I. 2. To be on the same level, Oth. I. 3. *adv.* evenly, Tw. N. II. 2.
 Lewd, *adj.* base, vile, R. II. I. 1; 1 H. IV. III. 2; R. III. I. 3.
 Lewdly, *adv.* wickedly, 2 H. VI. II. 1.
 Lewdster, *sb.* a libertine, Merry Wives, v. 3.
 Lewd-tongued, *adj.* foul-spoken, Wint. T. II. 3.
 Liable, *adj.* subject, inclined, John, II. 1, IV. 2, v. 2; J. C. I. 2; II. 2.
 Libbard, *sb.* a leopard, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Liberal, *adj.* licentious, Much Ado, iv. 1; Ham. iv. 7.
 Liberal, *adj.* liberal conceit = elaborate design, Ham. v. 2. *adv.* liberal-conceited = elaborately designed, Ham. v. 2.
 Liberty, *sb.* libertinism, Tim. of A. iv. 1; Ham. II. 1. Liberties of sin = licentious sinners, Com. of E. I. 2.
 Lie, *v.t.* to lodge, dwell, Two G. iv. 2; Merry Wives, II. 1.

Lief, *adj.* dear. To have as lief = to hold as dear. Had as lief = would as willingly, Merry Wives, iv. 2; Much Ado, II. 3.
 Liest, *adj.* dearest, 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Lieger, *sb.* an ambassador, Cym. I. 5.
 Lien, *pp.* of lie, John, iv. 1; Per. III. 2.
 Lieu, in lieu of = in return for, Temp. I. 2; M. of V. iv. 1; John, v. 4.
 Lieutenantry, *sb.* lieutenancy, Oth. II. 1. On lieutenancy = by proxy, An. and Cl. III. 11.
 Life, o' life = on my life, as my life, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Lifter, *sb.* a thief, Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
 Light, *pp.* lighted, Per. IV. 2.
 Lightly, *adv.* easily, readily, Com. of E. IV. 4, H. V. II. 2. Usually, R. III. III. 1.
 Light o' love, the name of a tune, Two G. I. 2; Much Ado, III. 4.
 Like, *v.t.* to please, Two G. iv. 2; Ham. II. 2, v. 2. To compare, liken, 2 H. IV. II. 1; 1 H. VI. IV. 6. *adv.* as, Temp. III. 3; Com. of E. I. 1; H. V. II. 2; Cym. III. 3.
 Likelihood, *sb.* sign, indication, R. III. III. 4; All's Well, I. 3.
 Likely, *adv.* probably, 2 H. IV. I. 3.
 Like well, *v.t.* to be in good liking, good condition, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
 Liking, *sb.* condition of body, Merry Wives, II. 1; 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Limb-meal, limb by limb, piecemeal, Cym. II. 2.
 Limbeck, *sb.* an alembic or retort, Macb. I. 7; Sonn. cxcix.
 Limbo, *sb.* a region bordering on hell, All's Well, v. 3; Tit. And. III. 1. Used for a prison, Com. of E. IV. 2. Limbo Patrum was the place where the souls of the fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent into hell, H. VIII. v. 4.
 Lime, *sb.* birdlime, Two G. II. 2; Macb. IV. 2; Temp. iv. 1. *v.t.* to put lime into liquor, Merry Wives, I. 3. To smear with birdlime, 2 H. VI. I. 3. To catch with birdlime, Tw. N. III. 4, Ham. III. 3. To cement, 3 H. VI. v. 1.
 Limit, *sb.* appointed time, R. II. I. 3; R. III. III. 3. 'Strength of limit' appears to mean the strength acquired during the usual period of lying in, Wint. T. III. 2. *v.t.* to appoint, define, M. for M. iv. 2; John, v. 2; R. III. v. 3. My limited service = the duty appointed me, Macb. II. 3. Limited professions = professions which are under some restraint, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Limn, *v.t.* to draw in colours, As You Like It, II. 7.
 Line, *v.t.* to draw, paint, As You Like It, III. 2. To strengthen, fortify, 1 H. IV. II. 3; H. V. II. 4; Macb. I. 3.
 Lineal, *adj.* due in virtue of descent, John, II. 1.
 Line-grove, *sb.* a grove of lime trees, Temp. v. 1.
 Link, *sb.* a torch made of tow and pitch, Tam. of S. IV. 1; 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Linsey-woolsey, *sb.* literally mixed stuff; jargon, gibberish, All's Well, iv. 1.
 Linstock, *sb.* the stick which held the gunner's match, H. V. III. chor.
 Lip, *v.t.* to kiss, Oth. IV. 1; An. and Cl. II. 5.
 Lipsbury pinfold, perhaps the teeth, Lear, II. 2. But the phrase has not been explained.
 Liquor, *v.t.* to smear with oil, Merry Wives, iv. 5; 1 H. IV. II. 1.

List, *sb.* desire, inclination, Oth. II. 1. Limit, boundary, 1 H. IV. IV. 1; Tw. N. III. 1; Ham. IV. 5. The space marked out for a combat, lists, Macb. III. 1. *v.t.* to desire, R. III. III. 5; Ven. and A. 564. To please, Temp. III. 2; Cor. III. 2. To listen, hearken, Ham. I. 5. *v.t.* to hearken to, Merry Wives, v. 5; Lover's Compl. 4.

Lither, *adj.* yielding, pliant, gentle, 1 H. VI. IV. 7. In a secondary sense, lazy, sluggish.

Little, in, in miniature, As You Like It, III. 2; Ham. II. 2; Lover's Compl. 90. In a small compass, Tw. N. III. 4.

Little, in a, in brief, briefly, H. VIII. II. 1.

Livelihood, *sb.* liveliness, animation, All's Well, I. 1.

Lively, *adj.* living, Tit. And. III. 1; Sonn. LXVIII.; Clu. II. Life-like, As You Like It, v. 4.

Liver, *sb.* the seat of the passions and emotions, 2 H. IV. I. 2; Temp. IV. 1; Much Ado, IV. 1; Tw. N. III. 2.

Liver-vein, *sb.* the style or humour of men in love, L's L's L. IV. 3.

Livery, *sb.* the delivery of a freehold into the possession of the heir, R. II. II. 1; II. 3; 1 H. IV. IV. 3. *v.t.* to dress, Lover's Compl. 105.

Living, *sb.* property, possessions, M. of V. III. 2, R. and J. IV. 5. *adj.* real, actual, valid, As You Like It, III. 2; Oth. III. 3.

Loach, *sb.* a small fish, the cobitis, 1 H. IV. II. 1.

Lob, *sb.* lubber, lout, M. N's Dr. II. 1. *v.t.* to hang heavily, droop, H. V. IV. 2.

Lockram, *sb.* a kind of coarse linen, said to take its name from Locrenia in Brittany, Cor. II. 1.

Locusts, *sb.* It is doubtful whether the insect is referred to, or the fruit of the carob-tree, or St. John's bread, Oth. I. 3.

Lode-star, *sb.* the pole-star, M. N's Dr. I. 1; Lucr. 179.

Lodge, *v.t.* to lay flat, beat down, R. II. III. 3; Macb. IV. 1.

Loggats, *sb.* a game somewhat resembling bowls. The jack is a thick disc of lignum vitae, and the loggats which are thrown at it are truncated cones of about two feet and a quarter long, Ham. v. 1.

'Long, *v.t.* to belong, M. for M. II. 2; H. V. II. 4; Cor. v. 3.

Long-engrafted, *adj.* long-grafted, inveterate, Lear, I. 1.

Long-grown, *adj.* inveterate, 1 H. IV. III. 2.

'Long, of, along of, in consequence of, L's L's L. II. 1; M. N's Dr. III. 2.

Longly, *adv.* longingly, Tam. of S. I. 1.

Loof, *v.t.* to luff, bring close to the wind, An. and Cl. III. 10.

Look, *v.t.* to look after, search for, Merry Wives. IV. 2; As You Like It, II. 5.

Look upon, to be a spectator, Wint. T. v. 3; R. II. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. v. 6.

Loon, *sb.* a low fellow, Macb. v. 3.

Looped, *adj.* full of loop-holes or apertures, Lear, III. 4.

Loose, *sb.* the discharge of an arrow, L's L's L. v. 2. *v.t.* to let loose, discharge as an arrow, M. N's Dr. II. 1; H. V. I. 2.

Loosely, *adv.* wantonly, 2 H. IV. II. 2; v. 2.

Lop, *sb.* the cuttings from the branches of a tree, H. VIII. I. 2.

Lorded, *p.p.* invested with the power of a lord, Temp. I. 2.

Lording, *sb.* a lordling, little lord, Wint. T. I. 2.

A lord, 2 H. VI. I. 2.

Lord's sake, for the title. The supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers by, M. for M. IV. 3.

Lord's tokens, plague spots, L's L's L. v. 2.

Lose, *v.t.* to cause the loss of, Tw. N. II. 2, 1 H. IV. III. 1; Lear, I. 2. To let slip, forget, Ham. III. 2.

Loss, *sb.* desertion, abandonment, Wint. T. II. 3, III. 3; H. VIII. II. 2.

Lot, *sb.* 'lots to blanks,' = all the world to nothing, Cor. v. 2. The comparison is not of the number, but of the relative value of the lots and blanks.

Lottery, *sb.* allotment, prize in a lottery, An. and Cl. II. 2.

Love, *sb.* Venus, the goddess of love, Com. of E. III. 2; L's L's L. IV. 3; Ven. and A. 328.

Love-day, *sb.* a day of reconciliation, Tit. And. I. 1.

Love-in-idleness, *sb.* the pansy or heartsease, M. N's Dr. II. 1.

Lovely, *adj.* loving, Tam. of S. III. 2.

Lover, *sb.* friend, M. of V. III. 4; Cor. v. 2.

Love-shaken, *p.p.* shaken with the fever of love, As You Like It, III. 2.

Loves, of all, for love's sake, by all means, Merry Wives, II. 2; M. N's Dr. II. 2. In Oth. III. 1 the quattos have 'of all loves,' the folios 'for love's sake.'

Love-springs, *sb.* the tender shoots of love, Com. of E. III. 2.

I ow-crooked, *adj.* low bending, J. C. III. 1.

Lower chair, a low-seated easy chair, M. for M. II. 1.

Lown, *sb.* a base fellow, Oth. II. 3; Per. IV. 6.

Lout, *sb.* a clown, John, II. 1; Cor. III. 2. *v.t.* to treat as a clown, 1 H. VI. IV. 3.

Lozel, *sb.* a worthless idle fellow, Wint. T. II. 3.

Lubber, blunder for 'lubbard' or 'leopard,' 2 H. IV. II. 1.

Luce, *sb.* a pike or jack, Merry Wives, I. 1.

Lud's town, London, Cym. III. 1; IV. 2.

Lumpish, *adj.* dull, spiritless, Two G. III. 2.

Lunes, *sb.* lunatic, mad freaks, Wint. T. II. 2; Merry Wives, IV. 2; Tr. and Cr. II. 3.

Lurch, *v.t.* to carry away the prize with ease; properly, to win a love set at cards or other game, Cor. II. 2. *v.t.* to skulk, Merry Wives, II. 2.

Lure, *sb.* the call or whistle by which the falconer attracts the hawk, Ven. and A. 1027. The stuffed figure of a bird used for the same purpose, Tam. of S. IV. 1.

Lush, *adj.* luxuriant, full of juice, Temp. II. 1.

Lust-breathed, *adj.* inspired by lust, Lucr. 3.

Lusthood, *sb.* vigour of body, Much Ado, v. 1; Tr. and Cr. II. 2.

Luxurious, *adj.* lascivious, Much Ado, IV. 1; H. V. IV. 4; Macb. IV. 3.

Luxuriously, *adv.* lasciviously, An. and Cl. III. 13.

Luxury, *sb.* lust, lasciviousness, Merry Wives, v. 5; H. V. III. 5; Ham. I. 5.

Lym, *sb.* a bloodhound; so called because he was held by a leam or leash, Lear, III. 6.

MACULATE, *adj.* stained, impure, L's L's L. I. 2.

Maculation, *sb.* stain, spot, 1 R. and Cr. IV. 4.

Made, *p.p.* fortunate, M. N's Dr. IV. 2; Tw. N. II. 5; Oth. I. 2. Fastened, Com. of E. II. 1.

Made-up, *adj.* complete, perfect, Tim. of A. v. 1; R. III. 1. 1.
 Maggot-pie, *sb.* a magpie, Macb. III. 4.
 Magnifico, *sb.* a Venetian grandee, M. of V. III. 2; Oth. 1. 2.
 Maidchild, *sb.* a female child, Per. v. 3.
 Maidhood, *sb.* girlhood, maidenhood, Tw. N. III. 1; Oth. 1. 1.
 Mail, *sb.* a coat of mail, suit of armour, Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Mailed up, wrapped up, 2 H. VI. II. 4. To mail a hawk was to wrap a cloth round it so that it could not stir its wings.
 Main, *sb.* the mainland, continent, Lear, III. 1.
 • The chief power, Ham. IV. 4. A hand at dice, 1 H. IV. IV. 1.
 Main-course, *sb.* the main-sail, Temp. 1. 1.
 Mained, *p.p.* maimed, 2 H. VI. IV. 2.
 Maintenance, *sb.* power of holding one's ground, 1 H. IV. V. 4.
 Majestical, *adj.* majestic, princely, H. V. IV. 1; Ham. 1. 1.
 Major, *sb.* the first proposition of a syllogism, 1 H. IV. II. 4. A quibble on 'mayor.'
 Make, *v.t.* to fasten, As You Like It, IV. 1. To do, As You Like It, 1. 1; Ham. 1. 2. *v.i.* to go, move; in the phrases 'make away,' R. III. IV. 4; 'make forth,' H. V. II. 4; J. C. v. 1; 'make from,' Lear, 1. 1; 'make out,' Tw. N. II. 5; 'make up,' John, III. 2; 1 H. IV. V. 4.
 Makeless, *adj.* mateless, widowed, Sonn. IX.
 Malapert, *adj.* pert, saucy, Tw. N. IV. 1.
 Male, *sb.* male parent, father, 3 H. VI. v. 6.
 Malefaction, *sb.* crime, Ham. II. 2.
 Malkin, *sb.* a slattern, Cor. II. 1; Per. IV. 3. A diminutive of Matilda.
 Mall, Mary, Temp. II. 2. Mistress Mall in Tw. N. 1. 3 is usually supposed to be a notorious person, Mary Frith or Moll Cutpurse, but this is very improbable.
 Mallard, *sb.* a wild drake, An. and Cl. III. 10.
 Mallocho, mischievous, Span. *mallocho*, Ham. III. 2.
 Malmsey, *sb.* a sweet wine, called also Malvoisie, from Napoli di Malvasia in the Morea, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Malmsey-nose, *adj.* red-nosed, as from drinking malmsey, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Malt-horse, *sb.* a brewer's horse, Com. of E. III. 1; Tam. of S. IV. 1.
 Malt-worms, *sb.* beer-drinkers, 1 H. IV. II. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Mammerring, *p.p.* hesitating, Oth. III. 3.
 Mammet, *sb.* a doll, 1 H. IV. II. 3; R. and J. III. 5.
 Mammock, *v.t.* to tear in pieces, Cor. 1. 3.
 Man, *v.t.* to tame; used of a hawk, Tam. of S. IV. 1. To wield, handle, Oth. v. 2.
 Man = one, person, Much Ado, III. 5. No man = no one, Merry Wives, v. 2.
 Manage, *sb.* the training and breaking in of a horse, As You Like It, 1. 1; R. II. III. 3; 1 H. IV. II. 3. *v.t.* to handle, wield, R. II. III. 2; 2 H. IV. III. 2. To train, break in a horse, Ven. and A. 598.
 Manager, *sb.* one who handles or wields, L's L's L. 1. 2.
 Manakin, *sb.* a little man, Tw. N. III. 2.
 Mandragora, *sb.* the mandrake, *atropha mandragora*, Oth. III. 3; An. and Cl. 1. 5.
 Mandrake, *sb.* the plant *atropha mandragora*, the root of which was supposed to resemble the

figure of a man, and when torn up to cause madness or death, 2 H. IV. 1. 2; 2 H. VI. III. 2; R. and J. IV. 3.
 Man-entered, *adj.* initiated into manhood, Cor. II. 2.
 Manifest, *adj.* conspicuous, well known, Cor. 1. 3.
 Mankind, *adj.* masculine, Wint. T. II. 3; Cor. IV. 2.
 Manner, in manner = in a manner, in some sense, R. II. III. 1. With the manner = in the fact, L's L's L. 1. 1; 1 H. IV. II. 4; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Mannerly, *adv.* decently, in a becoming manner, Much Ado, II. 1; M. of V. II. 9.
 Mannish, *adj.* manlike, masculine, As You Like It, 1. 3; Cym. IV. 2; Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Man-queller, *sb.* man-slayer, homicide, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Mansionry, *sb.* dwelling-place, Macb. 1. 6.
 Mantle, *sb.* the scum on the surface of a standing pool, Lear, III. 4. *v.t.* to form a mantle or scum on the surface, M. of V. 1. 1.
 Mantled, *p.p.* covered with a scum, Temp. IV. 1.
 Manure, *v.t.* to cultivate, Oth. 1. 3.
 Many, *sb.* the multitude, 2 H. IV. 1. 3; Cor. III. 1.
 Many, a, M. of V. III. 5; As You Like It, 1. 1; R. III. III. 7.
 Mappery, *sb.* study of maps, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
 Marbled, *adj.* marble-like, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Marches, *sb.* borders, H. V. III. 2; 3 H. VI. II. 1.
 Marchpane, *sb.* a kind of sweet biscuit, flavoured with almonds and various condiments, R. and J. 1. 5.
 Mare, *sb.* the nightmare, 2 H. IV. II. 1. To ride the wild mare = to play at see-saw, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Margent, *sb.* margin, edge, M. N's Dr. II. 1. Glosses were commonly given on the margins of books, Ham. v. 2; R. and J. 1. 3.
 Marian, maid, Robin Hood's mistress in the ballads; then, one of the principal figures in the morris-dance, not of unblemished character, 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Mark, *sb.* thirteen shillings and fourpence, M. for M. IV. 3; John, II. 1. 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Market, *sb.* 'he ended the market,' L's L's L. III. 1. In reference to the proverb 'Three women and a goose make a market.'
 Mark-man, *sb.* marksman, R. and J. 1. 1.
 Marmoset, *sb.* a small monkey, Temp. II. 2.
 Marry. Used in various exclamations, is perhaps a relic of an appeal to the Virgin Mary, R. II. IV. 1; Tw. N. IV. 2; R. III. 1. 3; Ham. III. 2. Nym's language is hard to interpret, but 'marry trap' may possibly mean 'marry, you are caught,' Merry Wives, 1. 1.
 Mart, *v.t.* to market, traffic, Cym. 1. 6. *v.t.* to vend, traffic with, J. C. IV. 3.
 Martial, *adj.* Mars-like, Cym. IV. 2.
 Martin's summer, St., the fine weather which sometimes come about St. Martin's Day, the 11th of November, 1 H. VI. 1. 2.
 Martlemas, *sb.* Martinmas, the 11th of November, 2 H. IV. II. 2. A well-preserved elderly man is compared to the bright days which sometimes come at the beginning of winter.
 Martyr, *v.t.* to disgrace, maltreat, Tit. And. III. 1; R. and J. IV. 5.
 Martyred, *adj.* tortured, disgraced, Tit. And. III. 2.

Marybuds, *sb.* the flowers of the marigold, Cym. 11. 3.
 Massy, *adj.* massive, Temp. 111. 3; Much Ado, 111. 3; Ham. 111. 3.
 Masterdom, *sb.* supremacy, Macb. 1. 5.
 Masterly, *sb.* A masterly report is a report of proficiency, Ham. 11. 7.
 Master of fence, *sb.* one who had taken the highest degree in the art of fencing, Merry Wives, 1. 1.
 Mastic, *adj.* Mastic was used in stopping decayed teeth, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
 Match, *sb.* compact, bargain, Cym. 111. 6; M of V. 111. 1. To set a match = to make an appointment, 1 H. IV. 1. 2.
 Mate, *v.t.* to match, cope with, H. VIII. 111. 2. To confound, bewilder, Com. of E. 111. 2. v. 1; Macb. v. 1.
 Material, *adj.* full of matter, As You Like It, 111. 3.
 Maugre, in spite of, Tw. N. 111. 1; Lear, v. 3.
 Maund, *sb.* a basket, Lover's Compl. 35.
 Maw, *sb.* stomach, Macb. 111. 4; John, v. 7. H. V. 11. 1.
 May, can, Com. of E. 111. 2; M. of V. 1. 3; H. V. 11. 2.
 Mazzard, *sb.* the skull, Ham. v. 1; Oth. 11. 3.
 Meacock, *adj.* spiritless, pusillanimous, Tam. of S. 11. 1.
 Mealed, *p.p.* mingled, compounded, M. for M. 11. 2.
 Mean, *v.i.* to moan, lament, M. N's Dr. v. 1. *sb.* in music the intermediate part between the tenor and treble, Two G. 1. 2; L's L's L. v. 2. Wint. T. 11. 3. Means, Two G. 1. 7; 111. 1; 11. 4; M. for M. 11. 4; J. C. 11. 1.
 Meander, *sb.* a winding path, Temp. 11. 3.
 Means, to make means = to take measures, Two G. v. 4; R. 111. v. 3; Cym. 11. 4.
 Measles, *sb.* scurvy wretches, Cor. 111. 1.
 Measurable, *adj.* fit, suitable, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Measure, *sb.* a slow and stately dance, Much Ado, 11. 1; R. 11. 1. 3. The music which accompanied it, John, 111. 1.
 Mechanic, *adj.* suitable to a handicraftsman, An. and Cl. 11. 4.
 Mechanical, *sb.* a mechanic, handicraftsman, M. N's Dr. 111. 2; 2 H. VI. 1. 3. Used as an adjective, 2 H. IV. v. 5; J. C. 1. 1.
 Medal, *sb.* a portrait in a locket, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Medicinable, *adj.* medicinal, Much Ado, 11. 2; Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
 Medicine, *sb.* a physician, All's Well, 11. 1; Wint. T. 11. 1; Macb. v. 2. *v.t.* to restore by medicine, heal, Oth. 111. 3. Cym. 11. 2.
 Mediterranean, *sb.* the Mediterranean, L's L's L. v. 1.
 Meed, *sb.* merit, desert, 3 H. VI. 11. 1; 11. 8; Tim. of A. 1. 1; Ham. v. 2.
 Meered, he being the meeced question = the question being limited to him, An. and Cl. 111. 13.
 Meet, *adj.* to be meet with = to be even or quits with, Much Ado, 1. 1.
 Meet with, to encounter, counteract, check, Temp. 11. 1.
 Meetly, *adj.* fitting, suitable, An. and Cl. 1. 3.
 Meiny, *sb.* attendants, retinue, Lear, 11. 4.
 Mell, *v.i.* to meddle, All's Well, 11. 3.
 Memorial, *adj.* commemorative, bestowed as a memorial, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.

Memoize, *v.t.* to make memorable, H. VIII. 111. 2; Macb. 1. 2.
 Memory, *sb.* memorial, As You Like It, 11. 3; Lear, 11. 7; Cor. 11. 5.
 Mends, *sb.* the means of amending, remedy, Tr. and Cr. 1. 1.
 Mercatante, *sb.* (Ital.) a merchant, Tam. of S. 11. 2.
 Merchandized, *p.p.* made merchandize of, Son. 111.
 Merchant, *sb.* a chap, fellow, 1 H. VI. 11. 3; R. and J. 11. 4. A merchantman, Temp. 11. 1.
 Mercurial, *adj.* like Mercury, Cym. 11. 2.
 Mercy, by, said to be equivalent to 'by your leave,' Tim. of A. 111. 5.
 Mere, *adj.* absolute, M. of V. 111. 2; Macb. 11. 3; Oth. 11. 2. Your pleasure was my mere offence = my offence was merely your caprice, Cym. v. 5.
 Merely, *adv.* absolutely, Temp. 1. 1; Cor. 111. 1; Ham. 1. 2.
 Merit, *sb.* reward, recompense, R. 11. 1. 3. Desert, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Merriness, *sb.* mirth, L's L's L. 1. 1.
 Mervailous, *adj.* marvellous; used by Pistol without understanding the meaning, H. V. 11. 1.
 Meshed, *p.p.* mashed, Tit. And. 111. 2.
 Mess, *sb.* a party of four, L's L's L. 11. 3; v. 2; 3 H. VI. 1. 4. Lower messes = persons dining at the lower end of the table, inliers, Wint. T. 1. 2.
 Metaphysical, *adj.* supernatural, Macb. 1. 5.
 Mete, *v.t.* to measure, judge, 2 H. IV. 11. 4. To mete at = to judge by, aim at, L's L's L. 11. 1.
 Meteyard, *sb.* a measuring yard, Tam. of S. 11. 3.
 Metheglin, *sb.* a kind of mead or drink, of which honey was the chief ingredient, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Methoughts, methought, Wint. T. 1. 2; R. 111. 1. 4.
 Mew, *v.t.* to pen, imprison, M. N's Dr. 1. 1; R. 111. 1. 1.
 Mewl, *v.i.* to mew, like a cat, As You Like It, 11. 7.
 Nicher, *sb.* a truant, sneak, 1 H. IV. 11. 4.
 Miching, *adj.* sneaking, stealthy, Ham. 111. 2.
 Mickle, *adj.* great, H. V. 11. 1; R. and J. 11. 3.
 Middle earth, the terrestrial world, regarded as between heaven and hell, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Middle summer, midsummer, M. N's Dr. 11. 1.
 Might = may, Ham. 1. 1.
 Mightful, *adj.* powerful, Tit. And. 11. 4.
 Milch, *adj.* milk-giving, Ven. and A. 875; Merry Wives, 11. 4. Hence, shedding tears, Ham. 11. 2.
 Militarist, *sb.* a professional soldier, L's L's L. 11. 3.
 Millioned, *adj.* millionfold, Son. cxv.
 Mill-sixpences, first struck by the coining-mill in 1561, Merry Wives, 1. 1.
 Mimic, *sb.* an actor, M. N's Dr. 111. 2.
 Mince, *v.i.* to walk affectedly, Merry Wives, v. 1; M. of V. 111. 4. To speak with affectation, H. VIII. 11. 3. *v.t.* to affect, Lear, 11. 6.
 Mincing, *adj.* affected, 1 H. IV. 11. 1.
 Mind, *v.t.* to intend, 3 H. VI. 11. 1; M. N's Dr. v. 1. *v.t.* to remind, Wint. T. 111. 2; H. V. 11. 3. To call to mind, H. V. 11. chor. 8. *sb.* mind of love = loving mind, M. of V. 11. 8. Mind of honour = honourable mind, M. for M. 11. 4.

- Minded, *p.p.* disposed, affected, Lear, III. 1.
 Mindless, *adj.* careless, unmindful, Wint. T. I. 2; Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Mine, *poss. pron.* The revolt of mine = my revolt. Merry Wives, I. 3. The ring of mine = my ring, Com. of E. IV. 3.
 Mineral, *sb.* a mine, Ham. IV. 1.
 Mingle, *sb.* mixture, An. and Cl. I. 5. Make mingle = mingle, An. and Cl. IV. 8.
 Minikin, *adj.* small and pretty, Lear, III. 6.
 Minim, *sb.* the shortest note in music; used to denote a very short period, R. and J. II. 4.
 Minimus, *sb.* anything very short or small, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Minion, *sb.* darling, favourite, John, II. 1; Mach. I. 2. Used with some contempt, Com. of E. II. 1; 2 H. VI. 1. 3. A pert, saucy person, 2 H. VI. 1. 3; R. and J. III. 5.
 Minstrelsy, for my minstrelsy = in place of a minstrel, L's L's L. I. 1.
 Minute-Jacks, *sb.* time-servers, Tim. of A. III. 6. See Jack.
 Minutely, *adj.* occurring every minute, Mach. V. 2.
 Mirable, *adj.* admirable, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Miracle, *v.r.* to make itself a miracle, Cym. IV. 2.
 Misadventured, *adj.* unfortunate, R. and J. prol.
 Misanthropos, *sb.* a hater of mankind, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Miscarry, *v.t.* to come to harm, perish, M. of V. II. 8; Tw. N. III. 4; H. V. IV. 1.
 Mischief, *v.t.* to injure, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Misconceive, *adj.* mis-judging, 1 H. VI. v. 4.
 Miscreate, *adj.* illegitimate, H. V. I. 2.
 Misdemean, *v.r.* to misbehave, misconduct oneself, H. VIII. v. 3.
 Misdoubt, *v.t.* to mistrust, Merry Wives, II. 1, R. III. III. 2; An. and Cl. III. 7.
 Misdeed, *sb.* dread of evil, Per. I. 2.
 Miser, *sb.* a wretch, 1 H. VI. v. 4.
 Misgive, *v.t.* to forebode evil, Oth. III. 4.
 Misgoverning, *sb.* misgovernment, Much Ado, IV. 1.
 Misgrafted, *p.p.* ill-grafted, misplaced, M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Misguide, *v.t.* to mislead, Cor. I. 5.
 Mislike, *sb.* dislike, 3 H. VI. IV. 1. *v.t.* to dislike, M. of V. II. 1; An. and Cl. III. 13.
 Misordered, *p.p.* disordered, 2 H. IV. IV. 2.
 Misprise or misprize, *v.t.* to undervalue, despise, As You Like It, I. 1; Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Misprised, *adj.* mistaken, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Misprison, *sb.* mistake, Much Ado, IV. 1; M. N's Dr. III. 2. Contempt, All's Well, II. 3.
 Misproud, *adj.* viciously proud, 3 H. VI. II. 6.
 Miss, *sb.* misdoing, Ven. and A. 53. Feeling of loss, 1 H. IV. v. 4. *v.t.* to do without, Temp. I. 2.
 Missingly, *adv.* with a feeling of loss, Wint. T. IV. 2.
 Missive, *sb.* a messenger, Mach. I. 5; An. and Cl. II. 2.
 Mist, *v.t.* to cover with mist, Lear, v. 3.
 Mistaken, *p.p.* misjudged, H. VIII. I. 1.
 Mistaking, *sb.* mistake, error, Temp. I. 2; M. of V. III. 2.
 Mistempered, *adj.* tempered to an evil purpose, R. and J. I. 1. Distempered, diseased, John, V. 1.
 Mistership, blunder for 'mistress-ship', Tit. And. IV. 4.
 Misthink, *v.t.* to misjudge, 3 H. VI. II. 5; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Mistreadings, *sb.* transgressions, 1 H. IV. III. 2.
 Mistress, *sb.* the Jack at the game of bowls, Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Mistrustful, *adj.* producing distrust or apprehension, Ven. and A. 826.
 Misuse, *sb.* offence, Oth. IV. 2. *v.t.* to deceive, Much Ado, II. 2.
 Mobbed, *adj.* muffled or wrapped up about the head, Ham. II. 2.
 Mockable, *adj.* ridiculous, As You Like It, III. 2.
 Model, *sb.* mould, pattern, R. II. III. 2. Plot, R. II. v. 1.
 Modern, *adj.* commonplace, trite, As You Like It, II. 7; All's Well, II. 3; Mach. IV. 3.
 Modest, *adj.* moderate, Tw. N. I. 5; Lear, II. 4.
 Modesty, *sb.* moderation, freedom from exaggeration, J. C. III. 1; Ham. II. 2; III. 2; H. VIII. v. 3.
 Module, *sb.* mould, form, All's Well, IV. 3; John, v. 7.
 Moe, *adj.* more, As You Like It, III. 2; Mach. v. 3; J. C. II. 1. *adv.* more, M. of V. I. 1.
 Moieity, *sb.* a portion, not necessarily a half, 1 H. IV. III. 1; Ham. I. 1; Lear, I. 1.
 Moldwarp, *sb.* a mole, 1 H. IV. III. 1.
 Molestation, *sb.* disturbance, Oth. II. 1.
 Mome, *sb.* a dolt, blockhead, Com. of E. III. 1.
 Momentary, *adj.* momentary, lasting for an instant, M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Monarcho, *sb.* the nickname of a crazy Italian who was well known in London before 1580, and professed to be the sovereign of the world, L's L's L. IV. 1.
 Monster, *v.t.* to make monstrous, Cor. II. 2; Lear, I. 1.
 Monstruosity, *sb.* monstrosity, unnaturalness, Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Monmouth caps, caps made at Monmouth, and worn by soldiers, H. V. IV. 7.
 Montant, *sb.* a term in fencing for an upward thrust or blow, Merry Wives, II. 3.
 Month's mind, *sb.* a strong desire or longing, Two G. I. 2.
 Mood, *sb.* anger, wrath, Two G. IV. 1; R. and J. III. 1.
 Moon-calf, *sb.* an abortion, Temp. II. 2.
 Moonish, *adj.* changeable as the moon, inconstant, As You Like It, III. 2.
 Moon's men, night wanderers, 1 H. IV. I. 2.
 Mop, *sb.* a grimace, Temp. IV. 1.
 Mopping, *sb.* making grimaces, Lear, IV. 1.
 Moral, *sb.* latent meaning, Much Ado, III. 5; Tam. of S. IV. 4. *adj.* moralizing, Lear, IV. 2, As You Like It, II. 7. *v.t.* to moralize, As You Like It, II. 7. Perhaps an adjective.
 Moraler, *sb.* a moralizer, Oth. II. 3.
 Moralize, *v.t.* to interpret, expound, R. III. III. 1; As You Like It, II. 1.
 More, *adj.* greater, Com. of E. II. 2; M. N's Dr. III. 1; Ven. and A. 78.
 More and less, great and small, high and low; 1 H. IV. IV. 3; Mach. v. 4; Sonn. xcvi.
 Morisco, *sb.* a morris-dancer, 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Morris-pike, *sb.* a Moorish pike, Com. of E. IV. 3.
 Mort, *sb.* the notes on the trumpet sounded at the death of the deer, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Mortal, *adj.* deadly, Tw. N. III. 4; John, III. 1; 3 H. VI. II. 2. Perhaps, excessive, As You Like It, II. 4.

Mortal-breathing, *adj.* having breath like a human being, *M.* of V. II. 7.
 Mortal-living, *adj.* endowed with human life, *R.* III. iv. 4.
 Mortally, *adv.* like a mortal or human being, *Per.* v. 1.
 Mortal-staring, *adj.* with a deadly stare, *R.* III. v. 3.
 Mortified, *p.p.* deadened, insensible, *J. C.* II. 1. 1, *Macb.* V. 2. Lear, II. 3.
 Mose, *v.i.* To mose in the chine is a disease of horses, supposed to be the same as mourning in the chine; *Fr. moursues*, which also means the mumps *Tam.* of S. III. 2.
 Most, *adj.* greatest, *I. H.* VI. iv. 1; *An.* and *Cl.* II. 2.
 Mot, *sb.* a motto, device, *Lucr.* 830.
 Mother, 'Whose mother was her painting' is explained by Johnson 'a creature, not of nature, but of painting,' *Cym.* III. 4. *sb.* the disease called also *hysterica passio*, supposed to be peculiar to women, *Lear.* II. 4.
 Mothy, *adj.* full of moths, moth-eaten, *Tam.* of S. III. 2.
 Motion, *v.t.* to propose, counsel, *I. H.* VI. 1. 3 *sb.* a puppet-show, *Wint.* T. IV. 3; *Lucr.* 1326. A puppet, *Two G.* II. 1; *M.* for *M.* III. 2. Solicitation, proposal, suit, *Comm.* of E. 1. 1; *Cor.* II. 2; *H.* VIII. II. 4. Emotion, feeling, impulse, *M.* for *M.* 1. 4; *Tw. N.* II. 4; *Ham.* III. 4.
 Motive, *sb.* a mover, instrument, member, *Tim.* of A. V. 4; *R.* II. 1. 1; *Tr.* and *Cr.* IV. 5.
 Motley, *sb.* the parti-coloured dress worn by domestic fools, *As You Like It.* II. 7. *Tw. N.* 1. 5. Used adjectively, *As You Like It.* II. 7. A fool, *As You Like It.* III. 3; *Sonn.* x.
 Motley-minded, *adj.* crazy, with a brain as grotesque as his dress, *As You Like It.* v. 4
 Mought, might, *H.* VI. v. 2.
 Mould. Men of mould = men of earth, mortal men, *H.* V. III. 2.
 Moulten, *adj.* having cast its feathers, *I. H.* IV. III. 1.
 Mount, *adj.* lifted up, *Tim.* of A. IV. 3.
 Mountebank, *v.t.* to get by the tricks of a mountebank, *Cor.* III. 2.
 Mouse, *sb.* used as a term of endearment, *L's L's L.* v. 2; *Tw. N.* 1. 5; *Ham.* III. 4. *v.t.* to tear in pieces, as a cat does a mouse, *M. N's Dr.* v. 1; *John.* II. 1.
 Mousehunt, *sb.* a mouser; used of a cat and applied to a haunter of women, *R.* and *J.* IV. 4. It is also a provincial name for the weasel.
 Mouth, *v.t.* to join mouths, kiss, *M.* for *M.* III. 2.
 Mouthed, *p.p.* put into the mouth, *Ham.* IV. 2. *adj.* gaping, *I. H.* IV. 1. 3; *Sonn.* LXXVII.
 Mouth-friend, *sb.* a friend in word only, *Tim.* of A. III. 6.
 Mow, *sb.* a wry mouth or grimace, *Temp.* IV. 1; *Ham.* II. 2; *Cym.* I. 6. *v.i.* to make grimaces, *Temp.* II. 2.
 Mowing, *sb.* making grimaces, *Lear.* IV. 1.
 Moy, *sb.* probably a cant word for a coin of some kind, *H.* V. IV. 4.
 Much, used substantively, a great matter, a serious business, *I. H.* VI. iv. 1; *Oth.* IV. 1; *Ven.* and *A.* xxi. As an expression of contempt, *2 H.* IV. II. 4; *Tim.* of A. 1. 2. *adj.* used ironically, *As You Like It.* IV. 3.

Muffler, *sb.* a wrapper for the face, *Merry Wives.* IV. 2; *H.* V. III. 6.
 Muletter, *sb.* a muleteer, *I. H.* VI. III. 2; *An.* and *Cl.* III. 7.
 Mulled, *p.p.* flat, insipid, *Cor.* IV. 5.
 Multipotent, *sb.* very powerful, *Tr.* and *Cr.* IV. 5.
 Mum, *int.* an expression enjoining silence; hush! *Temp.* III. 2. Used as an adjective, silent, *R.* III. III. 7. To play at mumbudget (*see Merry Wives.* v. 2) was to be dumbfounded.
 Mummer, *sb.* a masker or masquerader, *Cor.* II. 1.
 Mummy, *sb.* a preparation made originally from mummies, and used as a medicine as well as for magical purposes, *Macb.* IV. 1; *Oth.* III. 4.
 Muniments, *sb.* supplies of war, *Cor.* I. 1.
 Munition, *sb.* stores for war, *John.* v. 2; *I. H.* VI. 1. 1.
 Mural, *sb.* a doubtful conjecture of Pope's in *M. N's Dr.* v. 1, which is supposed to mean 'wall.'
 Murdering-piece, *sb.* a cannon loaded with case-shot, *Ham.* IV. 5.
 Mure, *sb.* a wall, *2 H.* IV. IV. 4.
 Murk, *sb.* darkness, gloom, *All's Well.* II. 1.
 Murkiest, *adj.* darkest, *Temp.* IV. 1.
 Murky, *adj.* dark, gloomy, *Macb.* v. 1.
 Murrain, *sb.* a disease among cattle, *Temp.* III. 2; *Tr.* and *Cr.* II. 1.
 Murrian, *adj.* infected with the murrain, *M. N's Dr.* II. 1.
 Muscadell, *sb.* a sweet wine, *Tam.* of S. III. 2.
 Muse, *v.t.* to wonder, *Macb.* III. 4. *John.* III. 1. *v.t.* to wonder at, *Temp.* III. 4.
 Muset, *sb.* the track of a hare through a hedge, *Ven.* and *A.* 683.
 Muss, *sb.* a scramble, *An.* and *Cl.* III. 13.
 Mustachio, *sb.* moustache, whisker, *L's L's L.* v. 1.
 Mutable, *adj.* changeable, *Cor.* III. 1.
 Mutine, *sb.* a mutineer, *John.* II. 1; *Ham.* v. 2. *v.t.* to mutiny, rebel, *Ham.* III. 4.
 Mutiner, *sb.* a mutineer, *Cor.* I. 1.
 Mutualities, *sb.* familiarities, *Oth.* II. 1.
 Mystery, *sb.* a calling, profession, *M.* for *M.* IV. 2; *Oth.* IV. 2. Professional skill, *All's Well.* III. 6.
 NAKIN, *sb.* a handkerchief, *As You Like It.* IV. 3; *Macb.* II. 3.
 Native, *adj.* belonging to one's home or place of birth. Native peace = domestic peace, *R.* II. II. 3. Native punishment = punishment in their own country, *H.* V. IV. 1. Native graves = graves at home, *H.* V. IV. 3. Connected by nature, kindred, *All's Well.* I. 1; *Ham.* I. 2. *sb.* natural source, *Cor.* III. 1. *adv.* naturally, *L's L's L.* I. 2.
 Natural, *sb.* an idiot, *Temp.* III. 2; *As You Like It.* I. 2; *R.* and *J.* II. 4.
 Naught, *adj.* be naught awhile = a mischief on you, *As You Like It.* I. 1.
 Naughty, *adj.* wicked, bad, *M.* for *M.* II. 1; *M.* of V. III. 2; *Lear.* III. 4.
 Nave, *sb.* the hob of a wheel, *2 H.* IV. II. 4; *Ham.* II. 2.
 Navigation, *sb.* sailing in ships, *Macb.* IV. 1.
 Nayward, to lean to the nayward = to be inclined to contradict, *Wint.* T. II. 1.
 Nayword, *sb.* a pass-word, *Merry Wives.* II. 2; v. 2. A by-word, *Tw. N.* II. 3.
 Ne, nor, *All's Well.* II. 1; *Per.* II. prol.
 Neaf, *sb.* a fist, *M. N's Dr.* IV. 1.
 Near, *adj.* nearer, *R.* II. v. 1.

Near-legged, *adj.* knock-kneed, Tam. of S. III. 2.
 Neat, *adj.* trim, spruce, Lear, II. 2.
 Neb, *sb.* a bill or beak, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Necessary, *adj.* inevitable, J. C. II. 2; As You Like It, III. 3.
 Necessitated to = in need of, All's Well, v. 3.
 Needful, *adj.* urgent, important, M. for M. I. 1; R. III. v. 3. 'This needful war' = this war which stands in need of soldiers, 3 H. VI. II. 1.
 Needless, *adj.* not wanting, having already enough, As You Like It, II. 1.
 Needly, *adv.* of necessity, R. and J. III. 2.
 Neeld, *sb.* needle, Per. v. prol.
 Neeze, *v.t.* to sneeze, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Neglectingly, *adv.* carelessly, 1 H. IV. I. 3.
 Neglection, *sb.* neglect, 1 H. VI. IV. 3; Tr. and Cr. I. 3, Per. III. 3.
 Neif, *sb.* a fist, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Neighbour, *adj.* neighbouring, 2 H. IV. IV. 5; As You Like It, IV. 3.
 Neighbourhood, *adj.* intimately associated, Ham. II. 2.
 Neighbourhood, *sb.* friendly relations, H. V. v. 2.
 Nephew, *sb.* grandson, Oth. I. 1. Cousin, 1 H. VI. II. 5.
 Nerve, *sb.* sinew, Temp. I. 2; Ham. I. 4.
 Nether-stocks, *sb.* stockings, 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 New-trothed, *p.p.* newly betrothed, Much Ado, III. 1.
 Next, *adj.* nearest, Wint. T. III. 3; 1 H. IV. III. 1; All's Well, I. 3.
 Nice, *adj.* fanciful, fastidious, scrupulous, M. of V. II. 1; Two G. III. 1. Dainty, 2 H. IV. I. 1; An. and Cl. III. 13. Minutely accurate, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5; Macb. IV. 3. Fine, delicate, Much Ado, v. 1. Trifling, insignificant, R. and J. III. 1; v. 2. To make nice of = to be scrupulous about, John, III. 4.
 Nicely, *adv.* daintily, elegantly, Cym. II. 4.
 Punctiliously, Lear, II. 2. Minutely, sophisticatedly, in a trifling manner, Tw. N. III. 1; R. II. II. 1; H. V. I. 2.
 Nicely-gawded, *adj.* daintily adorned, Cor. II. 1.
 Niceness, *sb.* coyness, Cym. III. 4.
 Nicety, *sb.* coyness, M. for M. II. 4.
 Nicholas, St., Saint Nicholas' clerks = highwaymen, 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Nick, *sb.* in the nick = in the nick of time, at the right moment, Oth. v. 2. Out of all nick = out of all reckoning, Two G. IV. 2. *v.t.* to notch, as a fool, Com. of E. v. 1. To mark with folly, An. and Cl. III. 13.
 Niece, *sb.* granddaughter, John, II. 1; R. III. IV. 1.
 Niggard, *v.t.* to stint, put upon short allowance, J. C. IV. 3.
 Night-crow, *sb.* the night-heron, 3 H. VI. v. 6.
 Nighted, *adj.* nightlike, dark, Ham. I. 2; Lear, IV. 5.
 Night-raven, *sb.* the night-heron, Much Ado, II. 3.
 Night-rule, *sb.* night order, revelry, diversion, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Nil, will not, Tam. of S. II. 1; Ham. v. 1.
 Nine-fold, Explained very doubtfully as meaning 'nine foals,' as if nine foal'd, or 'nine familiars,' Lear, III. 4.
 Nine men's morris, a rustic game, so called from the counters (Fr. *mérelles*) employed. It was frequently played in the open air, M. N's Dr. II. 1.

Nit, *sb.* the egg of a louse or other small insect, L's L's L. IV. 1; Tam. of S. IV. 3.
 No. No had? = had you not? John, IV. 2.
 Noble, *sb.* a gold coin worth 6s. 8d. R. II. I. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Noblesse, *sb.* nobility, R. II. IV. 1.
 Nobody, an allusion to the print of Nobody prefixed to the comedy of No-Body and Some-body, Temp. II. 2.
 Nod. 'To give the nod' is said to be a phrase used in the game of cards called Noddy, Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
 Noddy, *sb.* a simpleton, Two G. I. 1.
 Nointed, *p.p.* anointed, M. N's Dr. III. 2; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Noi-se, *sb.* a band of musicians, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
 Nole, *sb.* noddle, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Nonage, *sb.* minority, R. III. II. 3.
 Nonce. For the nonce = for the occasion, 1 H. IV. I. 2; Ham. IV. 7.
 Noncome, blunder for 'nonplus,' Much Ado, III. 5.
 Non-regardance, *sb.* disregard, neglect, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Nook-shotten, *adj.* full of nooks and corners, H. V. III. 5.
 Northern man, a north country man, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Nose-herbs, *sb.* sweet-smelling plants, All's Well, IV. 5.
 Not, not only, M. for M. v. 1; Cor. III. 2; III. 3.
 Notably, *adv.* excellently, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Note, *sb.* list, catalogue, Wint. T. IV. 3. The note of expectation = the list of expected guests, Macb. III. 3. Stigma, mark of reproach, R. II. I. 1. Distinction, eminence, Cym. II. 3. Knowledge, observation, Cym. IV. 3. Lear, III. 1.
 Notedly, *adv.* remarkably, M. for M. v. 1.
 Nothing-gift, *sb.* a worthless gift, Cym. III. 6.
 Not-pated, *adj.* crop-headed, 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Nourish, *sb.* perhaps, nurse, 1 H. VI. I. 1.
 Nouse, *v.t.* to nurse, rear delicately, Per. I. 4.
 Novum, a game at dice, called *novum quingue*, from the two principal throws being nine and five, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Noyance, *sb.* harm, Ham. III. 3.
 Numbered, *adj.* perhaps, rich in numbers, plentifully provided, Cym. I. 6.
 Nuncio, *sb.* a messenger, Tw. N. I. 4.
 Nuncle, familiar form of 'uncle,' Lear, I. 4.
 Nuptial, *sb.* a wedding, Temp. v. 1; M. N's Dr. I. 1.
 Nurture, *sb.* good breeding, culture, Temp. IV. 1; As You Like It, II. 7.
 Nuthook, *sb.* a cant word for a catchpole, Merry Wives, I. 1; 2 H. IV. v. 4.
 Nuzzle, *v.t.* to thrust the nose in, Ven. and A. II. 5.
 O, a circle, anything round, L's L's L. v. 2; M. N's Dr. III. 2; H. V. prol; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Oar, *v.t.* to row oneself, Temp. II. 1.
 Oathable, *adj.* capable of taking an oath, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Ob, abbreviation of *obolus*, a halfpenny, 1 H. IV. II. 4.
 Obeisance, *sb.* reverence, Tam. of S. ind. 1.
 Objects, anything presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way, Tim. of A. IV. 3.

- Oblation, *sb.* offering, Sonn. cxxv.
 Obligated, *adj.* bound by contract, M. of V. II. 5.
 Obsequious, *adj.* belonging to funeral ceremonies, Tim. of A. v. 3; Ham. I. 2. Careful in performing the funeral rites, 3 H. VI. II. 5.
 Obsequiously, *adv.* as befits a funeral, R. III. I. 2.
 Observance, *sb.* observation, Oth. III. 3. Homage, obsequious attention, 2 H. IV. IV. 3; Merry Wives, II. 2. Ceremony, M. of V. II. 2.
 Observants, *sb.* obsequious attendants, Lear, II. 2.
 Observation, *sb.* observance, M. N's Dr. IV. I. Attention, diligent care, Temp. III. 3.
 Observe, *v.t.* to pay court or attention to, 2 H. IV. IV. 4; Tim. of A. IV. 3; Ham. III. 1.
 Observer, *sb.* one who pays court or homage, Ham. III. 1.
 Observingly, *adv.* with careful observation, attentively, H. V. IV. 1.
 Obstacle, blunder for 'obstinate,' 1 H. VI. v. 4.
 Obstruct, *sb.* obstruction, obstacle, An. and Cl. III. 6.
 Occident, *sb.* the west, R. II. III. 3.
 Occidental, *adj.* western, All's Well, II. 1.
 Occulted, *adj.* hidden, secret, Ham. III. 2.
 Occupation, *sb.* trade; used contemptuously, Cor. IV. 1. The voice of occupation = the vote of working-men, Cor. IV. 6. 'A man of any occupation' may mean one of the mechanics, but it probably implies also one who was prompt to seize an opportunity, J. C. I. 2.
 Occurrences, *sb.* occurrences, incidents, Ham. v. 2.
 Odd, *adj.* unnoticed, that had been taken no account of, Temp. I. 2; v. 1. At odds, at variance, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Odd-even, *sb.* doubtfully explained as the interval between midnight and one in the morning, Oth. I. 1.
 Oddly, *adv.* unevenly, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Odds, *sb.* superiority, advantage, As You Like It, I. 2; L's L's L. I. 2. At odds = at variance, quarrelling, R. III. II. 1; Macb. III. 4.
 Odorous, blunder for 'odious,' Much Ado, III. 5.
 Od's, a euphemism for 'God's' in the phrases 'Od's blessed will,' Merry Wives, I. 1; 'Od's heartlings,' Merry Wives, III. 4; 'Od's nouns,' IV. 1; 'Od's lifelings,' Tw. N. v. 1; 'Od's pittikins,' Cym. IV. 2.
 Ocellades, *sb.* amorous glances, Merry Wives, I. 3; Lear, IV. 5.
 O'erblow, *v.t.* to blow away, H. V. III. 3.
 O'er-count, *v.t.* to outnumber, An. and Cl. II. 6.
 O'er-crow, *v.t.* to triumph over, Ham. v. 2.
 O'ergalled, *p.p.* excessively sore, Tr. and Cr. V. 3.
 O'ergreen, *v.t.* to cover with green, Sonn. cxlii.
 O'ergrown, *adj.* covered with hair, Cym. IV. 4. See As You Like It, IV. 3. Grown too old, M. for M. I. 3.
 O'erlooked, *p.p.* bewitched, Merry Wives, v. 5; M. of V. III. 2.
 O'er-master, *v.t.* to hold by force, John, II. 1.
 O'erparted, *adj.* having too difficult a part to play, L's L's L. v. 2.
 O'er-perch, *v.t.* to fly over, R. and J. II. 2.
 O'er-raught, overtook, Ham. III. 1. *p.p.* cheated, Com. of E. I. 2.
 O'er-shine, *v.t.* to outshine, 2 H. IV. IV. 3.
 O'er-sized, *adj.* smeared over as with size, Ham. II. 2.
 O'erslip, *v.i.* to slip by, pass unnoticed, Two G. II. 2.
 O'er-strawed, *p.p.* overstrewn, Ven. and A. II. 43.
 O'er-teemed, *adj.* exhausted by bearing children, Ham. II. 2.
 O'er-watched, *adj.* worn out with watching, J. C. IV. 3; Lear, II. 2.
 O'erweigh, *v.t.* to outweigh, M. for M. II. 4; Ham. III. 2.
 O'erwhelm, *v.t.* to overhang, H. V. III. 1; Ven. and A. 183.
 O'er-wrested, *adj.* strained, forced, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Of, in adjurations, 'of charity,' Tw. N. v. 1; 'of all loves,' M. N's Dr. II. 2. After passives, of = by, Much Ado, IV. 1; As You Like It, II. 1. Of = on, Much Ado, III. 5; M. of V. II. 2.
 Off, *adv.* beside the mark, not to the purpose, Cor. II. 2.
 Off-cap, *v.i.* to take off the cap, Oth. I. 1.
 Offenceful, *adj.* offensive, criminal, M. for M. II. 3.
 Offenceless, *adj.* inoffensive, Oth. II. 3.
 Offer, *v.t.* to attack, 1 H. IV. IV. 1; 2 H. IV. IV. 1. To attempt, venture, As You Like It, III. 2; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Office, *v.t.* to office all = to perform all the domestic service, All's Well, III. 2. To keep officiously, Cor. v. 2.
 Officed, *p.p.* holding office or position, Wint. T. I. 2. *adv.* having a special function, Oth. I. 3.
 Offices, *sb.* the apartments in a house set apart for domestic service, R. II. I. 2; Macb. II. 1.
 Officious, *adj.* ready to serve, Tit. And. v. 2.
 Old, *adj.* used as an intensive, Merry Wives, I. 4; Much Ado, v. 2; M. of V. IV. 2. *sb.* wold, Lear, III. 4. *adv.* of old, Per. prol.
 Oldness, *sb.* old age, Lear, I. 2.
 Omen, *sb.* a calamity preceded by portents, Ham. I. 1.
 Omittance, *sb.* omission, As You Like It, III. 5.
 On = of, Temp. IV. 1; Cor. I. 3, II. 1; J. C. I. 2; Cym. IV. 2.
 Once, at one time or other, some time, Merry Wives, III. 4; J. C. IV. 3. For once, Temp. III. 2; M. N's Dr. III. 2; 1 H. IV. 1. 2. Once for all, Cor. II. 3; Com. of E. III. 1; Much Ado, I. 2.
 Oneyers, *sb.* a word of which no satisfactory explanation has been given, 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Onward, *adv.* in advance, Sonn. L.
 Ope, *adj.* and *adv.* open, Cor. I. 4; Com. of E. III. 1; J. C. I. 2. *v.t.* and *v.i.* to open, John, II. 1; Ham. I. 4; Temp. v. 1; Cor. v. 3.
 Open, *adj.* plain, evident, M. for M. II. 1; Tw. N. II. 5. In open = in public, H. VIII. III. 2. *v.i.* to give tongue as a hound on scenting the game, Merry Wives, IV. 2.
 Opener, *sb.* one who reveals or expounds, 2 H. IV. IV. 2.
 Operant, *adj.* operative, active, Tim. of A. IV. 3; Ham. III. 2.
 Opinion, *sb.* self-conceit, 1 H. IV. III. 1; L's L's L. v. 1. Credit, reputation, public opinion, M. of V. I. 1; Cor. I. 1; Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Opinioned, blunder for 'pinioned,' Much Ado, IV. 2.
 Opposeless, *adj.* irresistible, Lear, IV. 6.

- Opposite, *sb.* an adversary, M. for M. III. 2; Tw. N. III. 2; Ham. v. 2. *adj.* contradictory, hostile, Tw. N. II. 5, R. III. II. 2.
- Opposition, *sb.* combat, encounter, 1 H. IV. I. 3; Oth. II. 3.
- Oppress, *v.t.* to suppress, Per. III. prol.
- Oppugnancy, *sb.* opposition, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
- Opulency, *sb.* opulence, Tim. of A. v. 1.
- Or, *adv.* before, Ham. I. 2; v. 2; Temp. I. 2; v. 1.
- Orb, *sb.* orbit, Much Ado, IV. 1; R. and J. II. 2; An. and Cl. IV. 1. Circle, M. N's Dr. II. 1. A celestial body, M. of V. v. 1; Cym. I. 6. The earth, Tw. N. III. 1; Ham. II. 2.
- Orbed, *adj.* globular, Tw. N. v. 1; Ham. III. 2; Lover's Compl. 25.
- Order, To take order = to take measures, 1 H. VI. III. 2; R. III. I. 4.
- Ordinance, *sb.* rank, order, Cor. III. 2. Ordinance, John, II. 1.
- Ordinant, *adj.* ordaining, controlling, Ham. v. 2.
- Ordinary, *sb.* a public dinner at which each man pays his share, All's Well, II. 3. An. and Cl. II. 2.
- Orgulous, *adj.* proud, haughty, Tr. and Cr. prol.
- Original, *sb.* origin, M. N's Dr. II. 1; 2 H. IV. I. 2.
- Orisons, *sb.* prayers, H. V. II. 2; Ham. III. 1.
- Ort, *sb.* remnant, refuse, Tim. of A. IV. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 2; Lucr. 985.
- Ostent, *sb.* show, display, M. of V. II. 2; II. 8.
- Ostentation, *sb.* display, outward show, Much Ado, IV. 1; 2 H. IV. II. 2. Ham. IV. 5.
- Othergates, *adv.* in another manner, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Otherwise, *adv.* elsewhere, Com. of E. II. 1; H. VIII. II. 2. Some other where = somewhere else, Com. of E. II. 1; R. and J. I. 1.
- Otherwhiles, *adv.* at other times, I. H. VI. I. 2.
- Ottomine, *sb.* Ottoman, Turk, Oth. I. 3.
- Ouches, *sb.* ornaments, properly the settings of jewels, 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Ought, owed, 1 H. IV. III. 3.
- Ouphes, *sb.* elves, goblins, Merry Wives, IV. 4; v. 5.
- Ousel, *sb.* the blackbird, M. N's Dr. III. 1; 2 H. IV. III. 2.
- Out, *adv.* fully, Temp. I. 2; IV. 1. Compare 'paint out,' Much Ado, III. 2; 'speak out,' H. VIII. II. 4. 'beat out,' Cor. IV. 5. At a loss, as one who has forgotten his part, L's L's L. v. 2; Cor. v. 3; As You Like It, IV. 1. On the wrong track, Wint. T. II. 1; Tw. N. II. 3. At variance, M. of V. III. 5; J. C. I. 1. In rags, worn out, J. C. I. 1.
- Out = out of, 2 H. IV. II. 2; Cor. v. 2.
- Outbrave, *v.t.* to excel in beauty, Sonn. xciv. To surpass in bravery, M. of V. II. 1.
- Out-breathed, *adj.* exhausted, out of breath, 2 H. IV. I. 1.
- Out-burn, *v.t.* to burn out, Pass. Pilgr. 98.
- Out-crafty, *v.t.* to overpower by craft, Cym. III. 4.
- Outface, *v.t.* to put out of countenance, M. of V. IV. 2; John, v. 1. To put a good face upon, Pass. Pilgr. 8.
- Outlook, *v.t.* to outstare, intimidate by looks, John, v. 2.
- Outlustre, *v.t.* to excel in brightness, Cym. I. 4.
- Out-peer, *v.t.* to overpower, surpass, Cym. III. 6.
- Outprized, *p.p.* exceeded in value, Cym. I. 4.
- Outrage, *sb.* outburst of fury, John, III. 4; R. III. II. 4; R. and J. v. 3.
- Out-speak, *v.t.* 'outspeaks possession of a subject' = describes something too great for a subject to possess, H. VIII. III. 2.
- Outsport, *v.t.* to exceed in sporting, Oth. III. 3.
- Out-strike, *v.t.* to strike faster than, An. and Cl. IV. 6.
- Outvied, *p.p.* outbid, beaten by a higher card, Tam. of S. II. 1.
- Outward, *adj.* 'an outward man' is one not in the secret of affairs, All's Well, III. 1.
- Outwork, *v.t.* to excel, An. and Cl. II. 2.
- Outworth, *v.t.* to exceed in value, H. VIII. I. 1.
- Over-eye, *v.t.* to observe, survey, Tam. of S. ind. 1.
- Overgone, *p.p.* overpowered, 3 H. VI. II. 5.
- Overhold, *v.t.* to over-estimate, Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
- Overlive, *v.t.* to outlive, 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
- Over-lusty, *adj.* too lusty or lively, H. V. IV. chor.; Lear, II. 4.
- Overname, *v.t.* to enumerate, M. of V. I. 2.
- Overpassed, *p.p.* passed, spent, 1 H. VI. II. 5.
- Overpeer, *v.t.* to look down on, rise above, M. of V. I. 1; Ham. IV. 5.
- Over-red, *v.t.* to smear with red, Macb. v. 3.
- Overscutched, *adj.* over-switched, over-whipped, 2 H. IV. III. 2. Perhaps in a wanton sense.
- Oversee, *v.t.* to superintend, see to the fulfilment of, Lucr. 1205.
- Overseen, *p.p.* bewitched, paralysed, Lucr. 1206.
- Oversear, *v.t.* to swear over again, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Over-top, *v.t.* to rise too high, Temp. I. 2.
- Overture, *sb.* disclosure, Wint. T. II. 1; Lear, III. 7. Declaration, Tw. N. I. 5.
- Overweigh, *v.t.* to outweigh, M. for M. II. 4.
- Owe, *v.t.* to own, possess, Temp. I. 2; III. 1; Cor. III. 2.
- Own, Was his own = was master of himself, Temp. v. 1.
- Oxlip, *sb.* the larger crowslip, *primula elatior*, M. N's Dr. II. 1; Wint. T. IV. 4.
- Oyes, *sb.* give ear; a summons to attention uttered by the public crier (Fr. *oyez*), Merry Wives, v. 5; Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
- "
- PACE, *v.t.* to teach a horse his paces, H. VIII. v. 3; An. and Cl. II. 2. Metaphorically, M. for M. IV. 3; Per. IV. 6.
- Pack, *sb.* a confederacy, Merry Wives, IV. 2; Com. of E. IV. 4. *v.t.* to shuffle cards unfairly, An. and Cl. IV. 14. To conspire, Tit. And. IV. 2.
- Packed, *p.p.* confederate, Com. of E. v. 1; Much Ado, v. 1.
- Packing, *sb.* plotting, confederacy, Tam. of S. v. 1; Lear, III. 1.
- Paction, *sb.* compact, H. V. v. 2.
- Paddock, *sb.* a toad, Ham. III. 4. A familiar spirit in the form of a toad, Macb. I. x.
- Page, *v.t.* to follow as a page, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Pageant, *v.t.* to make a show of, mimic, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
- Pain, *sb.* penalty, M. for M. II. 4.
- Painful, *adj.* laborious, toilsome, Temp. III. 1; Tam. of S. v. 2; H. V. IV. 3.
- Painfully, *adv.* laboriously, L's L's L. I. 1; John, II. 1.
- Painted cloth. Cloth or canvas used for hangings, and painted with figures, moral sentences, and mottoes, Lucr. 245; L's L's L. v. 2; As You Like It, III. 2; 1 H. IV. IV. 2.
- Pajock, *sb.* a peacock, Ham. III. 2.

Palabras (Spanish), words, Much Ado, III. 5.
 Paucas pallabris = *paucas palabras*, few words, Tam. of S. ind. 1.
 Palate, *v.t.* to savour of, Cor. III. 1. To taste, An. and Cl. v. 2. To perceive by the taste, Tr. and Cr. iv. 1.
 Pale, *sb.* paleness, Ven. and A. 589; Lucr. 1512; Wint. T. iv. 3. Enclosure, confine, Ven. and A. 230; R. II. III. 4; Ham. i. 4.
 Paled, *adj.* pale, Lover's Compl. 198.
 Palisadoes, *sb.* palisades, stakes, 1 H. IV. II. 3.
 Pall, *v.r.* to wrap oneself up. Macb. i. 5. *v.t.* to grow vapid and tasteless like wine; hence, to become worthless, decay, Ham. v. 2; An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Pallet, *sb.* a mean bed, 2 H. IV. III. 1.
 Palliament, *sb.* a robe, Tit. And. i. 1.
 Palmer, *sb.* a pilgrim, R. II. III. 3; R. and J. i. 5.
 Palmy, *adj.* victorious, Ham. i. 1.
 Palter, *v.t.* to shift, equivocate, J. C. II. 1; Macb. v. 8; An. and Cl. III. 11.
 Paly, *adj.* pale, H. V. iv. chor. R. and J. iv. 1.
 Pandarly, *adj.* pimping, Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Pang, *v.t.* to afflict with pangs, torture, H. VIII. II. 3. Cym. III. 4.
 Pantaloon, *sb.* an old fool; one of the characters borrowed like Harlequin from the old Italian comedy, As You Like It, II. 7; Tam. of S. III. 1.
 Pantler, *sb.* the servant in charge of the pantry Wint. T. iv. 4; 2 H. VI. II. 4; Cym. II. 3.
 Paper, *v.t.* to set down on paper, register, H. VIII. i. 1.
 Paragon, *v.t.* to serve as a model for, Oth. II. 1. To compare, An. and Cl. i. 5.
 Paragoned, *p.p.* regarded as a model or pattern, H. VIII. II. 4.
 Paraguito, *sb.* a little parrot, 1 H. IV. II. 3.
 Parcel, *sb.* a part, Com. of E. v. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 2; Cor. i. 2. A small company, L's L's L. v. 2; M. of V. i. 2; All's Well, II. 3. *v.t.* to particularise, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Parcelled, *p.p.* divided severally, R. III. II. 2.
 Parcel-bawd, *sb.* half-bawd, VI for M. II. 1.
 Parcel-gilt, *adj.* partly gilt, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Pard, *sb.* leopard, Temp. iv. 1; As You Like It, II. 7.
 Pardon, *v.t.* to excuse, give leave to, Two G. III. 2.
 'Parel, *sb.* apparel, Lear, iv. 1.
 Perfect, blunder for 'pre-ent', L's L's L. v. 2.
 Paris Garden, a bear-garden in Bankside, Southwark, H. VIII. v. 4.
 Parish-top, *sb.* a large top which was formerly kept in every village for exercise in frosty weather, Tw. N. i. 3.
 'Paritor, *sb.* an apparitor, or officer of the Bishop's Court who carried out citations, L's L's L. III. 1.
 Parle, *sb.* parley, conference, Two G. i. 2; John, II. 1; Ham. i. 1. *v.t.* to converse, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Perilous, *adj.* perilous, dangerous, M. N's Dr. III. 1; As You Like It, III. 2. R. III. II. 4.
 Parmaceti, *sb.* spermaceti, 1 H. IV. i. 3.
 Part, *adv.* in part, partly, Tw. N. III. 4; Oth. v. 2. *sb.* party, side, H. V. iv. 7; 1 H. VI. III. 1; 2 H. VI. v. 2. *v.t.* to depart, go away, Two G. i. 1; Lear, i. 2. *v.t.* to leave, R. II. III. 1; Per. v. 3.

Partake, *v.t.* to impart, communicate, Wint. T. v. 3; Per. i. 1. To share, J. C. II. 1. *v.t.* to participate, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Partaker, *sb.* confederate, 1 H. VI. II. 4.
 Parted, *p.p.* endowed, Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Partial, *adj.* a partial slander = the reproach of partiality, R. II. i. 3.
 Partialize, *v.t.* to make partial, R. II. i. 1.
 Participate, *adj.* participating, Cor. i. 1.
 Parti-coated, *adj.* having a coat of many colours, motley, like a fool, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Particularly, *adv.* halts not particularly = does not stop at particular persons, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Partisan, *sb.* a kind of pike, R. and J. i. 1; Ham. i. 1; An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Partlet, *sb.* the name of the hen in the story of Reynard the Fox, Wint. T. II. 3; 1 H. IV. III. 3.
 Party, *sb.* part, R. II. III. 3.
 Party-verdict, a party-verdict gave = had a share in giving the verdict, R. II. i. 3.
 Pash, *sb.* a grotesque word for the head, Wint. T. i. 2. *v.t.* to beat, smite, dash, Tr. and Cr. II. 3; V. 5.
 Pass, *v.t.* to surpass, exceed belief, Merry Wives, i. 1, iv. 2. To die, 2 H. VI. III. 3; Lear, iv. 6. To give verdict, M. for M. II. 1; Lear, III. 7. To care for, regard, 2 H. VI. iv. 2. To make a thrust in fencing, Ham. v. 2. Comp. Tw. N. III. 1. *v.t.* to pass for, represent, L's L's L. v. 1. To transfer to, Tam. of S. iv. 4. To transact, get through, Tam. of S. iv. 4. To make a pass in fencing, Merry Wives, II. 3. To induce in, as a jest, Merry Wives, i. 1; H. V. II. 1. *sb.* passage, Ham. II. 2. 'Pass of pate', witty sally, Temp. iv. 1.
 Pass upon, to impose upon, Tw. N. III. 1; v. 1.
 Passable, *adj.* capable of procuring a pass, Cor. v. 2. That may be passed through, Cym. i. 2.
 Passado, *sb.* a pass or motion forwards in fencing, L's L's L. i. 2; R. and J. II. 4; III. 1.
 Passage, *sb.* motion, Cor. v. 6; H. VIII. II. 4. The passing to and fro, Com. of E. III. 1; Oth. v. 1. Departure, death, Ham. III. 3. (In Ham. v. 2, 'for his passage' = to accompany his departure instead of the passing bell.) Passing away, 1 H. VI. II. 5. Occurrence, All's Well, i. 1; Ham. iv. 7; Cym. III. 4. Process, course, Wint. T. II. 3; R. and J. prol. Tr. and Cr. II. 3. Thy passages of life = the actions of thy life, 1 H. IV. III. 2. Passages of grossness = gross impositions, Tw. N. III. 2.
 Passant, a term of heraldry, denoting the position of an animal walking, Merry Wives, i. 1.
 Passenger, *sb.* a passer by, wayfarer, R. II. v. 3; 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Passes, *sb.* acts of deception, M. for M. v. 1.
 Passing, *adv.* exceedingly, Two G. iv. 4; Much Ado, II. 1; Cor. i. 1.
 Passion, *sb.* suffering, Ham. II. 1. Emotion, disturbance of mind, Macb. III. 4; Temp. iv. 1; J. C. i. 2. Sorrow, grief, Temp. i. 2; Tw. N. II. 4. *v.t.* to express sorrow, grieve, Temp. v. 1; Two G. iv. 4; L's L's L. i. 1.
 Passionate, *adj.* sorrowful, John, II. 1. Displaying emotion, 2 H. VI. i. 1; Ham. II. 2. *v.t.* to express with emotion, Tit. And. III. 2.
 Passy measures, a corruption of the Italian *passamezzo*, which denotes a measured and stately step in dancing, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Past-proportion, *sb.* excessive magnitude, Tr. and Cr. II. 2.

- Pastry, *sb.* the room in which the pastry is made, R. and J. iv. 4.
- Patch, *sb.* a fool, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; M. of V. ii. 5; Macb. v. 3.
- Patched, *adj.* motley, pied, from the parti-coloured dress worn by domestic fools, M. N's Dr. iv. 1.
- Patchery, *sb.* trickery, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3; Tim. of A. v. 1.
- Path, *v.t.* to walk, go, J. C. ii. 1.
- Pathetical, *adj.* moving, persuasive, L's L's L. i. 2; iv. 1, As You Like It, iv. 1.
- Patient, *v.r.* to calm oneself, Tit. And. i. 1.
- Patine, *sb.* a plate of metal, M. of V. v. 1.
- Patronage, *v.t.* to patronize, support, protect, 1 H. VI. iii. 1; iii. 4.
- Pattern, *sb.* an example, instance, R. III. i. 2; Oth. v. 2. That which is made after a model, H. V. ii. 4.
- Paucal (Lat.), few; that is, few words, Merry Wives, i. 1; H. V. ii. 1. In full *paucal verba*, Merry Wives, i. 1; L's L's L. iv. 2.
- Paunch, *v.t.* to rip up the belly, Temp. iii. 2.
- Paved, *adj.* pebbly, M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
- Pavilioned, *p.p.* tented, encamped, H. V. i. 2.
- Pavin, *sb.* a stately dance, of Spanish or Italian origin, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Pawn, *sb.* a pledge, R. II. i. 2; Lear, i. 1.
- Pax, *sb.* a mistake for 'pix' or 'pyx.' The pax was a small piece of wood or metal, with the figure of Christ upon it, which was offered to the laity to kiss. The pix was a box containing the consecrated host, H. V. iii. 6.
- Pay, *v.t.* to hit, beat, punish, Tw. N. iii. 4; 1 H. IV. ii. 4; v. 3. To reward, requite, Com. of E. iv. 4; Temp. ii. 1.
- Payment, *sb.* punishment, As You Like It, i. 1; H. V. iv. 8.
- Peace-parted, *p.p.* having departed in peace, Ham. v. 1.
- Peach, *v.t.* to impeach, accuse, M. for M. iv. 3; 1 H. IV. ii. 2.
- Peak, *v.t.* to grow thin, Macb. i. 2. To mope, Ham. ii. 2.
- Peaking, *adj.* sneaking, cowardly, Merry Wives, iii. 5.
- Peascod, *sb.* the pod or husk containing the peas, M. N's Dr. iii. 1; Tw. N. i. 5. Used for the plant itself, As You Like It, ii. 4.
- Peat, *sb.* a pet, darling, Tam. of S. i. 1.
- Peck, *v.t.* to pitch, H. VIII. v. 4.
- Pedant, *sb.* a schoolmaster, L's L's L. iii. 1; Tw. N. iii. 2.
- Pedascule, *sb.* pedant, schoolmaster, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Peel, *v.t.* to strip off the bark, M. of V. i. 3; Lucr. 1167.
- Peeled, *adj.* shaven, 1 H. VI. i. 3.
- Peer, *v.t.* to allow to peep out, Lucr. 472.
- Peevish, *adj.* childish, silly, R. III. i. 3; iv. 2; Ham. i. 2. Fretful, wayward, M. of V. i. 1, Tam. of S. v. 2.
- Peevishly, *adv.* ill-temperedly, Tw. N. ii. 2.
- Peg-a-Ramsey, a name borrowed from an old song, Tw. N. ii. 3.
- Peise, *v.t.* to weigh down, retard, M. of V. iii. 2; R. III. v. 3.
- Peised, *p.p.* poised, balanced, John. ii. 1.
- Pelletted, *p.p.* formed into pellets or small balls, Lover's Compl. 18. An. and Cl. iii. 13.
- Pelt, *v.t.* to chafe with anger, Lucr. 1418.
- Pelting, *adj.* paltry, M. N's Dr. [ii. 1, R. II. ii. 1.
- Pendulous, *adj.* overhanging, threatening to fall, Lear, iii. 4.
- Penetrative, *adj.* penetrating, touching the heart, An. and Cl. iv. 14.
- Penitent, *adj.* doing penance, Com. of E. i. 2. Used as a substantive, All's Well, iii. 5.
- Pensioner, *sb.* one of the body of Gentleman Pensioners who attended upon the person of the sovereign, Merry Wives, ii. 2; M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
- Pensived, *adj.* pensive, Lover's Compl. 219.
- Pent-house, *sb.* a lean-to building, M. of V. ii. 6; Much Ado, iii. 3. Used of the eyelid which is overhung by the eyebrow, Macb. i. 3.
- Penurious, *adj.* necessitous, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
- Peradventure, *adv.* perhaps, Much Ado, i. 2; Cor. ii. 1.
- Perdu, *sb.* a soldier sent on a forlorn hope, Lear, iv. 7.
- Perdurable, *adj.* lasting, H. V. iv. 5; Oth. i. 3.
- Perdurably, *adv.* lastingly, M. for M. iii. 1.
- Perdy, *int.* by God, verily (Fr. *par dieu*), Tw. N. iv. 2; H. V. ii. 1. In Com. of E. iv. 4. 'perdie.'
- Peregrinate, *adj.* foreign, L's L's L. v. 1.
- Peremptory, *adj.* firmly determined, John. ii. 1; Cor. iii. 1. Daring, audacious, L's L's L. iv. 3; 1 H. IV. i. 3.
- Perfect, *adj.* fully satisfied, Macb. iii. 4; Tim. of A. i. 2. Fully informed, certain, Wint. T. iii. 3; Macb. i. 5; Cym. iii. 1. *v.t.* to instruct fully, M. for M. iv. 3, Temp. i. 1.
- Perforce, *adv.* violently, Com. of E. iv. 3. 'Force perforce,' in the same sense, John. iii. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 1. Of necessity, Temp. v. 1; R. and J. i. 5.
- Periapt, *sb.* amulets, 1 H. VI. v. 3.
- Period, *sb.* end, conclusion, An. and Cl. iv. 2; iv. 14. *v.t.* to put an end to, Tim. of A. i. 1.
- Perish, *v.t.* to destroy, 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
- Perishen, *v.t.* to perish, Per. ii. prol.
- Perjure, *sb.* a perjurer, L's L's L. iv. 3. *v.t.* to make perjured, taint with perjury, An. and Cl. iii. 12.
- Perpend, *v.t.* to reflect, Merry Wives, ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2. *v.t.* to consider, H. V. iv. 4.
- Perplexed, *adj.* bewildered, distracted, Oth. v. 2; Lucr. 733.
- Persever, *v.t.* to persevere, As You Like It, v. 2; Ham. i. 2.
- Persistive, *adj.* persistent, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
- Personage, *sb.* personal appearance, figure, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; Tw. N. i. 5.
- Personate, *v.t.* to represent, Tw. N. ii. 3; Tim. of A. i. 1; v. 1; Cym. v. 5.
- Perspective, *sb.* an instrument for producing an optical delusion, All's Well, v. 3; Tw. N. v. 1; R. II. ii. 2. It was made in various forms.
- Perspectively, *adv.* as through a perspective, H. V. v. 2.
- Persuade, *v.t.* to use persuasion, M. for M. v. 1; M. of V. iii. 2.
- Persuaded, *p.p.* best persuaded = having the best opinion, Tw. N. ii. 3.
- Pert, *adj.* brisk, lively, L's L's L. v. 2; M. N's Dr. i. 1.
- Pertly, *adv.* briskly, Temp. iv. 1. Saucily, Ti. and Cr. iv. 5.

Pertaunt-like, *adv.* a word as yet unexplained or amended, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Perusal, *sb.* survey, examination, Ham. II. 1.
 Peruse, *v.t.* to survey, examine, Com. of E. 1. 2; R. II. III. 3; R. and J. v. 3; Ham. IV. 7.
 Pervert, *v.t.* to turn aside, avert, Cym. II. 4.
 Pester, *v.t.* to disturb, encumber, infest, Macb. v. 2; Ham. I. 2; Cor. IV. 6.
 Petter, *sb.* an engine filled with explosive materials, like a mortar, such, H.V. III. 4.
 Petitionary, *adj.* supplicatory, As You Like It, III. 2; Cor. V. 2.
 Pew-fellow, *sb.* companion, intimate associate, R. III. IV. 4.
 Phantasime, *sb.* a fantastical person, L's L's L. IV. 1; V. 1.
 Phantasma, *sb.* phantasm, apparition, J. C. II. 1.
 Pheeze, *v.t.* to beat, chastise, torment, Tam. of S. ind. I. 1; Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
 Philip, a familiar term for a sparrow, John. I. 1.
 Philip and Jacob, the first of May; M. for M. III. 2.
 Philippan, worn at the battle of Philippi, An. and Cl. II. 5.
 Phreesees, *adj.* indescribable, Lover's Compl. 226.
 Physical, *adj.* relating to, whole some, Cor. I. 5; J. C. II. 1.
 Pia mater, the membrane which covers the brain. Used for the brain itself, L's L's L. IV. 2; Tw. N. I. 5; Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
 Pick, *v.t.* to pitch, Cor. I. 1.
 Picked, *adj.* refined, precise, L's L's L. v. 1; John. I. 1; Ham. v. 1.
 Pickers, *sb.* petty thieves, the fingers, Ham. III. 2.
 Picking, *adj.* minute, trifling, 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
 Pickthank, *sb.* a fawning flatterer, 1 H. IV. III. 2.
 Piece, *sb.* a vessel of wine, Tr. and Cr. IV. 1. See 1 E-dr. VIII. 20.
 Pied, *adj.* parti-coloured, spotted, Temp. III. 2; L's L's L. v. 2. M. of V. I. 3.
 Piedness, *sb.* diversity of colour, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Pigeon-livered, *adj.* the pigeon was supposed to have no gall, Ham. II. 2.
 Pight, *p.p.* pitched, fixed, Tr. and Cr. v. 10; Lear, II. 1.
 Pignuts, *sb.* earth-nuts, Temp. II. 2.
 Pilcher, *sb.* a scabbard, R. and J. III. 1.
 Piled. A quibble is intended between 'piled' = 'peeled, bald, and 'piled' as applied to velvet, M. for M. I. 2.
 Pill, *v.t.* to pillage, plunder, R. II. II. 1; R. III. I. 3.
 Pillicock, a term of endearment, Lear, III. 4.
 Pin, *sb.* the bull's eye of the target, L's L's L. IV. 1; R. and J. II. 4.
 Pin and web, the disease of the eye now known as cataract, Wint. T. I. 2; Lear, III. 4.
 Pin-buttock, *sb.* a narrow buttock, All's Well, III. 2.
 Pine, *v.t.* to starve, wear out, Ven. and A. 602, R. II. v. 1.
 Pinfold, *sb.* a pound, Two G. I. 1; Lear, II. 2.
 Pink eyne, small, half-shut eyes, An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Pinked, *adj.* pierced with holes, H. VIII. v. 4.
 Pioned, *adj.* a very doubtful word, variously interpreted as 'covered with the marsh marigold,' or simply 'dug,' Temp. IV. 1.
 Pioneer, *sb.* pioneer, H. V. III. 2; Ham. I. 5.
 Pipe-wine, *sb.* wine from the pipe or butt, with a reference to the other meaning of pipe, Merry Wives, III. 2.

Pip out, a cant expression for being a little over-taken in liquor. A pip was a spot on cards, and the reference is to a game called one-and-thirty, Tam. of S. I. 2.
 Pitch, *sb.* the height to which a falcon soars, 1 H. VI. II. 4; 2 H. VI. II. 1; R. II. I. 1; J. C. I. 1. Hence used of height generally, Tw. N. I. 1; Ham. III. 1.
 Piteously, *adv.* so as to move pity, Tit. And. v. 1.
 Place, *sb.* dwelling-place, residence, Oth. I. 3; As You Like It, II. 3. The highest pitch of a hawk, Macb. II. 4.
 Placket, *sb.* a petticoat, Wint. T. IV. 4; Lear, III. 4; Tr. and Cr. II. 3.
 Plain, *v.t.* to make plain, Per. III. prol. *v.t.* to complain, Lear, III. 1.
 Plaining, *sb.* complaint, Com. of E. I. 1 R. II. I. 3.
 Plain-song, *sb.* the simple melody without variations, H. V. III. 2; H. VIII. I. 3. Used as an adjective, M. N's Dr. III. 1.
 Plaintful, *adj.* complaining, Lover's Compl. 2.
 Plaited, *adj.* folded, intricate, Lear, I. 1.
 Plaits, *sb.* folds, Lucr. 93.
 Planchd, *adj.* made of planks, M. for M. IV. 1.
 Plant, *sb.* the sole of the foot, An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Plantage, *sb.* plants, vegetation, Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Plantain, *sb.* the *plantago major* or *media* which are used to stop bleeding, L's L's L. III. 1; R. and J. I. 2.
 Plantation, *sb.* planting, colonising, Temp. II. 1.
 Plash, *sb.* a pool, Tam. of S. I. 1.
 Plate, *v.t.* to clothe in plate armour, Lear, IV. 6.
 Plated, *p.p.* armed, R. II. I. 3; An. and Cl. I. 1.
 Plates, *sb.* pieces of silver money, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Platforms, *sb.* plans, 1 H. VI. II. 1.
 Plausibly, *adv.* by acclamation, Lear. 1854.
 Plausive, *adj.* persuasive, pleasing, All's Well, I. 2; IV. 1; Ham. I. 4.
 Play, *v.t.* to play for, H. V. IV. chor.
 Play your prize. To play a prize in a fencing school was to go through certain exercises in order to qualify for a degree, Tit. And. I. 1.
 Pleached, *adj.* intertwined, folded, Much Ado, III. 1; An. and Cl. IV. 14.
 Pleasance, *sb.* pleasure, merriment, Oth. II. 3; Pass. Pilgr. 158.
 Pleasantly, *adv.* sportively, jestingly, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Please-man, *sb.* a flatterer, parasite, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Pleasure, *v.t.* to gratify, Much Ado, v. 1; M. of V. I. 3.
 Plenty, *adj.* plentiful, Temp. IV. 1.
 Pliant, *adj.* yielding, fit, Oth. I. 3.
 Plight, *sb.* pledge, Lear, I. 1.
 Plot, *sb.* a spot of ground, John, II. 1; 2 H. VI. II. 2; Ham. IV. 4.
 Plume up, to prank up; hence, to gratify, Oth. I. 3.
 Plummet, *sb.* Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er one—I am a plummet's depth below ignorance itself, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Plumpy, *adj.* plump, An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Plurisy, *sb.* a plethora, superabundance, Ham. IV. 7.
 Point, *sb.* a tagged lace, Tam. of S. III. 2; An. and Cl. III. 13; Tw. N. I. 5.
 Point, at a, resolved, prepared, Macb. IV. 3.
 Point, at, completely, Ham. I. 2. In readiness, fully prepared, Lear, I. 4. At ample point—in full perfection, Tr. and Cr. III. 3.

Point, to, exactly, Temp. i. 2.
 Point-device or Point-devise, *adj.* precise, final, As You Like It, III. 2. L's L's L. v. 1. *adv.* precisely, exactly, Tw. N. II. 5.
 Pointing-stock, *sb.* object of scorn, 2 H. VI. II. 4.
 Point of war, a set of notes on the trumpet, 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
 Points, *sb.* directions, commands; as if given by sound of trumpet, Cor. IV. 6.
 Poise, *sb.* weight, Lear, II. 1; Oth. III. 3. *v.t.* to weigh, 2 H. VI. II. 1; R. and J. I. 2. To counterbalance, Oth. I. 3.
 Poke, *sb.* pocket, As You Like It, II. 7.
 Pokingsticks, *sb.* irons for setting out the plait-ings of ruffs, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Polack, *sb.* a native of Poland, Ham. I. 1; II. 2. Used as an adjective, Ham. v. 2.
 Pole, *sb.* standard, An. and Cl. IV. 15.
 Pole-clipt, *adj.* a pole-clipt vineyard is a vineyard in which the vines embrace or are twined about the poles, Temp. IV. 1.
 Policy, *sb.* cunning, stratagem, Cor. III. 2; Tr. and Cr. IV. 1.
 Politic, *adj.* relating to politics or state policy, Tw. N. II. 5.
 Polled, *adj.* clipped, laid bare, Cor. IV. 5.
 Pollution, blunder for 'allusion,' L's L's L. IV. 2.
 Pomander, *sb.* a ball of perfume, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Pomewater, *sb.* a large sweet apple, *malus cavanaria*, L's L's L. IV. 2.
 Pongarnet, *sb.* pomegranate, I. H. IV. II. 4.
 Pontic Sea, the Euxine, Oth. III. 3.
 Poor John, hake salted and dried, Temp. II. 2.
 Poperin, *adj.* a poperin pear, so called from Poperinghe in Belgium, R. and J. I. 1.
 Popinjay, *sb.* a parrot, I. H. IV. I. 3.
 Popular, *adj.* vulgar, H. V. IV. 1.
 Popularity, *sb.* vulgarity, 2 H. IV. III. 2; H. V. I. 1.
 Populous, *adj.* numerous, An. and Cl. III. 6.
 Porentine, *sb.* porcupine, 2 H. VI. III. 1; Tr. and Cr. II. 1; Ham. I. 5.
 Porringer, *sb.* a bowl or basin, Tam. of S. IV. 3. H. VIII. v. 4.
 Port, *sb.* carriage, bearing, H. V. prol.; M. of V. I. 1. Gate, Cor. I. 7; 2 H. IV. IV. 5.
 Portable, *adj.* enduring, Macb. IV. 3; Lear, III. 6.
 Portage, *sb.* port-hole, H. V. III. 1. Port dues, paid by a vessel on arriving in harbour, Per. III. 1.
 Portance, *sb.* carriage, deportment, Cor. II. 3; Oth. I. 3.
 Portly, *adj.* of good demeanour or bearing, R. and J. I. 5.
 Possess, *v.t.* to give possession, An. and Cl. III. 2. To inform, M. for M. IV. 1; Much Ado, v. 1; Tw. N. II. 3. Followed by 'with,' John, IV. 2.
 Possession, *sb.* insanity, madness, Com. of E. v. 1.
 Posset, *v.t.* to curdle, Ham. I. 5.
 Possible, blunder for 'positively,' Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Post, *sb.* a messenger, Temp. II. 1; Cor. v. 6. *v.t.* to convey swiftly, Cym. II. 4.
 Poster, *sb.* a swift traveller, Macb. I. 3.
 Post-post-haste, *adv.* with the utmost speed, Oth. I. 3.
 Posy, *sb.* a motto on a ring, M. of V. v. 1; Ham. III. 2.
 Postern, *sb.* the small back-gate of a fortress, R. II. v. 5; Two G. v. 1.

Pot, to the pot—to certain destruction; a figure borrowed from the kitchen, Cor. I. 4.
 Potable, *adj.* drinkable, 2 H. IV. IV. 5.
 Potch, *v.t.* to poke, thrust, Cor. I. 10.
 'Potheary, *sb.* apothecary, R. and J. v. 3; Per. III. 2.
 Pother, *sb.* turmoil, Cor. II. 1; Lear, III. 2.
 Potting, *sb.* drinking, Oth. II. 3.
 Pottle, *sb.* a tankard; strictly a measure of two quarts, Merry Wives, II. 1, III. 5; Oth. II. 3.
 Pottle-deep, *adj.* to the bottom of the tankard, Oth. II. 3.
 Poulter, *sb.* poulterer, I. H. IV. II. 4.
 Pouncet-box, *sb.* a box for perfumes, pierced with holes, I. H. IV. I. 3.
 Pow, wow, pooh, pooh! Cor. II. 1.
 Powder, *v.t.* to salt, I. H. IV. v. 4; M. for M. III. 2.
 Powdering-tub, *sb.* salting-tub. A hot salt-water bath was used in the treatment of venereal disease, H. V. II. 1.
 Power, *sb.* an armed force, John, IV. 2; IV. 3; Cor. I. 2.
 Practic, *adj.* practical, II. V. I. 1.
 Practice, *sb.* artifice, plot, Much Ado, IV. 1; Tw. N. v. 1; H. V. II. 2.
 Practisant, *sb.* accomplice in a plot, I. H. VI. III. 2.
 Practise, *v.t.* to plot, use stratagems, As You Like It, I. 1; Oth. I. 2.
 Praise, *v.t.* to appraise, Tw. N. I. 5.
 Prank, *v.t.* to duck, dress, Tw. N. II. 4; Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Pray in aid, to call in to help; a legal term, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Precedent, *sb.* the rough draft of a document, John, v. 2, R. III. III. 6. Prognostic, indication, Ven. and A. 26. *adj.* former, Tim. of A. I. 1; Ham. III. 4.
 Precept, *sb.* a warrant, summons, 2 H. IV. v. 1, II. V. III. 3.
 Preceptual, *adj.* consisting of precepts, Much Ado, v. 1.
 Preciously, *adv.* carefully, in business of importance, Temp. I. 2.
 Precipitate, *v.t.* to fall headlong, Lear, IV. 6.
 Precipitation, *sb.* precipitousness, Cor. III. 2.
 Precurrer, *sb.* forerunner, Phoenix 6.
 Predict, *sb.* prediction, Sonn. XIV.
 Predominate, *v.t.* to overpower, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Prefer, *v.t.* to promote, advance, Two G. II. 4; R. III. IV. 2. To recommend, Cym. II. 3.
 To present, offer, M. N's Dr. IV. 2; J. C. III. 1.
 Pregnancy, *sb.* readiness of wit, 2 H. IV. I. 2.
 Pregnant, *adj.* ready-witted, clever, M. for M. I. 1, Tw. N. II. 2. Full of meaning, Ham. II. 2.
 Ready, Ham. III. 2; Lear, IV. 6. Plain, evident, M. for M. II. 1; Oth. II. 1.
 Premised, *ph.* sent before the time, 2 H. VI. v. 2.
 Prenominate, *v.t.* to name beforehand, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5. *ph.* aforesaid, Ham. II. 1.
 Prenzie, *adj.* demure, prim, M. for M. III. 1.
 Pre-ordination, *sb.* a rule formerly established, J. C. III. 1.
 Prepare, *sb.* preparation, 3 H. VI. IV. 1.
 Preposterous, blunder for 'prosperous,' Wint. T. v. 2.
 Prescript, *sb.* direction, order, Ham. II. 2; An. and Cl. III. 8. *adj.* prescriptive, H. V. III. 7.
 Prescription, *sb.* order, direction, H. VIII. I. 1.
 Presence, *sb.* personal appearance or dignity, John, I. 1; II. 1. Presence-chamber, R. II. I. 3; R. and J. v. 3.

Present, *sb.* the present time, Temp. i. 1; Macb. i. 5. **Present** store, Tw. N. iii. 4. *v.t.* to represent, Much Ado, iii. 3. To act the part of, Temp. iv. 1; Merry Wives, iv. 6.

Presentation, *sb.* semblance, As You Like It, v. 4; R. III. iv. 4.

Presently, *adv.* immediately, Temp. i. 2; J. C. iii. 1.

Presentment, *sb.* presentation, Tim. of A. i. 1. Representation, Ham. iii. 4.

Press, *sb.* a commission for pressing soldiers, 1 H. IV. iv. 2. A crowd, J. C. i. 2. *v.t.* to force into military service, R. II. iii. 2; 1 H. IV. iv. 2.

Press-money, *sb.* money given to soldiers on being pressed into the service, Lear, iv. 6.

Pressure, *sb.* impression, Ham. i. 5; iii. 2.

Prest, *adj.* ready, M. of V. i. 1; Per. iv. prol.

Prester John, a fabulous Eastern King, Much Ado, ii. 1.

Presupposed, *imposed* or suggested beforehand, Tw. N. v. 1.

Presumise, *sb.* supposition previously entertained, 2 H. IV. i. 1.

Pretence, *sb.* intention, Two G. iii. 1; Cor. i. 2.

Pretend, *v.t.* to intend, Two G. ii. 6; Macb. ii. 4.

Pretty, *adj.* used of time, fair, tolerable, Lucr. 1233; R. and J. i. 3.

Prevail, *v.t.* to avail, R. and J. iii. 3; H. V. iii. 2.

Prevailment, *sb.* influence, M. N's Dr. i. 1.

Prevent, *v.t.* to anticipate, M. of V. i. 1; Ham. ii. 2.

Preyful, *adj.* rich in prey, L's L's L. iv. 2.

Prick, *sb.* a point on a dial, Lucr. 781; 3 H. VI. i. 4. The bull's eye of a target, L's L's L. iv. 1. A prickle, Temp. ii. 2; As You Like It, iii. 2. A skewer, Lear, ii. 3. *v.t.* to mark, 2 H. IV. ii. 4; J. C. iii. 1. To stick, Tam. of S. iii. 2.

Pricket, *sb.* a buck of the second year, L's L's L. iv. 2.

Prick-song, *sb.* music sung from notes, R. and J. ii. 4.

Pride, *sb.* lust, Lucr. 438; Sonn. cxliv.; Oth. iii. 3.

Prig, *sb.* a thief, Wint. T. iv. 3.

Primal, *adj.* first, earliest, Ham. iii. 3; An. and Cl. i. 4.

Prime, *adj.* principal, chief, Temp. i. 2. Lustful, Oth. iii. 3. *sb.* the spring, Lucr. 332; Sonn. xcvi.

Primer, *adj.* more important, H. VIII. i. 2.

Primero, *sb.* a game at cards, Merry Wives, iv. 5; II. VIII. v. 1.

Primest, *adj.* rarest, H. VIII. ii. 4.

Primy, *adj.* early, belonging to the spring, Ham. i. 3.

Prince, to prince it = to play the prince, Cym. iii. 3.

Principality, *sb.* a being of the highest order, Two G. ii. 4.

Principals, *sb.* the main timbers in the roof of a building, Per. iii. 2.

Princox, *sb.* a saucy fellow, R. and J. i. 5.

Print, in print = in perfect order, with exactness, As You Like It, v. 4; Two G. ii. 1; L's L's L. iii. 1.

Printless, *adj.* leaving no trace, Temp. v. 1.

Priser, *sb.* prize-fighter, As You Like It, ii. 3.

Prisonment, *sb.* imprisonment, John, iii. 4.

Privacy, *sb.* retirement, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.

Private, *sb.* privacy, Tw. N. iii. 4. Private communication, John, iv. 3.

Privilege, *v.t.* to invest with a privilege, give immunity to, R. II. i. 1, Com. of E. v. 1; Lucr. 621.

Prize, *sb.* a contest for a prize, M. of V. iii. 2; Tit. And. i. 1. Privilege, 3 H. VI. i. 4; ii. 1. My prize = the winning of me, Cym. iii. 6. To make prize = to capture, R. III. iii. 3; An. and Cl. v. 2.

Prized, *pp.* estimated, rated, Much Ado, iii. 1. Tim. of A. i. 1.

Probal, *adj.* probable, reasonable, Oth. ii. 3. •

Probation, *sb.* proof, M. for M. v. 1; Oth. iii. 3.

Trial, examination, Tw. N. ii. 5.

Process, *sb.* a story, narrative, R. III. iv. 3; Ham. i. 5; M. of V. iv. 1. Course of law, Cor. iii. 1. Mandate, summons, Ham. iv. 3; An. and Cl. i. 1.

Procreant, *adj.* off-pring-producing, Macb. i. 6.

Procurator, *sb.* a proxy, 2 H. VI. i. 1.

Procure, *v.t.* to cause (to come), R. and J. iii. 5. To play the procurer, M. for M. iii. 2.

Prodigious, *adj.* monstrous, portentous, M. N's Dr. v. 1; John, iii. 1.

Prodigiously, *adv.* portentously, John, iii. 1.

Proditor, *sb.* traitor, 1 H. VI. i. 3.

Proface, *int.* much good may it do you, 2 H. IV. v. 3.

Professed, *pp.* that have made professions, Lear, i. 1.

Progeny, *sb.* race, ancestry, 1 H. VI. v. 4. Cor. i. 8. Descent, 1 H. VI. iii. 3.

Progress, *sb.* a royal ceremonial journey, 2 H. VI. i. 4; Ham. iv. 3. *v.t.* to go as in procession, John, v. 2.

Project, *v.t.* to shape, define, An. and Cl. v. 2.

Projection, *sb.* plan, H. V. ii. 4.

Prolixious, *adj.* tedious, causing delay, M. for M. ii. 4.

Prologue, *v.t.* to preface, All's Well, ii. 1.

Prolonged, *pp.* deferred, Much Ado, iv. 1; R. III. iii. 4.

Prompture, *sb.* prompting, M. for M. ii. 4.

Proof, *sb.* armour which has been tried and proved impenetrable, R. III. v. 3; Macb. i. 2. Resisting power, impenetrability, R. II. i. 3.

Propagate, *v.t.* to augment, improve, Tim. of A. i. 1.

Propagation, *sb.* augmentation, M. for M. i. 2.

Propend, *v.t.* to incline, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.

Propension, *sb.* inclination, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.

Proper, *adj.* one's own, Temp. iii. 3; M. for M. iii. 1. Handsome, Temp. ii. 2; John, i. 1.

Proper-false, *adj.* handsome and deceitful, Tw. N. ii. 2.

Properly, *adv.* peculiarly, as one's own possession, Wint. T. ii. 1; Cor. v. 2.

Propertied, *adj.* endowed with qualities, An. and Cl. v. 2.

Properties, *sb.* the requisites of a play, except the scenery and dresses, M. N's Dr. i. 2; Merry Wives, iv. 4.

Property, *sb.* a mere appendage or instrument, Merry Wives, iii. 4; J. C. iv. 1. In Ham. ii. 2, it means either 'own person' or 'kingly right'. *v.t.* to make a tool of, John, v. 2; Tw. N. iv. 2.

Propontic, *sb.* the Sea of Marmora, Oth. iii. 3.

- Proportions, *sb.* necessary number of troops, H. V. 1. 2; Ham. 1. 2.
- Propose, *v.t.* to converse, discourse, speak, Much Ado, III. 1; Oth. 1. 1.
- Proposer, *sb.* speaker, orator, Ham. II. 2.
- Propugnation, *sb.* means of resistance, defence, Tr. and Cr. II. 2.
- Prorogue, *v.t.* to delay, R. and J. II. 2; IV. 1.
- To protract, *Per. v.* To hinder from exertion, An. and Cl. II. 1.
- Protest, *v.t.* to proclaim, display publicly, Macb. v. 2; Much Ado, v. 1.
- Protractive, *adj.* protracted, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.
- Provand, *sb.* provender, provisions, Cor. II. 1.
- Reovincial, *adj.* belonging to an ecclesiastical province, M. for M. v. 1. 'Provincial roses' are roses of Provins or Provence, Ham. III. 2.
- Provision, *sb.* foresight, Temp. 1. 2.
- Provoke, *v.t.* to urge, impel, 1 H. VI. v. 5.
- Provoking, *pr.p.* instigating, Lear, III. 5.
- Prune, *v.t.* to trim and dress the feathers, as a hawk does with its bill, Cym. v. 4. *Per. 1 H. IV. 1. 1.*
- Puddle, *v.t.* to render turbid, Oth. III. 4.
- Pudency, *sb.* modesty, Cym. 1. 5.
- Pugging, *adj.* thievish, Wint. T. iv. 3.
- Puisny, *adj.* unskilful, like a novice, As You Like It, III. 4.
- Puissance, *sb.* strength, H. V. III. chor. An armed force, John, III. 1.
- Puissant, *adj.* powerful, R. III. iv. 4; Lear, v. 3.
- Puke, *v.t.* to vomit, As You Like It, 1.
- Puke-stocking. Puke appears to have been a dark grey, between russet and black, 1 H. IV. II. 4.
- Pulpiter, *sb.* preacher, a conjectural reading in As You Like It, III. 2.
- Pulsidge, blunder for 'pulse,' 2 H. IV. II. 4.
- Pun, *v.t.* to pound, Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
- Punk, *sb.* a strumpet, Merry Wives, II. 2; M. for M. v. 1.
- Punto, *sb.* a stroke or thrust in fencing, Merry Wives, II. 3.
- Punto reverso, a back-handed stroke, R. and J. II. 4.
- Purchase, *v.t.* to acquire, get, M. of V. II. 9; 2 H. IV. iv. 5; An. and Cl. 1. 4. *sb.* acquisition, booty, 1 H. IV. II. 1; II. V. III. 2; R. III. III. 7.
- Purl, *v.t.* to curl, Lucr. 1407.
- Purples, the purple orchis, *orchis mascula*, Ham. IV. 7.
- Pursuivant, *sb.* a messenger or attendant upon a herald, 1 H. VI. II. 5; R. III. III. 4.
- Push, *int.* pish! a contemptuous exclamation, Much Ado, v. 1; Tim. of A. II. 6.
- Push-pin, *sb.* a childish game, L's L's L. iv. 3.
- Put, *v.t.* to make, in the phrases 'put to know,' M. for M. 1. 1; 'put to speak,' 2 H. VI. III. 1; Cym. II. 3.
- Put in, to intercede, M. for M. 1. 2. To put forward a claim, Tim. of A. III. 4.
- Put on, to instigate, M. for M. v. 2; Ham. III. 1; v. 2. To impose, lay to one's charge, Ham. II. 1.
- Put on, or upon, to communicate, impart, Ham. 1. 3; As You Like It, 1. 2; Tw. N. v. 1.
- Putter on, *sb.* instigator, Wint. T. II. 1.
- Putter-out, one who puts out money at interest, Temp. III. 3.
- Putting on, *sb.* instigation, Cor. II. 3.
- Puttock, *sb.* a kite, 3 H. VI. III. 2; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
- Puzzel, *sb.* a drab, 1 H. VI. 1. 4.
- Pyramis, *sb.* a pyramid, 1 H. VI. 1. 6. *pl.* pyramises, An. and Cl. II. 7; pyramides, An. and Cl. v. 2.
- QUAIL, *v.t.* to overpower, quell, An. and Cl. v. 2. *v.t.* to faint, fail, slacken, As You Like It, II. 2; Cym. v. 5. *sb.* a cant word for a prostitute, Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
- Quaint, *adj.* fine, delicate, dainty, ingenious, Temp. 1. 2; M. N's Dr. II. 1; II. 2; 2 H. VI. III. 2.
- Quaintly, *adv.* ingeniously, delicately, Two G. III. 1; Ham. II. 1.
- Quaked, *pr.p.* shaken, made to shudder, Cor. 1. 9.
- Qualification, *sb.* appeasement, Oth. II. 1.
- Qualify, *v.t.* to moderate, soften, abate, M. for M. 1. 1; IV. 2; John, v. 1; Lear, 1. 2.
- Quality, *sb.* a profession, calling, especially the profession of an actor, Two G. IV. 1; Ham. II. 2. Professional skill, Temp. 1. 2.
- Quantity, *sb.* a small portion, John, v. 4; 2 H. IV. v. 1. To hold quantity = to bear proportion, M. N's Dr. 1. 1; Ham. III. 2.
- Quarrel, *sb.* a cause of dispute, R. II. 1. 3.
- Quarrellous, *adj.* quarrelsome, Cym. III. 4.
- Quarry, *sb.* a heap of slaughtered game, Cor. 1. 1; Ham. IV. 3; v. 2.
- Quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown, All's Well, iv. 3. v. 2.
- Quarter, *sb.* position, station, John, v. 2; Tim. of A. v. 4. To keep fair quarter = to keep on good terms with, be true to, Com. of E. II. 1. In quarter = on good terms, Oth. II. 3.
- Quartered, *adj.* belonging to the quarters of an army, Cym. IV. 4.
- Quat, *sb.* a pimple, Oth. v. 1.
- Quatch buttock, a squat or flat buttock, All's Well, II. 2.
- Quean, *sb.* a wench, hussy, Merry Wives, IV. 2; 2 H. IV. II. 1.
- Queasiness, *sb.* nausea, disgust, 2 H. IV. 1. 1.
- Queasy, *adj.* squeamish, fastidious, excessively delicate, Much Ado, II. 1; Lear, II. 1. Disgusted, An. and Cl. III. 6.
- Queen. To queen it = to play the queen, Wint. T. IV. 4; H. VIII. II. 3.
- Quell, *sb.* murder, Macb. 1. 7.
- Quench, *v.t.* to grow cool, Cym. 1. 5.
- Quenchless, *adj.* unquenchable, 3 H. VI. 1. 4. Lucr. 1554.
- Quern, *sb.* a handmill, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
- Quest, *sb.* search, enquiry, pursuit, M. for M. IV. 1; M. of V. 1. 1. Inquest, jury, R. III. 1. 4; Ham. v. 1. A body of searchers, Oth. 1. 2.
- Questant, *sb.* a seeker, aspirant, All's Well, II. 1.
- Question, *sb.* conversation, As You Like It, III. 4; v. 4. Subject of discussion, M. for M. II. 4. To cry out on the top of question is to speak in a high key, dominating conversation, or louder than the occasion requires, Ham. II. 2.
- Questionable, *adj.* inviting question or conversation, Ham. 1. 4.
- Questionless, *adv.* doubtless, M. of V. 1. 1; Per. v. 1.
- Questrist, *sb.* searcher, Lear, III. 7.
- Quick, *adj.* alive, living, Merry Wives, III. 4. Quick-witted, lively, 2 H. IV. iv. 3; An. and Cl. v. 2. Pregnant, L's L's L. v. 2. Fresh, Temp. III. 2; Per. iv. 1.

Quickened, *v.t.* to make alive, Temp. III. 1; All's Well, II. 1. To refresh, revive, M. of V. II. 8. *v.t.* to become alive, revive, Lear, III. 7; An. and Cl. IV. 15.

Quiddity, *sb.* a subtlety, cavi, 1 H. IV. 1. 2; Ham. v. 1.

Quietus, *sb.* the settlement of an account, Ham. III. 1; Sonn. CXXVI.

Quill. In the quill, perhaps, in due form and order, or all together; a doubtful phrase, 2 H. VI. 1. 3.

Quillet, *sb.* a nicety, legal quibble, Ham. v. 1. Tim. of A. IV. 3.

Quilt, *sb.* a flock bed, 1 H. IV. IV. 2.

Quintain, *sb.* a figure set up for tilting at in country games, As You Like It, I. 2.

Quip, *sb.* a sharp jest, repartee, Two G. IV. 2; 1 H. IV. 1. 2.

Quire, *sb.* a company, M. N's Dr. II. 1. *v.t.* to sing in concert, M. of V. v. 1; Cor. III. 2.

Quit, *v.t.* to acquit, All's Well, v. 3. To require, R. II. v. 1; Ham. v. 2. To remit, Com. of E. I. 1. To set free, Temp. v. 1. *v.t.* to acquit oneself, Lear, II. 1. *p.p.* quitted, Temp. 1. 2. *adj.* free, safe, 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Quittal, *sb.* requital, Lucr. 216.

Quittance, *sb.* acquittance, Merry Wives, I. 1.

Requital, 2 H. IV. I. 1; H. V. II. 2. *v.t.* to requite, 1 H. VI. II. 1.

Quiver, *adj.* nimble, 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Quoif, *sb.* a cap, Wint. T. IV. 4; 2 H. IV. I. 1.

Quoit, *v.t.* to throw like a quoit, 2 H. IV. II. 4.

Quote, *v.t.* to note, observe, examine, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5; Ham. II. 1; Tit And. IV. 1.

Quotidian, *sb.* a fever of which the puerisms return every day, As You Like It, III. 2.

RABATO, *sb.* a kind of ruff, Much Ado, III. 4.

Rabbit-sucker, *sb.* a sucking rabbit, 1 H. IV. II. 4.

Rabblement, *sb.* rabble, J. C. 1. 2.

Race, *sb.* a root, Wint. T. IV. 3. Nature, disposition, Temp. 1. 2; M. for M. II. 4. Breed, An. and Cl. I. 3.

Rack, *v.t.* to stretch, strain, Much Ado, IV. 1; M. of V. I. 1. *v.t.* to strain to the utmost, Cor. v. 1. To move like vapour, 3 H. VI. II. 1. *sb.* a cloud or mass of clouds, Temp. IV. 1, Ham. II. 2; An. and Cl. IV. 14; Sonn. XXXIII.

Rag, *sb.* a term of contempt for a beggarly person, Tam. of S. IV. 3; Tim. of A. IV. 3.

Raged, *p.p.* chafed, enraged, R. II. II. 1.

Ragged, *adj.* rugged, rough, R. II. v. 5; 2 H. IV. ind.; As You Like It, II. 5.

Raging-wood, *adj.* raving mad, 1 H. VI. IV. 7.

Rake up, to cover, Lear, IV. 6.

Ramp, *sb.* a wanton wench, Cym. I. 6.

Rampallian, *sb.* a term of abuse, 2 H. IV. II. 1.

Rambling, *adj.* tearing, pawing, 1 H. IV. III. 1; 3 H. VI. v. 2. Rampant, John, III. 1.

Rampired, *adj.* barricaded, Tim. of A. v. 4.

Range, *v.t.* to stand in order, Cor. III. 1.

Ranged, *p.p.* orderly disposed, An. and Cl. I. 1.

Ranges, *sb.* ranks, An. and Cl. III. 13.

Rank, *sb.* a row, As You Like It, IV. 3. Perhaps for rack, an ambling pace, As You Like It, III. 2. *adj.* exuberant, excessive, H. V. v. 2; Ham. III. 4; IV. 4. Lustful, M. of V. I. 3; Cym. II. 5. Foul, Ham. III. 3. *adv.* abundantly, excessively, Merry Wives, IV. 6; Tr. and Cr. I. 3.

Rankle, *v.t.* to envenom, R. II. I. 3; R. III. I. 3.

Rankly, *adv.* grossly, Ham. I. 5.

Rankness, *sb.* exuberance, John, v. 4; H. VIII. IV. 1. Insolence, As You Like It, I. 1.

Ransacked, *p.p.* carried off as a prey, Ti. and Cr. II. 2.

Rap, *v.t.* to transport, affect with emotion, Cym. I. 6.

Rapine, *sb.* rape, Tit. And. v. 2.

Rapt, *p.p.* transported, lost in emotion or thought, Macb. I. 3; Tim. of A. v. 1; Temp. I. 2.

Rapture, *sb.* a fit, Cor. II. 1. Violent effort, Per. II. 1.

Rarely, *adv.* excellently, Tim. of A. IV. 3.

Rascal, *sb.* a deer out of condition, As You Like It, III. 3.

Rascal-like, *adj.* like lean deer, 1 H. VI. IV. 2.

Rash, *adj.* quick, hasty, sudden, M. for M. v. 1; R. II. II. 1. *adv.* Oth. III. 4.

Rashly, *adv.* hastily, R. III. III. 5; Ham. v. 2.

Rate, *sb.* estimation, value, Temp. 1. 2; II. 1; M. for M. II. 2. Mode of living, M. of V. I. 1. *v.t.* to reckon, assess, take into account, M. of V. II. 7; John, v. 4; 1 H. IV. IV. 4. To assign by estimation, An. and Cl. III. 6. To chide, Tim. of S. I. 1; 1 H. IV. IV. 3.

Ratherest, *adv.* most strictly speaking, L's I's L. IV. 2.

Ratolorum, blunder for 'rotolorum,' Merry Wives, I. 1.

Raught, *imp.* and *p.p.* reached, H. V. IV. 6; An. and Cl. IV. 9.

Ravel, *v.t.* to become entangled, Two G. III. 2.

Ravelled, *p.p.* tangled, Macb. II. 2.

Ravel out, *v.t.* to unravel, R. II. IV. 1; Ham. III. 4.

Ravin, *adj.* ravening, All's Well, III. 2. *v.t.* to swallow greedily, M. for M. I. 2; Macb. II. 4.

Ravined, *p.p.* gorged with prey, Macb. IV. 1.

Rawly, *adv.* hastily, without preparation, H. V. IV. 1.

Rawness, *sb.* haste, unpreparedness, Macb. IV. 3.

Rayed, *p.p.* befouled, Tam. of S. III. 2; IV. 1. In the former passage it may mean 'arrayed' = beset, attacked.

Raze, *sb.* a root, 1 H. IV. II. 1.

Razed, *p.p.* struck or slashed as by a boar's tusk, R. III. III. 2. *adj.* slashed, Ham. III. 2.

Razure, *sb.* erasure, M. for M. v. 1.

Reach, *sb.* capacity, ability, Ham. II. 1.

Ready, *adj.* dressed, 1 H. VI. v. 4.

Re-answer, *v.t.* to answer, repay, H. V. III. 6.

Rear, *v.t.* to raise, Temp. II. 1; J. C. III. 1.

Rearward, *sb.* rearguard, rear, 1 H. VI. III. 3; 2 H. IV. III. 2.

Reason, *v.t.* to converse, speak, M. of V. II. 8; Cor. I. 9; IV. 6. *v.t.* to argue in support of, Cor. v. 3. *sb.* discourse, conversation, L's L's L. v. 1. Reason = it is reasonable, John, v. 2; Cor. IV. 5; 3 H. VI. II. 2. To do reason = to give satisfaction, Temp. III. 2.

Reave, *v.t.* to bereave, Ven. and A. 766.

Rebate, *v.t.* to blunt, dull, M. for M. I. 4.

Rebused, blunder for 'abused,' Tam. of S. I. 2.

Receipt, *sb.* receptacle, Macb. I. 7.

Receive, *v.t.* to accept, acknowledge, believe, Two G. v. 4; M. for M. I. 3; Ham. II. 2.

Receiving, *sb.* capacity for understanding, Tw. N. III. 1.

Recheat, *sb.* a set of notes on the horn to call the dogs from a wrong scent, Much Ado, I. 1.

Reck, *v.t.* to care for, regard, Ham. I. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 6.

- Reclusive, *adj.* secluded, fit for a recluse, Much Ado, iv. 1.
- Recognition, *sb.* badge, cognizance, Oth. v. 2.
- Recomforture, *sb.* comfort, R. III. iv. 4.
- Reconciliation, *sb.* reconciliation, Ham. v. 2.
- Record, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to sing, Two. G. v. 4; Per. iv. prol.
- Recordation, *sb.* record, remembrance, 2 H. IV. ii. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 2.
- Recorder, *sb.* a kind of flageolet, M. N's Dr. v. 1; Ham. iii. 2.
- Recountment, *sb.* narrative, As You Like It, iv. 3.
- Recurse, *sb.* repeated course or flowing, Tr. and Cr. v. 3.
- Recover, *v.t.* to restore, save, Temp. ii. 2; Tw. N. ii. 1. To reach, get, Temp. iii. 2; Two G. v. 1; Tw. N. ii. 3. To recover the wind of = to get to windward of the game so as to drive it into the nets, Ham. iii. 2.
- Recreant, *adj.* cowardly, John, iii. 1; R. II. i. 1. *sb.* a coward, Cor. v. 3.
- Rectorship, *sb.* direction, government, Cor. ii. 3.
- Recure, *v.t.* to cure, R. III. iii. 7; Ven. and A. 45.
- Red, *adj.* an epithet applied to a virulent disease without seeming to mark any special form. 'Red plague,' Temp. i. 2. 'Red murrain,' Tr. and Cr. ii. 1. 'Red pestilence,' Cor. iv. 1.
- Rede, *sb.* counsel, Ham. i. 3.
- Re-deliver, *v.t.* to report, Ham. v. 2. To give back, Ham. iii. 1.
- Redemption, *sb.* ransom, release, Oth. i. 3; M. for M. ii. 4.
- Red-lattice, *adj.* a red lattice was a common mark of an ale-house, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
- Red-looked, *adj.* red-looking, Wint. T. ii. 2.
- Reduce, *v.t.* to bring back, H. V. v. 2; R. III. v. 5; R. II. ii. 2.
- Reechy, *adj.* smoky, grimy, Much Ado, iii. 3; Cor. ii. 1; Ham. iii. 4.
- Re-edify, *v.t.* to rebuild, R. III. iii. 1; Tit. And. i. 1.
- Reek, *sb.* smoke, vapour, Merry Wives, iii. 3; Cor. iii. 3.
- Rocky, *adj.* filthy, R. and J. iv. 1.
- Refelled, *refuted*, M. for M. v. 1.
- Refer, *v.r.* to have recourse, M. for M. iii. 1; Cym. i. 1.
- Reference, *sb.* assignment, appointment, Oth. i. 3.
- Refigure, *v.t.* to represent, Sonn. vi.
- Reflex, *v.t.* to reflect, 1 H. VI. v. 4. *sb.* reflexion, reflected light, R. and J. iii. 5.
- Reform, blunder for 'inform,' Much Ado, v. 1.
- Refrain, *v.t.* to keep in check, 3 H. VI. ii. 2.
- Reft, *imp.* and *p.p.* bereaved, Much Ado, iv. 1; Cym. iii. 3.
- Refuge, *v.t.* to screen, palliate, R. II. v. 5.
- Refuse, *v.t.* to reject, disown, Much Ado, iv. 1; R. and J. ii. 2.
- Regard, *sb.* look, M. for M. v. 1; Tw. N. ii. 5. Consideration, Ham. ii. 2; iii. 1.
- Regardfully, *adv.* respectfully, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
- Regenerate, *p.p.* born anew, R. II. i. 3.
- Regiment, *sb.* rule, authority, An. and Cl. iii. 6.
- Region, *sb.* the sky, air, Ham. ii. 2; R. and J. ii. 2. Used as an adjective, Ham. ii. 2; Sonn. xxxiii.
- Regreet, *sb.* greeting, salutation, M. of V. ii. 9; John, iii. 1. *v.t.* to greet again, R. II. i. 3. To salute, R. II. i. 3.
- Reguerdon, *sb.* guerdon, reward, 1 H. VI. iii. 4. *v.t.* to reward, 1 H. VI. iii. 4.
- Rehearse, *v.t.* to recite, M. N's Dr. v. 1. To pronounce, R. II. v. 3.
- Rein, *v.t.* to answer to the rein, Tw. N. iii. 4.
- Rejoindure, *sb.* joining again, Tr. and Cr. iv. 4.
- Rejourn, *v.t.* to adjourn, Cor. ii. 1.
- Relapse, *sb.* rebound, H. V. iv. 3. A relapse of mortality is a deadly rebound.
- Relation, *sb.* narrative, Temp. v. 1; Per. v. 1. The bearing of one event upon another, Macb. iii. 4.
- Relative, *adj.* applicable, to the purpose, Ham. ii. 2.
- Relenting, *adj.* pitiful, compassionate, 2 H. VI. iii. 1; R. III. iv. 4.
- Relish, *sb.* smack, flavour, Macb. iv. 3; Ham. iii. 3.
- Relume, *v.t.* to rekindle, light again, Oth. v. 2.
- Remain, *v.t.* to dwell, Temp. i. 2; As You Like It, iii. 2. *sb.* stay, Cor. i. 4. What is left, Cym. iii. 1.
- Remander, used adjectively, As You Like It, ii. 7; Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
- Remarkable, *adj.* conspicuous, An. and Cl. iv. 15; Cym. iv. 1.
- Remediate, *adj.* remedial, restorative, Lear, iv. 4.
- Remember, *v.t.* to mention, Temp. i. 2; 2 H. IV. v. 2. To remind, John, iii. 4; R. II. i. 3. *v.r.* to call to mind past sins, Lear, iv. 6.
- Remembered, *p.p.* to be remembered = to remember, M. for M. ii. 1; R. III. ii. 4.
- Remit, *v.t.* to give up, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Remonstrance, *sb.* demonstration, M. for M. v. 1.
- Remorse, *sb.* pity, tender feeling, M. for M. ii. 2; John, ii. 1.
- Remorseful, *adj.* tender-hearted, Two G. iii. 3; R. III. i. 2.
- Remotion, *sb.* removal, Tim. of A. iv. 3; Lear, ii. 4.
- Remove, *sb.* the raising of a siege, Cor. i. 2.
- Removed, *adj.* retired, sequestered, Ham. i. 4; M. for M. i. 3; As You Like It, iii. 2.
- Removedness, *sb.* retirement, Wint. T. iv. 2.
- Removes, *sb.* stages of a journey, All's Well, v. 3.
- Render, *sb.* an account, Tim. of A. v. 1; Cym. iv. 4. *v.t.* to report, As You Like It, iv. 3; 2 H. IV. i. 1.
- Renegade, *sb.* renegade, apostate, Tw. N. iii. 2.
- Reneg, *v.t.* to deny, disown, Lear, ii. 2; An. and Cl. i. 1.
- Renouncement, *sb.* giving up the world, M. for M. i. 4.
- Renown, *v.t.* to make famous, Tw. N. iii. 3; H. V. i. 2.
- Rent, *v.t.* to rend, M. N's Dr. iii. 2; Macb. iv. 3.
- Renying, *sb.* denying, Pass. Pilgr. 250.
- Repair, *sb.* restoration, renovation, John, iii. 4.
- Resort, Ham. v. 2. *v.t.* to betake oneself, come, L's L's L. v. 2; Tim. of A. iii. 4.
- Repast, *v.t.* to feed, Ham. iv. 5.
- Repasture, *sb.* food, L's L's L. iv. 1.
- Repeal, *sb.* recall from exile, Cor. iv. 1; J. C. iii. 1. *v.t.* to recall, Two G. v. 4; Cor. v. 5. To revoke, R. II. iii. 3.
- Repealing, *sb.* recall, J. C. iii. 1.
- Repine, *sb.* repining, sadness, Ven. and A. 490.
- Replenished, *adv.* accomplished complete, Wint. T. ii. 1; R. III. iv. 3.

Replication, *sb.* reverberation, echo, J. C. i. 1.
 Reply, Ham. iv. 2.
 Report, *sb.* reputation, fame, M. for M. ii. 3;
 Much Ado, iii. 1. *v.t.* to report themselves =
 to represent what the artist intended, Cym.
 ii. 2.
 Reportingly, *adv.* by report, Much Ado, iii. 1.
 Reports, *sb.* reporters, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Reposal, *sb.* the act of reposing, Lear, ii. 1.
 Reprehend, blunder for 'represent,' L's L's L.
 i. 1.
 Reprisal, *sb.* prize, 1 H. IV. iv. 1.
 Reproof, *sb.* disproof, refutation, 1 H. IV. i. 2;
 Cor. ii. 2.
 Reprove, *v.t.* to disprove, refute, Much Ado, ii.
 3; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Repugn, *v.t.* to oppose, 1 H. VI. iv. 1.
 Repugnancy, *sb.* opposition, Tim. of A. iii. 5.
 Repugnant, *adj.* refusing obedience, Ham. ii. 2.
 Repured, *p.p.* refined, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Reputeless, *adj.* inglorious, 1 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Reputing, holding in esteem, valuing highly, 2
 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Requicken, *v.t.* to revive, Cor. ii. 2.
 Require, *v.t.* to ask, Cor. ii. 2; An. and Cl.
 iii. 12.
 Requit, *p.p.* requited, Temp. iii. 3.
 Rere-mice, *sb.* bats, M. N's Dr. ii. 2.
 Resemblance, *sb.* probability, likelihood, M. for
 M. iv. 2.
 Reserve, *v.t.* to guard, preserve, Ham. iii. 4;
 Oth. iii. 3; Per. iv. 1.
 Resolute, *sb.* desperadoes, Ham. i. 1.
 Resolution, *sb.* certainty, assurance, Lear i. 2.
 Resolve, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to dissolve, Tim. of A. iv. 3;
 Ham. i. 2; John, v. 4. To solve, Per. i. 1.
 To satisfy, Temp. v. 1. J. C. iii. 1; Lear, ii.
 4. To set at rest, free from doubt, M. for M.
 iv. 2; John, ii. 1.
 Resolvedly, *adv.* certainly, clearly, All's Well,
 v. 3.
 Respeak, *v.t.* to echo, Ham. i. 2.
 Respect, *sb.* consideration, John, iii. 1; Ham.
 iii. 1. Esteem, J. C. i. 2; v. 5; Tr. and Cl.
 v. 3. *v.t.* to regard, M. for M. iii. 1; J. C.
 iv. 3.
 Respected, blunder for 'suspected,' M. for M.
 ii. 1.
 Respective, *adj.* showing regard or consideration,
 John, i. 1; R. and J. iii. 1. Worthy of regard,
 Two G. iv. 4. Careful, M. of V. v. 1.
 Respectively, *adv.* regardfully, respectfully, Tim.
 of A. iii. 1.
 Respite, *sb.* The determined respite of my wrongs
 is the fixed period to which the punishment of
 my wrong-doing has been postponed, R. III.
 v. 1.
 Responsive, *adj.* corresponding, suitable, Ham.
 v. 2.
 Rest, *v.i.* to remain, 1 H. VI. i. 3; Cor. iv. i.
sb. to set up one's rest is to stand upon the
 cards in one's hand to be fully resolved, M. of
 V. ii. 2; Com. of E. iv. 3.
 Rest, *v.t.* to arrest, Com. of E. iv. 2; iv. 3.
 Re-stem, *v.t.* to trace backwards, as a vessel its
 course, Oth. i. 3.
 Restful, *adj.* peaceful, quiet, R. II. iv. 1. Sonn.
 LXVI.
 Restrain, *v.t.* to withhold, keep back, R. III. v. 3.
 Restrained, *p.p.* drawn tight, Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Resty, *adj.* idle, Sonn. c.; Cym. iii. 6.

Resume, *v.t.* to take, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Retained, *p.p.* related, reported, R. III. iii. 1.
 Retention, *sb.* the power of retaining, Tw. N. ii.
 4; Sonn. cxxii. Restrained, Lear, v. 3.
 Retentive, *adj.* restraining, Tim. of A. iii. 4; J.
 C. i. 3.
 Retire, *sb.* retreat, John, ii. 1; H. V. iv. 3. *v.t.*
 to withdraw, R. II. ii. 2. *v.t.* to retreat, John,
 v. 3.
 Retuin, *v.t.* to make known to, inform, R. II. i.
 3; H. V. iii. 3; Per. ii. 2.
 Revengement, *sb.* vengeance, 1 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Revengingly, *adv.* vindictively, Cym. v. 2.
 Reverb, *v.t.* to resound, Lear, i. 1.
 Reverberate, *adj.* resounding, Tw. N. i. 5.
 Reverse, *sb.* a back-handed stroke in fencing,
 Merry Wives, ii. 3.
 Revokement, *sb.* repeal, revocation, H. VIII. i. 2.
 Revolt, *sb.* a revolter, rebel, John, v. 2; v. 4;
 Cym. iv. 4.
 Re-word, *v.t.* to repeat in the same words, Ham.
 iii. 4. To echo, Lover's Compl. i.
 Rheum, *sb.* any disorder affecting the mucous
 membrane, such as a catarrh or cold, M. for
 M. iii. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4; Ti. and Cr. v. 3;
 An. and Cl. iii. 2. Used of tears, John, iii. 1;
 Ham. ii. 2. Saliva, M. of V. i. 3. Discharge
 from the nostrils, Com. of E. iii. 2.
 Rheumatic, *adj.* affected or attended with rheum,
 Ven. and A. 135; Merry Wives, iii. 1; M. N's
 Dr. ii. 1.
 Rhcunij, *adj.* causing, rheum, J. C. ii. 1.
 Rialto, *sb.* the Exchange of Venice, M. of V.
 i. 3.
 Rib, *v.t.* to enclose, M. of V. ii. 7; Cym. iii. 1.
 Ribaudred, *adj.* ribald, lewd, An. and Cl. iii. 10.
 Riched, *p.p.* enriched, Lear, i. 1.
 Richly, *adv.* with rich lading, M. of V. v. 1.
 Rid, *v.t.* to destroy, make away with, Temp. i.
 2; R. II. v. 4. To annihilate, 3 H. VI. v. 3.
 Rift, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to split, Temp. v. 1; Wint. T.
 v. 1. *sb.* a cleft, Temp. i. 2; An. and Cl.
 iii. 4.
 Riggish, *adj.* wanton, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Right, *adv.* just, exactly, M. N's Dr. iv. 2; 2 H.
 VI. iii. 2.
 Right-drawn, *adj.* drawn in a rightful cause, R.
 II. i. 1.
 Rightly, *adv.* directly, R. II. ii. 2.
 Rigol, *sb.* a circle, 2 H. IV. iv. 5; 1745.
 Rim, *sb.* the midriff, H. V. iv. 4.
 Ring, *v.t.* to encircle, John, iii. 4; 1 H. VI. iv.
 4. *sb.* a ring was the prize in running and
 wrestling matches, Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Ringlet, *sb.* a small ring, Temp. v. 1; M. N's Dr.
 ii. 1.
 Ring-time, *sb.* the time of exchanging rings, of
 betrothal, Temp. v. 3.
 Riot, *sb.* dissolute living, revelling, M. N's Dr.
 v. 1; R. II. ii. 1.
 Rioting, *sb.* revelling, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
 Riptious, *adj.* dissolute, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Ripe, *v.t.* to ripen, John, ii. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
v.i. to grow ripe, M. N's Dr. ii. 2; As You
 Like It, ii. 7. *adj.* ready to be satisfied, M. of
 V. i. 3. Ready for representation, M. N's Dr.
 v. 1. Reeling ripe = ready to reel, Temp. v. 1.
 Ripely, *adv.* urgently, Cym. iii. 5.
 Ripeness, *sb.* readiness, Lear, v. 2.
 Riping, *sb.* ripening, M. of V. ii. 8.
 Rivage, *sb.* the shore, H. V. iii. chor.

Rival, *sb.* partner, companion, Ham. i. 1; M. N's Dr. iii. 2. *v.t.* to be a competitor, Lear, i. 1.
 Rivalry, *sb.* participation, partnership, An. and Cl. iii. 5.
 Rive, *v.t.* to burst, discharge as if by bursting, i H. VI. iv. 2.
 Rivelled, *adj.* wrinkled, Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
 Rivo, a Bacchanalian exclamation, i H. IV. ii. 4.
 Road, *sb.* a journey, H. VIII. iv. 2. An inroad, incursion, H. V. i. 2; Cor. iii. 1. A roadstead, port, M. of V. i. 1; v. 1.
 Rob, *v.t.* to steal from, or perhaps, to steal simply, Temp. ii. 2.
 Rokusious, *adj.* rudely violent, rough, H. V. iii. 7; Ham. iii. 2.
 Rock, *v.i.* to shake (of the hand), Lucr. 262.
 Roguing, *adj.* vagrant, Per. v. 1.
 Roquist, *adj.* vagrant, Lear, iii. 7.
 Roisting, *adj.* roistering, blustering, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
 Romage, *sb.* bustle, turmoil, Ham. i. 1.
 Romish, *adj.* Roman, Cym. i. 6.
 Rondure, *sb.* circle, compass, Sonn. xxi.
 Ronyon, *sb.* a scurvy wretch, Mach. i. 3; Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Rood, *sb.* a crucifix, Ham. iii. 4; R. III. iii. 2.
 Roofed, *p.p.* under the same roof, Mach. iii. 4.
 Rook, *v.r.* to squat, cower, 3 H. VI. v. 6.
 Rooky, *adj.* misty, gloomy, Mach. iii. 2. According to some, frequented by jooks.
 Ropery, *sb.* roguery, knavery, R. and J. ii. 4.
 Rope-tricks, *sb.* knavish tricks, Tam. of S. i. 2.
 Roping, *p.p.* dripping, H. V. iii. 5.
 Rosed, *p.p.* crimsoned, H. V. v. 2. Rosy, Tit. And. ii. 4.
 Roted, *p.p.* learned by heart, Cor. iii. 2.
 Rother, *sb.* a horned beast, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Round, *v.i.* to become round, grow big, Wint. T. ii. 1. *v.t.* to surround, M. N's Dr. iv. 1; R. II. iii. 2. To finish off, Temp. iv. 1. To whisper. Pass. Pilgr. 349; John. ii. 1. *sb.* a circle, Mach. i. 5; iv. 1. *adj.* straightforward, direct, plun-speak, Oth. i. 3; Ham. iii. 1. *adv.* straightforwardly, directly, Ham. ii. 2.
 Roundel, *sb.* a dance in a circle, M. N's Dr. ii. 2.
 Roundly, *adv.* directly, without hesitation or reserve, As You Like It, v. 3; R. II. ii. 1.
 Roundure, *sb.* circuit, enclosure, John. ii. 1.
 Rouse, *sb.* a deep draught, bumper, Ham. i. 2; i. 4; ii. 1; Oth. ii. 3.
 Rout, *sb.* a crowd, mob, Com. of E. iii. 1; J. C. i. 2; 2 H. IV. iv. 2. Uproar, brawl, Oth. ii. 3. Disorderly flight, 2 H. VI. v. 2; Cym. v. 2.
 Row, *sb.* a verse or stanza, Ham. ii. 2.
 Royal, *sb.* a gold coin, worth 10s., referred to in R. II. v. 5; i H. IV. i. 2; ii. 4; 2 H. IV. i. 2.
 Royalise, *v.t.* to make royal, R. III. i. 3.
 Roynish, *adj.* scurvy; hence, coarse, rough, As You Like It, ii. 2.
 Rub, *sb.* an impediment, hindrance, from the game of bowls, John. iii. 4; R. II. iii. 4; H. V. ii. 2. *v.t.* to encounter obstacles, L's L's L. iv. 1. A bowl is said to 'rub on' when it surmounts the obstacles in its course, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Rubied, *adj.* red as a ruby, Per. v. prol.
 Rubious, *adj.* red as a ruby, Tw. N. i. 4.
 Ruddock, *sb.* the redbreast, Cym. iv. 2.
 Rudesly, *sb.* a rude fellow, Tam. of S. iii. 2; Tw. N. iv. 1.

Ruffian, *adj.* boisterous, brutal, Com. of E. ii. 2; 3 H. VI. v. 2. Applied to billows from their curled heads, 2 H. IV. iii. 1. See Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Ruffle, *v.t.* to be boisterous, Lear, ii. 4; Tit. And. i. 1. *sb.* stir, bustle, Lover's Compl. 58.
 Rug-headed, *adj.* rough-headed, shaggy-haired, R. II. ii. 1.
 Ruinate, *v.t.* to ruin, Lucr. 944; 3 H. VI. v. 1.
 Ruined, *adj.* ruinous, R. II. iii. 3.
 Ruinous, *adj.* ruined, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Rule, *sb.* course of proceeding, behaviour, M. of V. iv. 1; Tw. N. ii. 3.
 Rumour, *sb.* din, confused noise, John. v. 4; J. C. ii. 4.
 Rump-fed, *adj.* pampered, Mach. i. 3. Others explain it, fed on offal, or fat-rumped.
 Runagate, *sb.* vagabond, R. III. iv. 4; R. and J. iii. 5. Runaway, Cym. v. 1.
 Runner, *sb.* a fugitive, An. and Cl. iv. 7.
 Running banquet, literally, a hasty refreshment; used figuratively, H. VIII. i. 4; v. 4.
 Rural, *adj.* rustic, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Rush aside, to thrust aside, pass by hastily, R. and J. iii. 3.
 Rushing, blunder for 'rustling,' Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Russet, *adj.* grey, Ham. i. 1.
 Russet-pated, *adj.* grey-headed; of the jackdaw, M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
 Ruth, *sb.* pity, R. II. iii. 4; Cor. i. 1.
 Ruthful, *adj.* pitiful, 3 H. VI. ii. 5; Tr. and Cr. v. 3.

SABA, the Queen of Sheba, H. VIII. v. 5.
 Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes, Ham. iv. 7. With a pun on 'sable,' Ham. iii. 2.
 Sack, the name given to various white wines of Spain, Temp. ii. 2; Tw. N. ii. 3; i H. IV. i. 2; 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
 Sackbut, *sb.* a kind of trombone, Cor. v. 4.
 Sacred, *adj.* consecrated, as an epithet of royalty, Tit. And. ii. 1; John. iii. 1.
 Sacrificial, *adj.* devout, religious, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Sacring bell, *sb.* the little bell rung at mass at the consecration of the elements, H. VIII. iii. 2.
 Sad, *adj.* grave, serious, Much Ado, i. 1; M. of V. ii. 2. Gloomy, sullen, R. II. v. 5.
 Sad-eyed, *adj.* grave-looking, H. V. i. 2.
 Sadly, *adv.* gravely, seriously, Much Ado, ii. 3; R. and J. i. 1.
 Sadness, *sb.* seriousness, earnest, 3 H. VI. iii. 2; R. and J. i. 1.
 Safe, *v.t.* to render safe, conduct safely, An. and Cl. i. 3, iv. 6.
 Safety, *sb.* custody, John. iv. 2; R. and J. v. 3.
 Sag, *v.t.* to droop, sink heavily, Mach. v. 3.
 Sagittary, *sb.* a centaur, Tr. and Cr. v. 5; Oth. i. 1; i. 3.
 Said. Well said = well done, As You Like It, ii. 6; Ham. i. 5.
 Sain = said, L's L's L. iii. 1.
 Saint, *v.t.* to play the saint, Pass. Pilgr. 342.
 Sale-work, *sb.* work made for sale, and not according to order or pattern, As You Like It, iii. 5.
 Sallet, *sb.* a salad, All's Well, iv. 5; Ham. ii. 2; Lear, iii. 4. A close-fitting headpiece, 2 H. VI. iv. 20.

Salt, *sb.* salt-cellar, Two G. III. 1. Used of tears, Cor. v. 6; Lear, iv. 6. *adj.* lecherous, M. for M. v. 1; Oth. II. 1. Stinging, bitter, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.

Saltiers, blunder for 'satyrs,' Wint. T. IV. 4.

Salutation. Give salutation to my blood = affect my blood so as to cause it to rise, Sonn. cxxi.

Salute, *v.t.* to meet, touch, John, II. 1. Hence, to affect, H. VIII. II. 3.

Samingo, for Saint Domingo, the patron saint of toppers, 2 H. IV. v. 3.

Sanctimonious, *adj.* holy, Temp. IV. 1.

Sanctimony, *sb.* holiness, All's Well, IV. 3; Tr. and Cr. v. 2. A holy thing, Tr. and Cr. v. 2.

Sanctuarize, *v.t.* to protect as a sanctuary, Ham. IV. 7.

Sand, *sb.* a grain of sand, Cym. v. 5.

Sand-blind, *adj.* blinded, M. of V. II. 2.

Sanded, *adj.* of a sandy colour, M. N's Dr. IV. 1.

Sans (Fr.), without, Temp. I. 2; As You Like It, II. 7.

Sarum, Salisbury, Lear, II. 2.

Sate, *v.t.* to satiate, Ham. I. 5; Oth. I. 3.

Sattiate, *adj.* satiated, Cym. I. 6.

Satire, *sb.* satirist, Sonn. c.

Saucy, *adj.* lascivious, wanton, M. for M. II. 4; All's Well, IV. 2.

Savage, *adj.* wild, uncultivated, H. V. III. 5.

Savageness, *sb.* wildness, tendency to licence, Ham. II. 1.

Savagery, *sb.* wild growth, H. V. v. 2.

Savour, *sb.* smell, Wint. T. I. 2, IV. 4; John, IV. 3. Hence, quality, Lear, I. 4. *v.t.* to smell, Per. IV. 6. To be of a certain quality, smack, Tw. N. v. 1, H. V. I. 2.

Saw, *sb.* a saying, maxim, As You Like It, II. 7; Ham. I. 5.

Sawn, sown, Lover's Compl. 91.

Say, *sb.* a kind of silk, 2 H. VI. IV. 7. Assay, relish, Lear, v. 3. *v.t.* to speak to the purpose, Ham. v. 1.

Sayed, *p.p.* assayed, tried, Per. I. 1.

'Sblood, for 'God's blood,' 1 H. IV. I. 2; H. V. IV. 8.

Scaffoldage, *sb.* the stage of a theatre, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.

Scald, *adj.* scurvy, scabby, H. V. v. 1; An. and Cl. v. 2.

Scale, *v.t.* to weigh, M. for M. III. 1; Cor. II. 3.

Scaled, *adj.* scaly, Tr. and Cr. v. 5; An. and Cl. II. 5.

Scall = scald, Merry Wives. III. 1.

Scamble, *v.t.* to scramble, John, IV. 3; H. V. I. 1.

Scamel, *sb.* probably a misprint for 'scamel,' the seaweed, Temp. II. 2.

Scan, *v.t.* to examine, Oth. III. 3.

Scandal, *v.t.* to defame, Cor. III. 1; J. C. I. 2.

Scandaled, *adj.* scandalous, Temp. IV. 1.

Scant, *adv.* scarcely, R. and J. I. 2. *adj.* scanty, Pass. Pilgr. 409. Sparing, chary, Ham. I. 3. Wanting, Ham. v. 2. *v.t.* to cut short, limit, Lear, II. 4; M. of V. II. 1. To give grudgingly, Lear, I. 1; H. V. II. 4.

Scantling, *sb.* a small portion, Tr. and Cr. I. 3.

Scantly, *adv.* grudgingly, An. and Cl. III. 4.

Scape, *sb.* a freak, escapade, M. of V. II. 2; Wint. T. III. 3; Lucr. 747. *v.t.* to escape, John, v. 6.

Scarfed, *p.p.* decked with scarfs, M. of V. II. 6. Worn like a scarf, loosely wrapped, Ham. v. 2.

Scarf up, to bandage up, blindfold, Macb. III. 2.

Scathe, *sb.* injury, damage, John, II. 1; R. III. I. 3. *v.t.* to injure, R. and J. I. 5.

Scathful, *adj.* harmful, destructive, Tw. N. v. 1.

Sconce, *sb.* a round fort, H. V. III. 6. Hence, a protection for the head, Com. of E. II. 2. And hence, the skull, Cor. III. 2; Ham. v. 1. *v.t.* to ensconce, hide, Ham. III. 4.

Scope, *sb.* space in which to act, M. for M. III. 1. Liberty, freedom of action, M. for M. I. 'Scope of nature' = something done within the limits of nature's operation, a natural effect, John, III. 4.

Score, *v.t.* to cut, mark, An. and Cl. IV. 7.

Scorn. To take or think scorn = to disdain, As You Like It, IV. 2; H. V. IV. 7, M. N's Dr. 1.

Scornful, *adj.* scornful mark = object of scorn, Lucr. 520.

Scot, *sb.* a tax, contribution, 1 H. IV. v. 4.

Scotch, *sb.* a notch, An. and Cl. IV. 7. *v.t.* to cut, slash, Cor. IV. 5; Macb. III. 2.

Scour, *v.t.* to hurry, Wint. T. II. 1; Tim. of A. v. 2.

Scout, *v.t.* to be on the look out, Tw. N. III. 4.

Scrimmer, *sb.* a feucer, Ham. IV. 7.

Scrip, *sb.* a written document, M. N's Dr. I. 2. A small bag, As You Like It, III. 2.

Scrippage, *sb.* the contents of a scrip, As You Like It, III. 2.

Scrowl, *v.t.* perhaps for 'scrawl,' Tit. And. II. 4.

Scrowles, *sb.* scold, scolding, wretched, John, II. 1.

Scrumdiddle, *adv.* scurvy, poltry, M. of V. v. 1.

Scull, *sb.* a bowl of fish, Tr. and Cr. v. 5.

'Scuse, *sb.* excuse, M. of V. IV. 1; Oth. IV. 1.

Scut, *sb.* the tail of a deer, Merry Wives, v. 5.

'Sdeath, for 'God's death,' Cor. I. 1.

Sea bank, *sb.* the beach or shore, M. of V. v. 1; Oth. IV. 1.

Sea-like, *adv.* fit for sea, An. and Cl. III. 13.

Seal, to give seals to = to confirm, carry into effect, Ham. III. 2.

Sealed, *adj.* stamped with the official seal, Tam. of S. ind. 2.

Seam, *sb.* grease, lard, Tr. and Cr. II. 3.

Sea-maid, *sb.* a mermaid, M. N's Dr. II. 1; M. for M. III. 2.

Sea-marge, *sb.* seashore, Temp. IV. 1.

Sear, *v.t.* to scorch, shrivel up, R. III. IV. 1; Macb. IV. 1. To wither, Cym. I. 1.

Search, *v.t.* to probe, tent, As You Like It, II. 4; Tr. and Cr. II. 2; J. C. v. 3. *sb.* a body of searchers, Oth. I. 1.

Seared, *adj.* withered, Lover's Compl. 14.

Season, *v.t.* to mature, ripen, Ham. I. 3; III. 2. To qualify, moderate, Ham. I. 2; Cor. III. 3. To preserve, keep fresh, All's Well, I. 1; Tw. N. I. 1. *sb.* seasoning, Much Ado, IV. 1; Macb. III. 4.

Seat, *sb.* site, Macb. I. 6.

Seated, *adj.* fixed, firm, Macb. I. 3.

Seconds, *sb.* an inferior kind of flour, Sonn. cxxv.

Sect, *sb.* sex, 2 H. IV. II. 4. Cutting, scion, Oth. I. 3.

Secure, *adj.* free from care, confident, Ham. I. 5; John, IV. 1.

Securely, *adv.* carelessly, confidently, R. II. II. 1; Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.

Security, *sb.* carelessness, want of caution, R. II. III. 2, J. C. II. 3; Macb. III. 5.

Seedness, *sb.* sowing with seed, M. for M. I. 4.

Seel, *v.t.* to close up, as the eyes of a hawk, Macb. III. 2; Oth. I. 3; An. and Cl. III. 3.

- Seeming, *sb.* fair appearance, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Appearance, in a bad sense, hypocrisy, Much Ado, iv. 1. *adv.* becomingly, As You Like It, V. 4.
 Seen. Well seen = well skilled, Tam. of S. i. 2.
 Seethe, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to boil, Tim. of A. iv. 5; Tr. and Cr. iii. 1.
 Segregation, *sb.* dispersion, Oth. ii. 1.
 Seized, *p.p.* possessed, Ham. i. 1.
 Seld, *adv.* seldom, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Seldom when, *adv.* rarely, M. for M. iv. 2; 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
 Seld-shown, *adj.* rarely exhibited, Cor. ii. 1.
 Self, *adj.* belonging to one-self, one's own, R. II. 1; 2; Macb. v. 8. Same, M. of V. i. 1, R. II. 1. 2.
 Self-abuse, *sb.* self-delusion, Macb. iii. 4.
 Self-admission, *sb.* self-approbation, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Self-affairs, *sb.* one's own business, M. N's Dr. i. 1.
 Self-affected, *adj.* self-loving, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Self-bounty, *sb.* innate generosity, Oth. iii. 3.
 Self-breath, *sb.* one's own breath or words, Th. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Self-covered, *adj.* 'Thou self-covered thing,' that hast disguis'd thyself in this unnatural shape, Lear, iv. 2.
 Self-figured, *adj.* devised by oneself, Cym. ii. 3.
 Self-sovereignty. Here self=same, L's L's L. iv. 1.
 Semblable, *adj.* like, similar, 2 H. IV. v. 1; An. and Cl. iii. 4. Used as a substantive, Tim. of A. iv. 3; Ham. v. 2.
 Semblably, *adv.* similarly, 1 H. IV. v. 3.
 Semblative, *adj.* resembling, like, Tw. N. i. 4.
 Senory, *sb.* seniority, R. III. iv. 4.
 Sennet, *sb.* a set of notes on a trumpet, announcing the arrival or departure of a procession. Used in stage directions, J. C. i. 2, Macb. iii. 1.
 Se'nnight, *sb.* a week, As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Senoys, Siennese, the people of Sicenna, All's Well, i. 2.
 Sense, *sb.* sensual passion, M. for M. i. 4; ii. 2; Per. v. 3. Spirit of sense = the most delicate faculty of perception, Tr. and Cr. i. 1; iii. 3. To the sense = to the quick, Oth. v. 1. Sense = senses, Macb. v. 1.
 Senseless, *adj.* without the faculty of hearing, Cym. ii. 3.
 Sensibly, *adv.* in the state of having feeling, in a sensible condition, Cor. i. 4.
 Sentinel, *v.t.* to guard, Lear, 912.
 Separable, *adj.* separating, Sonn. xxxvi.
 Septention, *sb.* the north, 3 H. VI. i. 4.
 Sepulchre, *v.t.* to entomb, Lear, ii. 4; Lucr. 805.
 Sequent, *adj.* following, successive, M. for M. v. 1; Oth. i. 2. *sb.* a follower, L's L's L. iv. 2.
 Sequester, *sb.* sequestration, seclusion, Oth. iii. 4.
 Sequestration, *sb.* separation, Oth. i. 3.
 Sere, *adj.* dry, withered, Com. of E. iv. 2.
 Sergeant, *sb.* a sheriff's officer, H. VIII. i. 1; Ham. v. 2.
 Serpigo, *sb.* a tetter or eruption on the skin, M. for M. iii. 1; Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Servant, *sb.* a lover, Two G. ii. 1; ii. 4.
 Servanted, *p.p.* subjected, made servants, Cor. v. 2.
 Serviceable, *adj.* officious, Lear, iv. 6. Offering service or devotion, Two G. iii. 2.
 Sessa, *int.* an exclamation urging to speed, Tam. of S. ind. 1; Lear, iii. 4; iii. 6.
 Set, *v.t.* to value, Ham. iv. 3. *v.i.* to set out, H. V. ii. chor. *sb.* setting, of the sun, H. V. iv. 1; R. III. v. 3; Macb. i. 1.
 Set to, to set, as a broken limb, 1 H. IV. v. 1.
 Setebos, the chief deity of the Patagonians, Temp. i. 2.
 Setter, *sb.* one who plans an appointment, 1 H. IV. ii. 2. See 1 H. IV. i. 2.
 Seven-night, *sb.* a week, Much Ado, ii. 1; Wint. T. i. 2.
 Several, *adj.* belonging to a private owner, Sonn. cxxxvii; L's L's L. ii. 1.
 Several, *sb.* individuals, Wint. T. i. 2. Particulars, H. V. i. 1; Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Sewer, *sb.* an officer whose duty it was to direct the placing of the dishes on the table. Originally he had to taste them also, Macb. i. 7 (stage direction).
 Shadow, *sb.* a shade, shady place, As You Like It, iv. 1. *v.t.* to protect, shelter, John, ii. 1.
 Shadowed, *p.p.* dark, M. of V. ii. 1.
 Shadowy, *adj.* shady, Two G. v. 4; Lear, i. 1.
 Shag, *adj.* shaggy, Ven. and A. 295.
 Shag-haired, *adj.* shaggy haired, rough, 2 H. VI. iii. 1; Macb. iv. 2.
 Shales, *sb.* shells, husks, H. V. iv. 2.
 Shame, *v.i.* to be ashamed, Col. ii. 2; Macb. ii. 2.
 Shard-borne, *adj.* borne through the air on shards, Macb. iii. 2.
 Sharded, *adj.* having shards, Cym. iii. 3.
 Shards, *sb.* the scaly wing-cases of beetles, An. and Cl. iii. 2. Pot-sherd, Ham. v. 1.
 Sharked up, gathered indiscriminately, Ham. i. 1.
 Sheaf, *v.i.* to gather into sheaves, As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Shealed, *adj.* shelled, Lear, i. 4.
 Shearman, *sb.* one who shears woollen cloth, 2 H. VI. iv. 2.
 Sheaved, *adj.* made of straw, Lover's Compl. 37.
 Sheen, *sb.* shine, brightness, M. N's Dr. ii. 1; Ham. ii. 2.
 Sheep-biter, *sb.* a malicious, niggardly fellow, Tw. N. ii. 5.
 Sheep-biting, *adj.* morose, malicious, M. for M. v. 1.
 Sheep-cote, *sb.* a shepherd's hut, As You Like It, ii. 4; Lear, ii. 3.
 Sheel, *adj.* pure, unmixed, R. II. v. 3. 'Sheer ale' may mean ale and nothing else, Tam. of S. ind. 2.
 Shent, *p.p.* reproved, scolded, Tw. N. iv. 2; Cor. v. 2.
 Sheriff's post. Proclamations were affixed to the posts outside a sheriff's house, Tw. N. i. 5.
 Sherris, *sb.* wine of Xeres in Spain, 2 H. IV. iv. 3. Also called Sherris sack, 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
 Shine, *sb.* brightness, lustre, Ven. and A. 488; Tim. of A. iii. 5.
 Shipman's card, the mariner's card or chart, Macb. i. 1.
 Ship-tire, *sb.* a head-dress, resembling a ship, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Shive, *sb.* a slice, Tit. And. ii. 1.
 Shock, *v.t.* to encounter, meet in conflict, John, v. 7.
 Shog, *v.i.* to move, jog, H. V. ii. 1; ii. 3.
 Shoon, *sb.* shoes, 2 H. VI. iv. 2; Ham. iv. 5.
 Shoot, *sb.* shot, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Shore, *v.t.* to put ashore, Wint. T. iv. 4.

- Short, *v.t.* to shorten, diminish, Cym. i. 6. Used reflexively, Pass. Pilgr. 210.
- Shot, *sb.* a shooter, marksman, 2 H. IV. iii. 2; 1 H. VI. i. 4; H. VIII. v. 4. Charge, reckoning at a tavern, Two G. ii. 5; Cym. v. 4.
- Shot-free, *adj.* without having to pay the reckoning, 1 H. IV. v. 3.
- Shotten, *adj.* having shed its roe, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
- Shoughs, *sb.* rough-haired, 'haggy dogs', Mach. iii. 1.
- Shouldered, *p.p.* thrust violently out of place, R. III. iii. 7.
- Shoulder-shotten, *adj.* with the shoulder dislocated, Tam. of S. iii. 2.
- Shove-groat shilling, a shilling used in the game of 'shove-groat' or shovel-board, which appears to have been like the modern game of squayles, 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
- Shovel-board, a shilling used in the game of shovel-board, or shove-groat, Wint. T. i. 1.
- Show, *sb.* appearance, figure, Lucr. 1507; Cor. iii. 3; R. II. iii. 3.
- Shrew = beshrew, Wint. T. i. 2; Cym. ii. 3.
- Shrewd, *adj.* mischievous, bad, evil, Merry Wives, ii. 2; As You Like It, v. 4; M. N. D. ii. 1.
- Shrewdly, *adv.* badly; used in various senses as an intensive adverb, H. V. iii. 7; J. C. iii. 1; Tr. and Cr. iii. 2; Ham. i. 4.
- Shrewdness, *sb.* mischievousness, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
- Shrieve, *sb.* sheriff, All's Well, iv. 3.
- Shrift, *sb.* confession and the accompanying absolution, M. for M. iv. 2; R. and J. ii. 3.
- Shrill-gorged, *adj.* shrill-throated, Lear iv. 6.
- Shrive, *v.t.* to absolve after confession, M. of V. i. 2; R. and J. ii. 4.
- Shriver, *sb.* confessor, 3 H. VI. iii. 2.
- Shriving-time, time for shrift, Ham. v. 2.
- Shroud, *v.t.* to hide oneself, 3 H. VI. iii. 1; iv. 3. *v.t.* to take shelter, Temp. ii. 2.
- Shrouds, *sb.* sail ropes, John. v. 7; 3 H. VI. v. 4.
- Shrow = shrew, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Shrowd, *sb.* shelter, protection, *An. and Cl. iii. 13.
- Shut up, concluded, Mach. ii. 1.
- Sick, *v.t.* to sicken, 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
- Sicken, *v.t.* to impair, weaken, H. VIII. i. 1.
- Sick-fallen, *adj.* fallen sick, diseased, John. iv. 3.
- Side, *v.t.* to take the side of, Cor. i. 1. *v.t.* to take a side in a quarrel, Cor. iv. 2.
- Side sleeves, *sb.* loose, hanging sleeves, Much Ado, iii. 4.
- Siege, *sb.* seat, bench, M. for M. iv. 2. Rank, Ham. iv. 7; Oth. i. 2. Used like 'stool' for a discharge of excrement, Temp. ii. 2.
- Sight, *sb.* insight, experience, skill, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3. The aperture for the eyes in a helmet, 2 H. IV. iv. 1.
- Sightless, *adj.* blind, dark, Lucr. 1018. Invisible, Mach. i. 5; i. 7. Unsightly, John. iii. 1.
- Sightly, *adj.* pleasing to the eye, John. ii. 1.
- Sight-outrunning, swifter than sight, Temp. i. 2.
- Sign, *v.t.* to mark, stamp, John. iv. 2; H. VIII. iv. 4; J. C. iii. 1. *v.t.* to betoken, bode, An. and Cl. iv. 3.
- Significant, *sb.* that which conveys one's meaning, sign, token, 1 H. VI. ii. 4; L's L's L. iii. 1.
- Signory, *sb.* a principality, Temp. i. 2. A lordship, R. II. iii. 1; iv. 1. The aristocracy, governing body, Oth. i. 2.
- Signs, *sb.* ensigns, H. V. ii. 2; J. C. v. 1; R. II. ii. 2.
- Silent, *sb.* silence, stillness, 2 H. VI. i. 4.
- Silly, *adj.* harmless, innocent, Two G. iv. 1; Ven. and A. 1098. Plain, simple, Tw. N. ii. 4; Cym. v. 3. Used as a term of pity, Pass. Pilgr. 123, 218; R. II. v. 5.
- Simple, *sb.* a herb used in medicine, Merry Wives, i. 4; iii. 3; R. and J. v. 1.
- Simpleness, *sb.* folly, R. and J. iii. 3.
- Simplicity, *sb.* folly, L's L's L. i. iv. 2.
- Simular, *adv.* dissembling, counterfeit, Lear, iii. 2; Cym. v. 5.
- Since, *adv.* when, M. N. D. ii. 1; Tam. of S. ind. 1; 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
- Sinew, *v.t.* to knit together, 3 H. VI. ii. 6; John. v. 7.
- Sinews, *sb.* nerves, Lear, iii. 6; Ven. and A. 903.
- Single, *adj.* simple, silly, 2 H. IV. i. 2; Cor. ii. 1. Sincere, H. VIII. v. 3.
- Single-soled, *adj.* with but one sole, poor, mean, R. and J. ii. 4.
- Singly counterpoised = counterpoised by a single person, Cor. ii. 2.
- Singularities, *sb.* rarities, Wint. T. v. 3.
- Singuled, *p.p.* separated, L's L's L. v. 1.
- Sink, *v.t.* to make to fall, Temp. ii. 1; Cym. v. 5.
- Sinking-ripe, *adj.* ready to sink, Com. of E. i. 1.
- Sir, *sb.* lord, An. and Cl. v. 2. A gentleman, Temp. v. 1; Tw. N. iii. 4. The title given to those priests who had taken a bachelor's degree at a university, Tw. N. iii. 4; iv. 2.
- Sire, *v.t.* to beg, Cym. iv. 2.
- Sirrah, a familiar address, applied both to men and women, Temp. v. 1; An. and Cl. v. 2.
- Sirs, used in addressing several persons and even women, Two G. iv. 1; Wint. T. iv. 4; An. and Cl. iv. 15.
- Sir-reverence, a corruption of 'save-reverence,' *salva reverentia*, an apologetic expression, Com. of E. iii. 2. Used as an adjective, R. and J. i. 4.
- Sister, *v.t.* to resemble closely, be akin to, Per. v. prol.
- Sistering, *adj.* neighbouring, Lover's Compl. 2.
- Sith, *adv.* since, Ham. ii. 2. *conj.* Two G. i. 2; Ham. ii. 2.
- Sithence, since, *adv.* Cor. iii. 1. *conj.* All's Well, i. 3.
- Sives, *sb.* portions, allowances, Lear, ii. 4.
- Skains-mates, *sb.* knavish companions, scapegraces, R. and J. ii. 4.
- Skill. It skills not = it matters not, makes no difference, Tam. of S. iii. 2; Tw. N. v. 1; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
- Skilless, *adj.* unskilled, inexperienced, ignorant, Tr. and Cr. i. 1; R. and J. iii. 3; Tw. N. iii. 3; Temp. iii. 1.
- Skillet, *sb.* a pot, Oth. i. 3.
- Skimble-skamble, *adv.* wild, incoherent, 1 H. IV. iii. 1.
- Skincoat, *sb.* hide, John. ii. 1.
- Skipper, *sb.* a slightly youngster, Tam. of S. ii. 1.
- Skirr, *v.t.* to move rapidly, scour, H. V. iv. 7. *v.t.* Mach. v. 3.
- Slab, *adj.* slabby, slimy, Mach. iv. 1.
- Slack, *v.t.* to neglect, Merry Wives, iii. 4; Lear, ii. 4. Oth. iv. 3. *v.t.* to slacken, languish, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.
- Slackness, *sb.* negligence, Wint. T. v. 1; An. and Cl. iii. 7.

- Slander, *sb.* reproach, disgrace, Com. of E. iv. 4 ; As You Like It, iv. 1 ; R. II. i. 1.
- Slenderous, *adj.* disgraceful, ignominious, Lucr. root ; John, iii. 1.
- Slave, *v.t.* to make a slave of, Lear, iv. 1.
- Sleave or Sleeve-silk, *sb.* floss silk, Macb. ii. 2 ; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
- Sledded, *adj.* travelling in sledges, Ham. i. 1.
- Sleek, *v.t.* to smooth, Macb. iii. 2.
- Sleeve-hand, *sb.* a cuff, wristband, Wint. T. iv. 4.
- Sleeveless, *adj.* useless, unprofitable, Tr. and Cr. v. 4.
- Sleided, *adj.* untwisted, Per. iv. prol.
- Sleight, *sb.* artifice, stratagem, 3 H. VI. iv. 2, Macb. iii. 5.
- 'Slid, a corruption of 'God's lid,' Merry Wives, iii. 4 ; Tw. N. iii. 4.
- 'Slight, for 'God's light,' Tw. N. ii. 5 ; iii. 2.
- Slighted, chucked, threw contemptuously, or perhaps, by a dexterous movement, Merry Wives, iii. 5.
- Slighted off, put aside contemptuously, J. C. iv. 3.
- Slipper, *adj.* slippery, Oth. ii. 1.
- Slips, *sb.* counterfeit coin, R. and J. ii. 4, Ven. and A. 515. The leash in which greyhounds were held before they were let slip at the game. H. V. iii. 1.
- Sliver, *sb.* a branch torn from a tree, Ham. iv. 7. *v.t.* to tear off, Macb. iv. 1 ; Lear, iv. 2.
- Slobbery, *adj.* sloppy, H. V. iii. 5.
- Slop, *sb.* loose breeches, Much Ado, iii. 2 ; 2 H. IV. i. 2.
- Slough, *sb.* the cast off skin of a snake, Tw. N. ii. 5 ; H. V. iv. 1. A place deep with mud and mire, Merry Wives, iv. 5.
- Slovenry, *sb.* slovenliness, H. V. iv. 3.
- Slowed, *pp.* retarded, R. and J. iv. 1.
- Slubber, *v.t.* to slur over, do carelessly, M. of V. ii. 8.
- Sluggardized, *pp.* made indolent, Two G. i. 1.
- Sluttry, *sb.* sluttishness, Merry Wives, v. 5 ; Cym. i. 6.
- Smatch, *sb.* a smack, taste, J. C. v. 5.
- Smatter, *v.t.* to chatter, R. and J. iii. 5.
- Smile, *v.t.* to smile at, Lear, ii. 2.
- Smilets, *sb.* little smiles, Lear, iv. 3.
- Smirch, *v.t.* to smear, soil, Much Ado, iii. 3 ; iv. 1 ; As You Like It, i. 3.
- Smooth, *v.t.* to flatter, R. III. i. 3 ; Tim. of A. iv. 3.
- Smoothing, *adj.* flattering, R. III. i. 2, 2 H. VI. i. 1.
- Smother, *sb.* thick suffocating smoke, As You Like It, i. 2.
- Smug, *adj.* trim, spruce, M. of V. iii. 1 ; 1 H. IV. iii. 1.
- Smutched, *pp.* smudged, blackened, Wint. T. i. 2.
- Sneak-cup, *sb.* a fellow who shirks his liquor, 1 H. IV. iii. 3.
- Sneap, *sb.* a snub, reprimand, 2 H. IV. ii. 1. *v.t.* to pinch, nip, L's L's L. i. 1 ; Wint. T. i. 2 ; Lucr. 333.
- Neck up, *v.t.* a contemptuous expression. Go and be hanged, Tw. N. ii. 3.
- Snipe, *sb.* a simpleton, Oth. i. 3.
- Snuff, *sb.* an object of contempt, at which men snuff, All's Well, i. 2. A quarrel, Lear, iii. 1. To take in snuff = to take offence at, L's L's L. v. 2 ; 1 H. IV. i. 3.
- Softly, *adv.* gently, Wint. T. iv. 3. Slowly, Ham. iv. 4.
- Soil, *sb.* blemish, spot, Ham. i. 3.
- Soiled, *pp.* fed with fresh green food, Lear, iv. 6.
- Soilure, *sb.* stain, defilement, Tr. and Cr. iv. 1.
- Solace, *v.t.* to amuse, L's L's L. iv. 3. *v.t.* to be happy, amuse oneself, R. III. ii. 3. Cym. i. 6.
- Solely, *adv.* alone, Wint. T. ii. 3 ; Cor. iv. 7.
- Solicit, *v.t.* to move, rout, R. II. i. 2 ; 1 H. VI. v. 3 ; Ham. v. 2.
- Soliciting, *sb.* incitement, prompting, Macb. i. 3. Courtship, Ham. ii. 2.
- Solidare, *sb.* a small coin, Tim. of A. iii. 1.
- Solve, *sb.* solution, Sonn. LXIX.
- Sometime, *adv.* sometimes, 1 H. IV. iii. 1 ; R. and J. i. 4. Once, Cor. i. 9. Formerly, Temp. v. 1 ; Ham. iii. 1.
- Sometimes, *adv.* formerly, once upon a time, M. of V. i. 1 ; R. II. i. 2.
- Sonance, *sb.* sound, H. V. iv. 2.
- Sonties, a corruption of 'santé' or 'sanctity' or 'saints,' M. of V. ii. 2.
- Soon at, in the phrases 'soon at night,' this very night, Wint. T. i. 4 ; 2 H. IV. v. 5. 'Soon at five o'clock,' at five this evening, Com. of E. i. 2. 'Soon at supper,' M. of V. ii. 3.
- Sooth, *sb.* truth, Tw. N. ii. 4 ; Wint. T. iv. 4. In sooth = in truth, M. of V. i. 1. Flattery, R. II. iii. 3 ; Per. i. 2.
- Soothe, *v.t.* to flatter, John, iii. 1 ; Cor. ii. 2.
- Soothers, *sb.* flatterers, 1 H. IV. iv. 1.
- Soothing, *sb.* flattery, Cor. i. 9.
- Sop o' the moonshine, in allusion to an old dish called 'eggs in moonshine,' Lear, ii. 2.
- Sore, *sb.* a buck of the fourth year, L's L's L. iv. 2.
- Sorel, *sb.* a buck of the third year, L's L's L. iv. 2.
- Sorriest, *adj.* most sorrowful, Macb. iii. 2.
- Sorrow-wreathen, *adj.* folded in grief, Tit. And. iii. 2.
- Sorry, *adj.* sad, sorrowful, Com. of E. v. 1 ; Macb. ii. 2.
- Sort, *sb.* rank, Much Ado, i. 1 ; H. V. iv. 7. Set, company, M. N's Dr. iii. 2 ; R. II. iv. 1 ; R. III. v. 3. Manner, Temp. iv. 1 ; M. of V. i. 2. Lot, Tr. and Cr. i. 3. *v.t.* to pick out, H. V. iv. 7 ; Two G. iii. 2 ; R. and J. iv. 2. To rank, Ham. ii. 2. To arrange, dispose, R. III. ii. 2. To adopt, 2 H. VI. i. 4. *v.t.* to associate, Ven. and A. 689. To be fitting, Tr. and Cr. i. 1. To fall out, happen, Much Ado, iv. 1 ; M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
- Sortance, *sb.* suitability, agreement, 2 H. IV. i. 1.
- Sot, *sb.* a fool, dolt, Temp. iii. 2 ; Tw. N. i. 5.
- Soul-fearing, *adj.* soul-terrifying, John, ii. 1.
- Souse, *v.t.* to swoop upon, John, v. 2.
- Soused, *pp.* pickled, 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
- Sowl, *v.t.* to lug, drag by the ears, Cor. iv. 5.
- Span-counter, *sb.* a boys' game, in which the one wins who throws his counter so as to hit his opponent's, or to lie within a span of it, 2 H. VI. iv. 2.
- Spaniel, *v.t.* to follow like a spaniel, An. and Cl. iv. 12.
- Spare, *v.t.* to forbear to offend, M. for M. ii. 3.
- Specialties, *sb.* the articles of a contract, L's L's L. ii. 1 ; Tam. of S. ii. 1.
- Speciously, blunder for 'especially,' Merry Wives, iii. 4.

- Speculation, *sb.* power of vision, Tr. and Cr. III. 3; Macb. III. 4. A scout, watcher, Lear, III. 1.
- Speculative, *adj.* possessing the faculty of sight, Oth. 1. 3.
- Sped, *pp.* despatched, done for, M. of V. II. 9; R. and J. III. 1.
- Speed, *sb.* fortune, success, Tam. of S. II. 1; Wint. T. III. 2.
- Spend. To spend their mouths is used of dogs when they give tongue on scenting the game, Ven. and A. 695; II. V. II. 4; Tr. and Cr. v. 1.
- Sperr, *v.t.* to bar, Tr. and Cr. prol.
- Sphery, *adj.* starry, M. N's Dr. II. 2.
- Spicery, *sb.* spices, R. III. IV. 4.
- Spill, *v.t.* to destroy, Ham. IV. 5; Lear, III. 2.
- Spilth, *sb.* spilling, waste, Tim. of A. II. 2.
- Spiriting, *sb.* acting the spirit or sprite, Temp. I. 2.
- Spital, *sb.* hospital, H. V. II. 1; v. 1.
- Spital-house, *sb.* hospital, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Spleen, *sb.* fierce passion, temper, John, II. 1; R. III. v. 3. Quick movement, John, II. 1; v. 7; M. N's Dr. I. 1. Fury, Cor. IV. 5. A fit of passion, caprice, I. H. IV. v. 2; Ven. and A. 907. A fit of laughter, Tw. N. III. 2; the spleen being supposed to be the seat of that emotion, L's L's L. III. 1; M. for M. II. 2.
- Spleeny, *adj.* passionate, impetuous, II. VIII. II. 2.
- Splenitive, *adj.* impetuous, hasty-tempered, Ham. v. 1.
- Splinter, *v.t.* to bind up with splints, like a broken limb, R. III. II. 2; Oth. II. 3.
- Split. To make all split denotes violent action or uproar, M. N's Dr. I. 2.
- Spot, *sb.* a pattern in embroidery, Cor. I. 3.
- Spotted, *pp.* stained, polluted, M. N's Dr. I. 1; R. II. III. 2.
- Spousal, *sb.* marriage, H. V. v. 2; Tit. And. I. 1.
- Sprag, *adj.* sprack, quick, lively, Merry Wives, IV. 1.
- Sprighted, *pp.* haunted, Cym. II. 3.
- Sprightful, *adj.* high spirited, John, IV. 2.
- Sprightfully, *adv.* with high courage, R. II. I. 2.
- Spring, *sb.* a young shoot, Ven. and A. 656; Lucr. 950. The beginning, M. N's Dr. II. 1; 2 H. IV. IV. 4.
- Springhalt, *sb.* a lameness in horses, called also stringhalt, in which the legs are violently twitched up, H. VIII. I. 3.
- Spritely, *adj.* 'spitely shows' are ghostly appearances, Cym. v. 5.
- Spurs, *sb.* the lateral roots of a tree, Temp. v. 1; Cym. IV. 2.
- Spy, *sb.* The perfectest spy of the time may mean the most accurate information with regard to the time, Macb. III. 1.
- Squandered, *pp.* scattered, M. of V. I. 3.
- Squandering, *adj.* roving, random, As You Like It, II. 7.
- Square, *adj.* suitable, Tim. of A. v. 4; An. and Cl. II. 2. *sb.* the embroidery about the bosom part of a smock or shift, Wint. T. IV. 4. 'The most precious square of sense' is the most delicately sensible part, Lear, I. 1. *v.t.* to quarrel, M. N's Dr. II. 1; An. and Cl. II. 1.
- Squarer, *sb.* a quarreller, Much Ado, I. 1.
- Squash, *sb.* an unripe peacock, M. N's Dr. III. 1; Tw. N. I. 5; Wint. T. I. 2.
- Squier, *sb.* a square, rule, L's L's L. v. 2; Wint. T. IV. 4; I. H. IV. II. 2.
- Squint, *v.t.* to make to squint, Lear, III. 4.
- Squiny, *v.t.* to look asquint, Lear, IV. 6.
- Stabish, *v.t.* to establish, I. H. VI. v. 1.
- Stabishment, *sb.* establishment, settled government, An. and Cl. III. 6.
- Stage, *v.t.* to exhibit as in a theatre, M. for M. I. 1; An. and Cl. III. 13; v. 2.
- Stagger, *v.t.* to make to reel, R. II. v. 5. *v.t.* to hesitate, M. for M. I. 2; As You Like It, III. 3.
- Staggers, *sb.* giddiness, bewilderment, All's Well, II. 3; Cym. v. 5. A kind of apoplexy in horses, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Stain, *sb.* tincture, tinge, All's Well, I. 1; Tr. and Cr. I. 2. 'Stain to all nymphs,' causing them to appear sullied by contrast, Ven. and A. 9. *v.t.* to sully by contrast with greater brightness, An. and Cl. III. 4.
- Stale, *sb.* a decoy, Temp. IV. 1. Tam. of S. III. 1. A stalking-horse, Com. of E. II. 1. A laughing-stock, 3 H. VI. III. 3. Tim. of A. I. 1. A prostitute, Much Ado, II. 2; IV. 1. The urine of horses, An. and Cl. I. 4. *v.t.* to render stale, make common, Tr. and Cr. II. 3. Cor. I. 1; J. C. I. 2.
- Salk, *v.t.* to move stealthily as one behind a stalking-horse, Much Ado, II. 3; Lucr. 365.
- Stalking-horse, *sb.* a real horse or the figure of a horse, used by sportsmen to get near their game, As You Like It, v. 4.
- Stall, *v.t.* to keep as in a stall, keep close, All's Well, I. 3. To install, R. III. I. 3. *v.t.* to dwell, An. and Cl. v. 1.
- Stamp, *v.t.* to mark as genuine, give currency to, Cor. v. 2; Oth. II. 1.
- Stanch, *adj.* watertight, firmly united, An. and Cl. II. 2. *v.t.* to quench thirst, Tit. And. III. 1.
- Stanchless, *adj.* insatiable, Macb. IV. 3.
- Standing, *sb.* continuance, duration, Wint. T. I. 2. Attitude, Tim. of A. I. 1.
- Standing-bed, *sb.* a bed standing on posts, Merry Wives, IV. 5.
- Standing-bowl, *sb.* a goblet with a foot, Per. II. 2.
- Standing-tuck, *sb.* a rapier standing on end, I. H. IV. II. 4.
- Stand upon, to be incumbent upon, or of importance to, Com. of E. IV. 1; R. II. II. 3; R. III. IV. 2; Ham. v. 2.
- Staniel, *sb.* a kind of hawk, also called a kestrel, Tw. N. II. 5.
- Stanze, *sb.* a stanza, I's I's I. IV. 2.
- Stanzo, *sb.* a stanza, As You Like It, II. 5.
- Star, *sb.* the pole-star, Much Ado, III. 4. Sonn. LXVI. Used figuratively for fortune, Tw. N. II. 5. Out of thy star = out of thy sphere, above thee in fortune, Ham. II. 2.
- Star-blasting, *sb.* blighting by planetary influence, I. I. 4.
- Stare, *v.t.* to stand on end, J. C. IV. 3.
- Stark, *adj.* stiff, I. H. IV. v. 3; R. and J. IV. 1.
- Starkly, *adv.* stiffly, M. for M. IV. 2.
- Starred, *pp.* fated, Wint. T. III. 2.
- Starting-hole, *sb.* a refuge, hence, a subterfuge, I. H. IV. II. 4.
- Startingly, *adv.* by fits and starts, abruptly, Oth. III. 4.
- Start-up, *sb.* an upstart, Much Ado, I. 3.
- Starve, *v.t.* to be numb with cold, 2 H. VI. III. 1; Tit. And. III. 1. *v.t.* to paralyse, disable, Tim. of A. I. 1. To nip with cold, Two G. IV. 4.

State, *sb.* attitude, L's L's L. iv. 3. A chair of state, with a canopy, Tw. N. ii. 5; 1 H. IV. ii. 4; Cor. v. 4; Macb. iii. 4. Estate, fortune, M. of V. iii. 2; As You Like It, v. 4. In the plural 'states' denotes persons of high position, John, ii. 1; Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.

Station, *sb.* attitude, Ham. iii. 4; An. and Cl. iii. 3.

Statist, *sb.* a statesman, politician, Ham. v. 2; Cym. ii. 4.

Statua, *sb.* statue, J. C. ii. 2; III. 2; R. III. iii. 7.

Statue, *sb.* a picture, image, Two G. iv. 4.

Statues, blunder for 'statutes,' Much Ado, iii. 3.

Statute, *sb.* a bond, obligation, Ham. v. 1; Sonn. cxxxiv.

Statute-caps, *sb.* woollen caps, worn by citizens in accordance with an Act of Parliament passed in 1571, L's L's L. v. 2.

Stay, *sb.* a check, hindrance, John, ii. 1.

Stead, *v.t.* to help, Temp. i. 2; M. of V. i. 3.

Stand up, to supply, take the place of, M. for M. iii. 1.

Stealth, *sb.* a stealthy movement, a going secretly, M. i. 1; Dr. iii. 2; Tw. N. i. 5; Sonn. lxxvii.

Steely, *adj.* unyielding, All's Well, i. 1.

Steep-up, *adj.* steep, Sonn. vii.; Pass. Pilgr. 121.

Steepy, *adj.* steep, precipitous, Tim. of A. i. 1; Sonn. lxxiii.

Steerage, *sb.* steering, pilotage, R. and J. i. 4; Per. iv. 4.

Stelled, *p.p.* fixed, Lucr. 1444; Sonn. xxiv.

Starry, Lear, iii. 7.

Sternage, to sternage of = astern of, so as to follow, H. V. iii. chor.

Stickler-like, *adj.* like a stickler, whose duty it was to separate combatants when they had fought enough, Tr. and Cr. v. 8.

Stiff, *adj.* unpleasant, An. and Cl. i. 2.

Stigmatic, *sb.* one marked by nature with deformity, 2 H. VI. v. 1; 3 H. VI. ii. 2.

Stigmatical, *adj.* marked with the stigma of deformity, Com. of E. iv. 2.

Still, *adj.* constant, R. III. iv. 4; Tit. And. iii. 2. *adv.* constantly, always, Two G. ii. 6; iv. 4; Ham. ii. 2.

Stillatory, *sb.* a still, Ven. and A. 443.

Still-breeding, *adj.* continually breeding, R. II. v. 5.

Still-closing, *adj.* constantly closing again, Temp. iii. 3.

Still-peering, *adj.* a doubtful word, All's Well, iii. 2.

Still-stand, *sb.* a halt, 2 H. IV. ii. 3.

Still-veiled, *adj.* constantly disturbed, Temp. i. 2.

Stilly, *adv.* softly, gently, H. V. iv. chor.

Stint, *v.t.* to check, stop, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5; Tim. of A. v. 4. *v.z.* to stop, cease, R. and J. i. 3; Per. iv. 4.

Stitchery, *sb.* needlework, Cor. i. 3.

Stithy, *sb.* a smithy, or smith's forge, Ham. iii. 2. *v.t.* to forge, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.

Stoccado, *sb.* a thrust in fencing, Merry Wives, ii. 1.

Stoccata = stoccado, R. and J. iii. 1.

Stock, *sb.* stocking, Tw. N. i. 3; 1 H. IV. ii. 4.

A thrust in fencing, Merry Wives, ii. 3. *v.t.* to put in the stocks, Lear, ii. 2; ii. 4.

Stock-fish, *sb.* dried cod, Temp. iii. 2; M. for M. iii. 2.

Stockish, *adj.* insensible, M. of V. v. 1.

Stock-punished, *p.p.* set in the stocks, Lear, iii. 4.

Stomach, *sb.* courage, Temp. i. 2; 1 H. IV. i. 3; Ham. i. 1. Pride, Tam. of S. v. 2; H. VIII. iv. 2. *v.t.* to be angry, An. and Cl. iii. 4.

Stomaching, *sb.* resentment, An. and Cl. ii. 2.

Stone, *v.t.* to turn to stone, Oth. v. 2.

Stone-bow, *sb.* a cross-bow for shooting stones, Tw. N. ii. 5.

Stonished, *p.p.* astonished, amazed, Ven. and A. 825.

Stoop, *adj.* stooping; unless the reading is corrupt, I's L's L. iv. 3. *v.z.* to swoop down upon the prey, H. V. iv. 1; Cym. v. 3; v. 4.

Story, *v.t.* to narrate, give an account of, Cym. i. 4; Ven. and A. 1013; Lucr. 106.

Stoup, *sb.* a drinking cup or vessel, Tw. N. ii. 3; Ham. v. 1; v. 2; Oth. ii. 3.

Stout, *adj.* haughty, proud, Tw. N. ii. 5; 2 H. VI. i. 1; Cor. iii. 2. Bold, courageous, John, iv. 2; Macb. i. 3.

Stoutness, *sb.* stubbornness, Cor. iii. 2; v. 6.

Stover, *sb.* fodder for cattle in winter, Temp. iv. 1.

Straight, *adv.* straightway, immediately, Ham. v. 1; M. of V. i. 1.

Strain, *sb.* a stock, race, H. V. ii. 4; J. C. v. 1.

Natural disposition, Lear, v. 3. Impulse, emotion, Cor. v. 3; 2 H. IV. iv. 5. *v.t.* to urge, press, Oth. iii. 3. *v.z.* to exert oneself, make unusual effort, Wint. T. iii. 2.

Strain courtesy, to vie in giving precedence, decline to go first, R. and J. ii. 4, Ven. and A. 888.

Strait, *adj.* narrow, Cym. v. 3. Tight, H. V. iii. 7. Strict, M. for M. ii. 1; 1 H. IV. iv. 3; Tim. of A. i. 1. Illiberal, niggardly, John, v. 7.

Straited, *p.p.* put to difficulty, at a loss, Wint. T. iv. 4.

Straightly, *adv.* strictly, R. III. i. 1; iv. 1.

Straitness, *sb.* strictness, M. for M. iii. 2.

Strange, *adj.* foreign, As You Like It, iv. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 4. Unaccustomed, Macb. i. 3. Unacquainted, unfamiliar, Macb. iii. 4. Unusual, original, L's L's L. v. 1. Reserved, distant, Tw. N. ii. 5; R. and J. ii. 2. To make it strange = to treat as something unusual, Two G. i. 2; Tit. And. ii. 1.

Strangely, *adv.* extraordinarily, Temp. iv. 1; Macb. iv. 3. Like a stranger, 2 H. IV. v. 2; Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.

Strangeness, *sb.* distant manner, reserve, Tw. N. iv. 1; Tr. and Cr. ii. 3; Ven. and A. 310.

Strangered, *p.p.* estranged, alienated, Lear, i. 1.

Strangle, *v.t.* to choke, extinguish, H. VIII. v. 1; Macb. ii. 4.

Strangled, *p.p.* suffocated, R. and J. iv. 3.

Strappado, *sb.* a military punishment, in which a man was drawn up by his arms strapped behind his back and suddenly let fall, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.

Stratagem, *sb.* a deed of surprising violence, M. of V. v. 1; 2 H. IV. i. 1; R. and J. iii. 5.

Strawy, *adj.* straw-like, Tr. and Cr. v. 5.

Stray, *sb.* an act of wandering, dereliction, Lear, i. 1. A body of stragglers, 2 H. IV. iv. 2. *v.t.* to mislead, Com. of E. v. 1.

Stretch, *v.t.* to open wide, H. V. ii. 2.

Strewments, *sb.* things strewed, Ham. v. 1.

Stricture, *sb.* strictness, M. for M. i. 3.

- Stride, *v.t.* to step beyond, Cym. III. 3.
 Strike, *v.t.* to lower the sail, R. II. II. 1; 3 H. VI. v. 1. The full phrase is 'strike sail,' used figuratively in the sense of 'submit, give way,' 2 H. IV. v. 2; 3 H. VI. III. 3. *v.t.* and *v.i.* used of the supposed injurious influence of the planets, to blast, Cor. II. 1; Ham. I. 1. *v.t.* to tap, An. and Cl. II. 7.
 Strikers, *sb.* a cant term for wenchers, 1 H. IV. II. 1.
 Strong, *adj.* determined, resolute, R. II. v. 3; Lear, II. 1.
 Strossers, *sb.* trousers, II. V. III. 7.
 Stroyed, *p.p.* destroyed, An. and Cl. III. 11.
 Struck, *p.p.* struck in years = advanced in years, R. III. I. 1; Tam. of S. II. 1.
 Stuck, *sb.* a thrust in fencing, Ham. IV. 7; Tw. N. III. 4.
 Studied, *p.p.* practised, M. of V. II. 2; Mach. I. 4.
 Stuff, *sb.* baggage, Com. of E. IV. 4. Furniture, Tam. of S. ind. 2. Matter, substance, Ham. II. 2; Oth. I. 2.
 Stuffed, *p.p.* complete, full, Wint. T. II. 1.
 Stored, filled, Much Ado, I. 1, R. and J. III. 5.
 Sty, *v.t.* to pen up as in a sty, Temp. I. 2.
 Subduement, *sb.* conquest, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Subject, *sb.* subjects, M. for M. II. 4; III. 2; Ham. I. 1.
 Subscribe, *v.t.* to be surety, All's Well, III. 6; IV. 5. To yield, submit, 1 H. VI. II. 4, Lear, III. 7. *v.t.* to admit, acknowledge, M. for M. II. 4; Much Ado, v. 2. Followed by 'to,' Two G. v. 4; All's Well, v. 3.
 Subscription, *sb.* submission, obedience, Lear, III. 2.
 Subtractors, *sb.* detractors, Tw. N. I. 3.
 Subtilities, *sb.* illusions, false appearances, with a reference perhaps to the use of the word in cookery to denote devices in confectionery, Temp. v. 1.
 Subtle, *adj.* smooth and deceptive, Cor. v. 2.
 Succeed, *v.t.* to descend by order of succession, All's Well, III. 7; Oth. v. 2.
 Succeeding, *sb.* consequence, All's Well, II. 3.
 Success, *sb.* succession, Wint. T. I. 2; 2 H. IV. IV. 2. Issue, event, R. III. IV. 4; Cor. I. 6.
 Successantly, *adv.* in succession, one after another, Tit. And. IV. 4.
 Successive. Successive title = title to the succession, Tit. And. I. 1.
 Successively, *adv.* from one to another, R. III. III. 1. In order of succession, 2 H. IV. IV. 5; R. III. III. 7.
 Sudden, *adj.* hasty, violent, passionate, As You Like It, II. 7; Mach. IV. 3; Oth. II. 1.
 Suddenly, *adv.* instantly, R. III. IV. 2; Merry Wives, IV. 1; Wint. T. II. 3.
 Suffer, *v.t.* to be put to death, Temp. II. 2; Two G. IV. 4.
 Sufferance, *sb.* suffering, pain, M. for M. II. 4; Lear, III. 6. Patience, forbearance, M. of V. I. 3; 3 H. V. III. 6. Loss, Oth. II. 1. Death by execution, H. V. II. 2.
 Suffered, *p.p.* allowed to continue, Ven. and A. 388; 2 H. VI. III. 2; v. 1; 3 H. VI. IV. 8.
 Suffigance, blunder for 'sufficient,' Much Ado, III. 5.
 Suggest, *v.t.* to tempt, R. II. III. 4; H. V. II. 1.
 Suggestion, *sb.* temptation, prompting, Temp. IV. 1; Mach. I. 3. Cunning device, H. VIII. IV. 2.
 Suit, *sb.* attendance, service, due to a feudal superior, M. for M. IV. 4. 'Out of suits with fortune' is out of fortune's service, As You Like It, I. 2. *v.t.* to dress, Sonn. CXXXII. *v.t.* to dress oneself, As You Like It, I. 3; Cym. v. 1. *v.t.* to agree, accord, Much Ado, v. 1; Tw. N. I. 2.
 Suited, *p.p.* dressed, M. of V. I. 2.
 Sullen, *adj.* sad, mournful, John, I. 1; 2 H. IV. I. 1; R. and J. IV. 5.
 Sullens, *sb.* fits of sullenness, R. II. II. 1.
 Sumless, *adj.* inestimable, H. V. I. 2.
 Summer-seeming, *adj.* looking like summer, or appearing in summer only, and so transitory, Mach. IV. 3.
 Sumpter, *sb.* a pack horse, Lear, II. 4.
 Superfluous, *adj.* living in unnecessary plenty, Lear, IV. 1; All's Well, I. 1.
 Superflux, *sb.* superfluity, Lear, III. 4.
 Supernal, *adj.* high, John, II. 1.
 Superpraise, *v.t.* to overpraise, M. N's Dr. III. 2.
 Superscript, *vb.* superscription, L's L's L. IV. 2.
 Superserviceable, *adj.* over-officious, Lear, II. 2.
 Supersubtle, *adj.* excessively cunning, Oth. I. 3.
 Supervise, *sb.* inspection, Ham. v. 2.
 Supervisor, *sb.* a looker on, Oth. III. 3.
 Suppliance, *sb.* temporary gratification, pastime, Ham. I. 3.
 Suppliant, *adj.* auxiliary, Cym. III. 7.
 Supplyment, *sb.* supply, furnishing with means, Cym. III. 4.
 Supportable, *adj.* endurable, Temp. v. 1.
 Supportance, *sb.* support, R. II. III. 4; Tw. N. III. 4.
 Supposal, *sb.* opinion, notion, Ham. I. 2.
 Suppose, *sb.* supposition, Tam. of S. v. 1; Tr. and C. I. 3.
 Supposed, blunder for 'deposed,' M. for M. II. 1.
 Supreme, used as a substantive, Ven. and A. 996.
 Suraddition, *sb.* surname, Cym. I. 1.
 Surance, as-urance, Tit. And. v. 2.
 Surcease, *sb.* cessation, Mach. I. 7. *v.t.* and *v.i.* to cease, Lucr. 1766; Cor. III. 2; R. and J. IV. 1.
 Sure, *adj.* secure, safe, Two G. v. 1; R. III. III. 2. Betrothed, married, Merry Wives, v. 5; As You Like It, v. 4. Trustworthy, 1 H. IV. III. 1.
 Surfeiter, *sb.* a glutton, reveller, An. and Cl. II. 1.
 Surfeit-taking, *adj.* indulging to excess, Lucr. 698.
 Surmise, *sb.* speculation, imagination, Mach. I. 3; Tit. And. II. 3.
 Surmount, *v.t.* to surpass, L's L's L. v. 2; R. II. II. 3. *v.t.* to be surpassing, exceed, 1 H. VI. v. 3.
 Surprise, *v.t.* to seize, capture, 1 H. IV. I. 1, 2 H. VI. IV. 9.
 Sur-reined, *p.p.* over-worked or over-ridden, H. V. III. 5.
 Survey, *v.t.* to see, observe, Mach. I. 2.
 Suspect, *sb.* suspicion, Ven. and A. 1010; R. III. I. 3. A blunder for 'respect,' Much Ado, IV. 2.
 Suppiration, *sb.* the act of drawing breath, Ham. I. 2.
 Supsire, *v.t.* to draw breath, breathe, John, III. 4; 2 H. IV. IV. 5.
 Swabber, *sb.* one whose duty it was on board ship to keep the decks clean, Temp. II. 2; Tw. N. I. 5.

- Swaddling-clouts, *sb.* bandages in which new-born infants were swathed, Ham. II. 2.
- Swag-bellied, *adj.* having a loose, hanging belly, Oth. II. 3.
- Swart, *adj.* black, Com. of E. III. 2; John, III. 1.
- Swarth, *adj.* black, Tit. And. II. 3. *sb.* = swath, Tw. N. II. 3.
- Swasher, *sb.* a bully, blusterer, H. V. III. 2.
- Swashing, *adj.* swaggering, dashing, As You Like It, I. 3. Smashing, R. and J. I. 1.
- Swath, *sb.* the quantity cut by a mower at one sweep of his scythe, Tr. and Cr. v. 5. Bandages, swaddling-clothes, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
- Swathling-clothes, *sb.* swaddling-clothes, bandages in which newly-born infants are wrapped, I H. IV. III. 2.
- Sway, *sb.* steady and equable movement, balanced order, J. C. I. 3. This sway of motion = which controls or influences motion, John, II. 1.
- Swayed, *pp.* strained, broken, Tam. of S. III. 2.
- Swaying, *pp.* oscillating, inclining, H. V. I. 1.
- Sway on, to move steadily on, 2 H. IV. IV. 1.
- Swear, *v.t.* to adjure, L's L's L. I. 1.
- Swearings, *sb.* oaths, adjurations, Tw. N. v. 1.
- Swear over, 'Swear his thought over by each particular star,' repeat your oath with regard to his thought by each, etc., Wint. T. I. 2.
- Sweat, the past tense and participle of 'sweat,' M. of V. III. 2; As You Like It, II. 3; Tim. of A. III. 2.
- Sweep, *sb.* a sweeping train, Tim. of A. I. 2. *v.t.* to walk in pomp, 2 H. VI. I. 3.
- Sweet and twenty, sweet kisses and twenty of them, Tw. N. II. 3.
- Sweetening, *sb.* a term of endearment, Tw. N. II. 3; Oth. II. 3.
- Sweet-suggesting, *adj.* sweetly tempting, Two G. II. 6.
- Swift, *adj.* quick, prompt, Much Ado, III. 1; As You Like It, v. 4.
- Swilled, *pp.* swallowed greedily, H. V. III. 1.
- Swinge, *v.t.* to beat, Tam. of S. v. 2; John, II. 1.
- Swinge-buckler, *sb.* a rioter, blusterer, 2 H. IV. III. 2.
- Switzers, *sb.* Swiss guards, Ham. IV. 5.
- Swoopstake, *adv.* sweeping off all the stakes, indiscriminately, Ham. IV. 5.
- Sword and buckler, the weapons of vulgar fighting men, I H. IV. I. 3.
- Sworder, *sb.* a fencer, gladiator, 2 H. VI. IV. 1; An. and Cl. III. 13.
- Sword-men, *sb.* swordsmen, All's Well, II. 1.
- Sworn brother, *sb.* one pledged to share another's fortune, an intimate friend, Much Ado, I. 1; R. II. v. 1.
- Sworn out, *pp.* forsworn, L's L's L. II. 1.
- Swoond, *v.t.* to swoon, Tim. of A. IV. 3; Lucr. 1486.
- 'Swoonds, for 'God's wounds,' Ham. II. 2.
- Sympathy, *sb.* equality, R. II. IV. 1; Oth. II. 1.
- TABLE, *sb.* the tablet on which a picture is painted, John, v. 1; All's Well, I. 1. A tablet or note-book, Ham. I. 5. The palm of the hand, M. of V. II. 2.
- Tables, *sb.* backgammon, L's L's L. v. 2.
- Table-book, *sb.* memorandum-book, Wint. T. IV. 4; Ham. II. 2.
- Tabled, *pp.* set down in writing, Cym. I. 4.
- Tabor, *sb.* a small drum, Temp. IV. 1; Tw. N. III. 1; Much Ado, II. 3.
- Taboier, *sb.* a player on the tabor, Temp. III. 2.
- Tabourines, *sb.* drums, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5; An. and Cl. IV. 8.
- Tackled, *adj.* A tackled stair is a ladder of ropes, R. and J. II. 4.
- Taffeta, *sb.* originally any kind of plain silk, Tw. N. II. 4; L's L's L. v. 2.
- Tag, *sb.* the rabble, C. oi. III. 1.
- Taint, *sb.* blemish, stain, Macb. IV. 3; An. and Cl. v. 1. Discredit, Lear, I. 1. *pp.* tainted, I H. VI. v. 3. *v.t.* to be infected, Macb. v. 3. *v.t.* to disparage, Oth. II. 1. To impair, injure, Oth. I. 3; IV. 2.
- Tainture, *sb.* defilement, 2 H. VI. II. 1.
- Take, *v.t.* to captivate, Temp. v. 1; Wint. T. IV. 4. To strike, R. III. I. 4; Tw. N. II. 5.
- To infect, bewitch, Merry Wives, IV. 4; Ham. I. 1. To betake oneself to, Com. of E. v. 1.
- To leap, John, v. 2. Take air = get abroad, Tw. N. III. 4. Take haste = make haste, Tim. of A. v. 1. Take head = take liberty or license, John, II. 1. Take in = conquer, subdue, Cor. I. 2; An. and Cl. I. 1. Take me with you = let me follow your meaning, R. and J. III. 5; I H. IV. II. 4. Take off = remove, make away with, Macb. III. 1. Take order = take measures, M. for M. II. 1; R. II. v. 1. Take out = copy, Oth. III. 3; III. 4. Take peace = make peace, H. VIII. II. 1. Take scorn = scorn, disdain, As You Like It, IV. 2; H. V. IV. 7. Take thought = indulge in sorrow, J. C. II. 1. Take truce = make truce, R. and J. III. 1; John, III. 1; Ven. and A. 82. Take up = buy on credit, 2 H. VI. IV. 7. Make up a quarrel, Tw. N. III. 4. Levy, 2 H. IV. II. 1. Take to task, rebuke, Two G. I. 2; Cym. II. 1. Encounter, Cor. III. 1.
- Taking, *sb.* blasting, malignant influence, Lear, III. 4.
- Taking off, *sb.* making away with, killing, Macb. I. 7; Lear, v. 1.
- Taking up, *sb.* borrowing, obtaining on credit, 2 H. IV. I. 2.
- Talents, *sb.* lockets made of hair, plaited and set in gold, Lover's Compl. 204.
- Tall, *adj.* active, valiant, fine, Tw. N. I. 3; R. III. I. 4.
- Tallow-catch, *sb.* a vessel filled with tallow, I H. IV. II. 4.
- Tamed, *pp.* a tamed piece is a vessel of wine which has been broached and become flat and stale, Tr. and Cr. IV. 1.
- Tang, *sb.* a harsh sound, twang, Temp. II. 2. *v.t.* and *v.i.* to twang, sound loudly, Tw. N. II. 5; III. 4.
- Tanning, *sb.* anything tanned by the sun, Cym. IV. 4.
- Tardy, *v.t.* to delay, retard, Wint. T. III. 2.
- Targe, *sb.* a target or small shield, L's L's L. v. 2; An. and Cl. II. 6.
- Tarre, *v.t.* to set on dogs to fight, Tr. and Cr. I. 3; John, IV. 1. To incite, Ham. II. 2.
- Tarrance, *sb.* stay, tarrying, Two G. II. 7; Pass. Pilgr. 74.
- Tarry, *v.t.* and *v.i.* to stay, Two G. II. 2; M. of V. IV. 2; J. C. v. 5; 2 H. IV. III. 2.
- Tartar, *sb.* Tartarus, Tw. N. II. 5; H. V. II. 2.
- Task, *v.t.* to tax, I H. IV. IV. 3. To challenge, Sonn. LXXII. R. II. IV. 1.
- Tasking, *sb.* challenge, I H. IV. v. 2.

- Tassel-gentle, *sb.* tiercel-gentle, the male goshawk, R. and J. ii. 2.
- Taste, *sb.* trial, proof, As You Like It, iii. 2; Lear, i. 2. In some taste = in some slight degree, J. C. iv. 1. *v.t.* to try, prove, Tw. N. iii. 1; iii. 4; i H. iv. 1.
- Tattered, *adj.* ragged, R. iii. 3.
- Tattering, *adj.* tattered, hanging in rags, John, v. 5.
- Tawdry-lace, *sb.* a rustic necklace, Wint. T. iv. 4.
- Tawny coats, the livery of persons belonging to the ecclesiastical courts, i H. vi. 1. 3.
- Tax, *sb.* reproach, All's Well, ii. 1.
- Taxation, *sb.* satire, censure, As You Like It, i. 2. Claim, demand, Tw. N. i. 5.
- Taxing, *sb.* satire, As You Like It, ii. 7.
- Teen, *sb.* grief, vexation, Temp. i. 2, R. iii. iv. 1.
- Teeth. 'From his teeth' = only in appearance, not from the heart, An. and Cl. iii. 4.
- Tell, *v.t.* to count, Temp. ii. 1; R. iii. i. 4. I cannot tell = I know not what to think, M. of V. i. 3; Cor. v. 6.
- Temper, *sb.* temperament, J. C. i. 2; Macb. iii. 1. *v.t.* to mix, Much Ado, ii. 2; Cym. v. 5. To soften by heat, as wax, Ven. and A. 565; 2 H. iv. iv. 3; or by moisture, as clay, 2 H. v. iii. 1; Lear, i. 4.
- Temperality, blunder for 'temper,' 2 H. iv. ii. 4.
- Temperance, *sb.* temperature, Temp. ii. 1. Moderation, calmness, Cor. iii. 3; Ham. iii. 2.
- Chastity, An. and Cl. iii. 13; Lucr. 384.
- Temperate, *adj.* chaste, Temp. iv. 1.
- Tempered, *pp.* disposed, i H. iv. i. 1. Composed, As You Like It, i. 2.
- Temple, *sb.* used of a church, M. of V. ii. 1; Much Ado, iii. 3.
- Temporary, *adj.* A temporary meddler is perhaps one who meddles in temporal matters, M. of V. i. 1.
- Tenable, *adj.* capable of being kept, Ham. i. 2.
- Tend, *v.t.* to attend, wait, Ham. i. 3; iv. 3. To be attentive, Temp. i. 1. *v.t.* to tend to regard, 2 H. vi. i. 1. To wait upon, An. and Cl. ii. 2.
- Tendence, *sb.* attention, Tim. of A. i. 1. Persons attending, Tim. of A. i. 1.
- Tender, *sb.* regard, care, i H. iv. v. 4; Lear, i. 4. *v.t.* to regard, hold dear, Temp. ii. 1; As You Like It, v. 2; Ham. i. 3.
- Tender-hefted, *adj.* set in a delicate handle or frame, Lear, ii. 4.
- Tending, *sb.* attention, Macb. i. 5.
- Tent, *sb.* a probe, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2. *v.t.* to probe, Ham. ii. 2; Cor. iii. 1. To cure, Cor. i. 9. *v.t.* to lodge as in a tent, Cor. iii. 2.
- Tiercel, *sb.* the male goshawk, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
- Termagant, *sb.* a ranting character in the old miracle plays, Ham. iii. 2. Used adjectively, i H. iv. v. 4.
- Terminations, *sb.* terms, expressions, Much Ado. ii. 1.
- Termless, *adj.* indescribable, Lover's Compl. 94.
- Terrene, *adj.* terrestrial, earthly, An. and Cl. iii. 13.
- Tertian, *sb.* a fever recurring every third day, H. v. ii. 1.
- Test, *sb.* testimony, evidence, Oth. i. 3.
- Tested, *adj.* refined, M. for M. ii. 2.
- Tester, *sb.* a sixpence, 2 H. iv. iii. 2.
- Testerned, *pp.* presented with sixpence, Two G. i. 1.
- Testimonied, *pp.* attested, proved, M. for M. iii. 2.
- Testril, *sb.* a sixpence, Tw. N. ii. 3.
- Tetchy, *adj.* fractious, irritable, R. iii. iv. 4; R. and J. i. 3.
- Tetter, *sb.* an eruption on the skin, Tr. and Cr. v. 1; Ham. i. 5. *v.t.* to infect with tetter, Cor. iii. 1.
- Than, *adv.* then, Lucr. 1440.
- Thane, *sb.* an old title nearly equivalent to that of earl, Macb. i. 2.
- Thanking, *sb.* thanks, All's Well, iii. 5; Cym. v. 5.
- Tharborough, *sb.* thurdborough, constable L's L. i. 1.
- Theft, *sb.* the thing stolen, Ham. iii. 2.
- Theoric, *sb.* theory, All's Well, iv. 3. H. v. i. 1. Oth. i. 1.
- Thereabout, *adv.* about that part, Ham. ii. 2.
- Thereafter, *adv.* according, 2 H. iv. iii. 2.
- Thereto, *adv.* besides, in addition, Wint. T. i. 2; Cym. iv. 4.
- Thereunto, *adv.* besides, Oth. ii. 1.
- Thews, *sb.* muscles, sinews, J. C. i. 3; Ham. i. 3.
- Thick, *adv.* rapidly, fast, 2 H. iv. iii. 3; An. and Cl. i. 5.
- Thicken, *v.t.* to grow thick or dark, Macb. iii. 2; An. and Cl. ii. 3.
- Thick-pleached, *adj.* thickly intertwined, Much Ado, i. 2.
- Thickskin, *sb.* a stupid lout, Merry Wives, iv. 5. M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
- Thievery, *sb.* that which is stolen, Tr. and Cr. iv. 4.
- Think, *v.t.* to indulge in sorrowful thoughts, An. and Cl. iii. 13. *v.t.* think much = think it to be a great thing, Temp. i. 2. Think scorn = disdain, M. N's Dr. v. 1, 2 H. vi. iv. 2.
- Thinking, *sb.* thought, All's Well, v. 3; Oth. i. 2.
- Thinks. Thinks't thee = seems it to thee, Ham. v. 2.
- Thirdborough, *sb.* a constable, Tam. of S. ind. 1. This = thus, Ven. and A. 205.
- Thuse, perhaps, in this way, M. N's Dr. i. 2.
- Thorough, *prep.* through, L's L. L. ii. 1.
- Thou, *v.t.* to address one as 'thou,' Tw. N. iii. 2.
- Though, *conj.* what though? = what matters it? Merry Wives, i. 1; As You Like It ii. 3; H. v. ii. 1.
- Thought, *sb.* care, anxiety, sorrow, melancholy, Tw. N. ii. 4; Ham. iii. 1; iv. 5; J. C. ii. 1; An. and Cl. iv. 6.
- Thoughten, *pp.* Be you thoughten = entertain the thought, Per. iv. 6.
- Thought-executing, *adj.* swift as thought in operation, Lear, iii. 2.
- Thoughtful, *adj.* careful, 2 H. iv. iv. 5.
- Thought-sick, *adj.* sick with anxiety or sadness, Ham. iii. 4.
- Thrall, *sb.* slavery, Pass. Pilgr. 266. *adj.* enslaved, Ven. and A. 837.
- Thrall'd, *pp.* enslaved, Ham. iii. 4.
- Thrasonical, *adj.* boastful, As You Like It, v. 2; L's L. v. 1.
- Threaden, *adj.* made of thread, H. v. iii. chor.; Lover's Compl. 33.
- Three-farthings. The three-farthing pieces of Elizabeth, struck in 1561, were very thin, and were distinguished from the pence by having a rose behind the queen's profile, John, i. 1.

Three-man beetle, *a rammer worked by three men*, 2 H. IV. 1. 2.
 Three-man-song-men, *singers of glees in three parts*, Wint. T. iv. 3.
 Three-nooked, *adj.* having three corners, Europe, Asia, and Africa, An. and Cl. iv. 6.
 Three-pile, *sb.* the richest kind of velvet, Wint. T. iv. 3.
 Three-piled, *adj.* having a thick pile, M. for M. 1. 2. Used figuratively, high-flown, superfine, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Threne, *sb.* a funeral song, dirge, Phoenix 49.
 Thrifty, *adj.* won by thrift, As You Like It, ii. 3.
 Throe, *v.t.* to put in agony, Temp. ii. 1. 'To bring forth with agony, An. and Cl. iii. 7.
 Throng, *v.t.* to fill as with a crowd, Ven. and A. 967.
 Thronged, *p.p.* crowded, entirely possessed, Per. i. 1; ii. 1. 'Tressed, as in a crowd, Lucr. 1417.
 Thrustle, *sb.* the song-thrush, M. N's Dr. iii. 1; M. of V. 1. 2.
 Through, *adv.* to go through, or be through with, is to complete a bargain, M. for M. ii. 1; Per. iv. 2; 2 H. IV. 1. 2. Thoroughly, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3; Cym. iv. 2.
 Throughfare, *sb.* thoroughfare, M. of V. ii. 7; Cym. 1. 2.
 Thoroughly, *adv.* thoroughly, Temp. iii. 3; Ham. iv. 5.
 Throw, *sb.* At this throw = at this cast or venture; a figure from dice or bowls, Tw. N. v. 1.
 Thrum, *sb.* the tufted end of a weaver's warp, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Thrummed, *adj.* made of loose tufts, Merry Wives, iv. 2.
 Thunder-stone, *sb.* thunderbolt, J. C. i. 3; Cym. iv. 2.
 Thwart, *adj.* perverse, Lear, i. 4. *v.t.* to cross, Per. iv. 4.
 Ticed, *p.p.* enticed, Tit. And. ii. 3.
 Tickle, *adj.* unstable, tottering, M. for M. 1. 2; 2 H. VI. 1. 1. 'Tickle o' the sere' is an expression used of a musket in which the 'sere' or trigger is moved with the least touch; hence, 'lungs tickle of the sere' are such as are easily provoked to laughter, Ham. ii. 2.
 Tickle-brain, *sb.* said to be a cant name for some strong liquor, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Ticklish, *adj.* wanton, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Tick-tack, *sb.* a kind of backgammon, M. for M. 1. 2.
 Tide, *sb.* time, season, John, iii. 1. The tide of times is the regular course of time, J. C. iii. 1.
 Tight, *adj.* adroit, quick, smart, An. and Cl. iv. 4. Of a ship, watertight, sound, Temp. v. 1; Tem. of S. ii. 1.
 Tightly, *adv.* briskly, smartly, Merry Wives, i. 3; ii. 3.
 T'ke, *sb.* a cur, Lear, iii. 6; H. V. ii. 1.
 Tully-fally or Tilly-vally, *int.* an exclamation of good-natured contempt, 2 H. IV. ii. 4; Tw. N. ii. 3.
 Tillth, *sb.* tillage, Temp. ii. 1; M. for M. 1. 4.
 Tilting, *p.p.* contending, Com. of E. iv. 2.
 Timbered, *p.p.* too slightly timbered = made of too light wood, Ham. iv. 7.
 Time, *sb.* used for 'the time' or 'the times,' Ham. iii. 1. 'The time of scorn' = the scornful time, Oth. iv. 2. 'The time' = the present condition of things, John, iv. 2; v. 7; Macb. iv. 3; Ham. i. 5.

Timeless, *adj.* untimely, R. II. iv. 1; R. and J. v. 3.
 Timely, *adj.* opportune, welcome, Macb. iii. 3. *adv.* early, Macb. ii. 3.
 Timely-parted, *adj.* recently dead, 2 H. VI. iii. 2.
 Time-pleaser, *sb.* a time-server, one who complies with the times, Tw. N. ii. 3; Cor. iii. 1.
 Tinct, *sb.* colour, dye, Ham. iii. 4. Tincture, All's Well, v. 3; An. and Cl. i. 5.
 Tincture, *sb.* dye, colour, Sonn. lrv.; Two G. iv. 4.
 Tire, *sb.* a head-dress, Two G. iv. 4; Merry Wives, iii. 3. Furniture of a bedroom, Per. iii. 2. *v.t.* to feed ravenously, like a bird of prey, Ven. and A. 56; 3 H. VI. i. 1; Tim. of A. iii. 6; Cym. iii. 4. *v.t.* to make to feed ravenously, Lucr. 417.
 Tiring-house, *sb.* a dressing-room, M. N's Dr. iii. 1.
 Tisick, *sb.* phthisic, a cough, Tr. and Cr. vi. 3.
 Tithe, *v.t.* to take tithes, John, iii. 1.
 Tithing, *sb.* a subdivision of a county, Lear, iii. 4. Originally a company of ten householders.
 Title-leaf, *sb.* title page, 2 H. IV. i. 1.
 Tittles, *sb.* trifles, L's L's L. iv. 1.
 To, *prep.* compared to, Temp. i. 2; 1 H. VI. iii. 2. In addition to, John, i. 1; Tr. and Cr. i. 1.
 Toaze, *v.t.* to draw out, disentangle, as wool, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Tod, *sb.* twenty-eight pounds of wool, Wint. T. iv. 3. *v.t.* to yield a tod, Wint. T. iv. 3.
 Tofore, *adv.* before, L's L's L. iii. 1; Tit. And. iii. 1.
 Toge, *sb.* a toga, gown, Cor. ii. 3.
 Toked, *adj.* wearing a toga, gowned, Oth. i. 1.
 Token, *sb.* sign, pledge of love, Two G. iv. 4. *v.t.* to betoken, All's Well, iv. 2.
 Tokened, *adj.* marked with plague spots, An. and Cl. iii. 10.
 Toll, *v.t.* to pay toll, All's Well, v. 3. *v.t.* to take toll, John, iii. 1; 2 H. IV. iv. 5. To sound for, 1 H. IV. i. 1.
 Tombed, *p.p.* buried, Sonn. iv.
 Tomboys, *sb.* coarse strumpets, Cym. i. 6.
 Tongue, *v.t.* to utter with the tongue, Cym. v. 4.
 To denounce, M. for M. iv. 4.
 Tongues, *sb.* votes, Cor. ii. 3; iii. 1.
 Too much, used substantively, Ham. iv. 7.
 Too too, *adv.* repeated for emphasis, Two G. ii. 4; M. of V. ii. 6; Ham. i. 2; Lucr. 174.
 Top, *v.t.* to surpass, Macb. iv. 3; Cor. ii. 1.
 Topless, *adj.* without a superior, supreme, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Topped, *p.p.* having the top cut off, Per. i. 4.
 Torch, *sb.* a torchbearer, All's Well, ii. 1.
 Torch-staves, *sb.* staves to which torches were affixed, H. V. iv. 2.
 Tortive, *adj.* twisted, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Touch, *sb.* sensation, delicate feeling, Temp. v. 1; Two G. ii. 7; R. III. i. 2; Macb. iv. 2.
 Trait, As You Like It, v. 4; Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.
 A dash, spice, R. III. iv. 4. Touchstone, 1 H. IV. iv. 4; R. III. iv. 2. 'Of noble touch' = of tried nobility, Cor. iv. 1. 'Noble touch' = fine test of valour, M. N's Dr. iii. 2. Slight hint, H. VIII. v. 1. 'To know no touch' = to have no skill, R. II. i. 3; Ham. iii. 2. *v.t.* to test, prove, John, iii. 1; Oth. iii. 3.
 Tourney, *v.t.* to tilt, run in a tournament, Per. ii. 1.
 Touse, *v.t.* to pull, tear, M. for M. v. 1.

Toward, *adj.* docile, tractable, Ven. and A. 1157; Tam. of S. v. 2. *adv.* ready at hand, in preparation, M. N's Dr. III. 1; Ham. I. 1.

Towardly, *adj.* docile, Tim. of A. III. 1.

Towards, *adv.* in preparation, R. and J. I. 5.

Tower, *v.t.* to soar, as a bird of prey, John, II. 1; v. 2; Macb. II. 4.

Toy, *sb.* a trifle, idle fancy, folly, M. N's Dr. v. 1; Macb. II. 3; John, I. 1; Ham. I. 4.

Trace, *v.t.* to follow, 1 H. IV. III. 1; Ham. v. 2.

Tract, *sb.* track, Tim. of A. I. 1. Course, Sonn. VII. 1; H. VIII. I. 1.

Trade, *sb.* resort, traffic, R. II. III. 3; 2 H. IV. I. 1. 'The trade of moe preferments' = where moe preferments are to be met with, H. VIII. v. 1. Business, Tw. N. III. 1; Ham. III. 2.

Traded, *adv.* practised, experienced, John, IV. 3. Tr. and Cr. II. 2.

Trade-fallen, *adj.* fallen out of employment, 1 H. IV. IV. 2.

Traducement, *sb.* calumny, Cor. I. 9.

Trafficker, *sb.* trader, merchant, M. of V. I. 1.

Train, *sb.* an allurement, bait, Macb. IV. 3. *v.t.* to entice, decoy, John, III. 4; Tit. And. v. 1.

Traitorly, *adj.* treacherous, Wint. T. IV. 4.

Trammel up, to entangle as in a net, Macb. I. 7.

Tranced, *p.p.* entranced, Lear, v. 3.

Tranect, *sb.* a ferry; a doubtful word. M. of V. III. 4.

Transform, *v.t.* to transform, M. N's Dr. III. 1; Ham. III. 1.

Transport, *v.t.* to remove from the world, M. for M. IV. 3; M. N's Dr. IV. 2.

Transportance, *sb.* conveyance, Tr. and C. III. 2.

Trash, *v.t.* to lop, cut off the branches, Temp. I. 2. To check the pace of a dog when it strips the rest, Tam. of S. ind. 1; Oth. II. 1.

Travail, *v.t.* to labour, toil, All's Well, II. 3; Tim. of A. v. 1.

Travel, *sb.* wandering, roaming, Oth. I. 2. 'After a demure travel of regard, allowing his look to pass gravely from one to another, Tw. N. II. 5. *v.t.* to stroll, Ham. II. 2.

Travel-tainted, *adj.* travel-stained, 2 H. IV. IV. 3.

Traverse, *v.t.* to march to the right or left, 2 H. IV. III. 2; Oth. I. 3. *v.t.* to parry, Merry Wives, II. 3. *adv.* across, As You Like It, III. 4.

Traversed, *p.p.* crossed, folded, Tim. of A. v. 4.

Tray-trip, *sb.* a common game at dice which depended on throwing a tray, Tw. N. II. 5.

Treacher, *sb.* traitor, Lear, I. 2.

Treasonous, *adj.* treasonable, Macb. II. 3.

Treasure, *v.t.* to enrich, Sonn. VI. *sb.* treasury, Sonn. cxxxvi.

Treasury, *sb.* treasure, Wint. T. IV. 4; H. V. I. 2; 2 H. VI. I. 3.

Treaties, *sb.* entreaties, An. and Cl. III. 11.

Treatise, *sb.* discourse, Ven. and A. 774; Macb. v. 5.

Treble, *v.t.* trebles thee o'er = makes thee thrice as great, Temp. II. 1.

Treble-dated, *adj.* living for three generations, Phoenix 17.

Trench, *v.t.* to cut, Ven. and A. 1052; Two G. III. 2; to dig, cut furrows in, 1 H. IV. I. 1. To divert from its course by digging, 1 H. IV. III. 1.

Trenchant, *adj.* sharp, cutting, Tim. of A. IV. 3.

Trencher-friends, *sb.* parasites, Tim. of A. III. 6.

Trencher-knight, *sb.* a servant who waits at table, L's I's L. v. 2.

Trey, *sb.* a three at cards or dice, L's I's L. v. 2.

Tribulation of Tower-hill, perhaps refers to some Puritan congregation, H. VIII. v. 4.

Tribunal plebs, blunder for 'tribunus plebis,' Tit. And. IV. 3.

Trice, *sb.* a short space of time, Tw. N. IV. 2; Lear, I. 1.

Trick, *sb.* a peculiar feature, characteristic expression of look or voice, All's Well, I. 1; John, I. 1; Lear, IV. 6. Custom, habit, M. for M. v. 1; 2 H. IV. I. 2. Knack, art, Ham. v. 1. Trifle, toy, Ham. IV. 4; Wint. T. II. 1. *v.t.* to dress up, adorn, H. V. III. 6. To draw in the language of heraldry, Ham. II. 2.

Tricking, *sb.* ornaments, Merry Wives, IV. 4.

Tricksy, *adj.* full of tricks, sportive, Temp. v. 1. M. of V. III. 5.

Trifle, *v.t.* to reduce to insignificance, Macb. II. 4. *sb.* a toy, Temp. v. 1. M. N's Dr. I. 1.

Trigon, *sb.* a triangle, 2 H. IV. II. 4. When the three superior planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn met in one of the fiery signs, Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius, they were said to form a fiery trigon.

Tiill, *v.t.* to trickle, Lear, IV. 3.

Triple, *adj.* third, All's Well, II. 1; An. and Cl. I. 1.

Triple-turned, *adj.* thrice false, An. and Cl. IV. 12.

Triplex, *sb.* triple time in music, Tw. N. v. 1.

Tristful, *adj.* sorrowful, Ham. III. 4.

Triumph, *sb.* a trump card, An. and Cl. IV. 14.

Triumvir, *sb.* a body of three, L's I's L. IV. 3.

Trojan, *sb.* a cant term for a boon companion or irregular liver, 1 H. IV. II. 1.

Troll, *v.t.* to sing in turn, Temp. III. 2.

Troll-my-dames, *sb.* the French game of *trou madame* Wint. T. IV. 3. It appears to have been somewhat like the modern bagatelle.

Troop, *v.t.* to march in company, 2 H. IV. IV. 1. Lear, I. 1.

Typically, *adv.* figuratively, Ham. III. 2.

Troth, *sb.* truth, M. N's Dr. II. 2; Cor. IV. 5. Faith, Lucr. 571; M. N's Dr. II. 2.

Troth-plight, *sb.* betrothal, Wint. T. I. 2. *p.p.* betrothed, Wint. T. v. 3; H. V. II. 1.

Trow, *v.t.* to think, believe, Lear, I. 4. To know, H. VIII. I. 1. Trow you? = do you know? can you tell? As You Like It, III. 2. 'I trow' is an expression of slight surprise or contempt, R. and J. II. 5; Merry Wives, I. 4; II. 1.

Tuant, *v.t.* to play the truant, Com. of E. III. 2.

Truckle-bed, *sb.* a low bed which runs on castors and can be pushed under another, Merry Wives, IV. 5; R. and J. II. 1.

True, *adj.* honest, Merry Wives, II. 1; Much Ado, III. 3.

Truepenny, *sb.* an honest fellow, Ham. I. 5. Said also to be a mining term, denoting an indication in the soil where ore is to be found.

Truncheon, *v.t.* to cudgel, 2 H. IV. II. 4.

Truncheon, *sb.* a person carrying a truncheon, H. VIII. v. 4.

Trundle-tail, *sb.* a long-tailed dog, Lear, III. 6.

Trunk sleeve, *sb.* a full sleeve, Tam. of S. IV. 3.

Trustless, *adj.* faithless, Lucr. 2.

Try, *sb.* trial, test, Tim. of A. v. 1. 'To bring to try' is to bring a ship as close to the wind as possible, so as to lie to, Temp. I. 1.

Tub-fast, *sb.* the abstinence which attended the use of the tub or salt-bath employed in the cure of venereal disease, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Tuck, *sb.* a rapier, Tw. N. iii. 4; 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Tucket, *sb.* a preliminary flourish on the trumpet, H. V. iv. 2.
 Tuition, *sb.* protection, Much Ado, i. 1.
 Tumbler, *sb.* a tumbler's hoop was bound with parti-coloured ribbands, L's L's L. iii. 1.
 Tun-dish, *sb.* a funnel, M. for M. iii. 2.
 Turk, *sb.* the Grand Turk, the Sultan, 2 H. IV. iii. 2; H. V. v. 2. To turn Turk is to prove a renegade, to change completely for the worse, Ham. iii. 2; Much Ado, iii. 4. Turk Gregory = Pope Gregory VII., 1 H. IV. v. 3.
 Turlygod, a name given to mad beggars, Lear, ii. 3.
 Turn, *v.t.* to modulate or adapt, As You Like It, ii. 5. To return, give back, R. II. iv. 1. *v.i.* to change, alter, Two G. ii. 2. To return, H. V. ii. 2; R. III. iv. 4.
 Turnbull Street. Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell, notorious for prostitutes, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Twangling, *adj.* twanging, jingling, Temp. iii. 2; Tam. of S. ii. 1.
 Tweak, *v.t.* to twitch, Ham. ii. 2.
 Twelve score, twelve score yards, Merry Wives, iii. 2; 1 H. IV. ii. 4, 2 H. IV. iii. 2.
 Twiggen, *adj.* made of twigs or wicker-work, Oth. ii. 3.
 Twiled, *adj.* a word of which the meaning is unknown, Temp. iv. 1. It has been variously supposed to signify 'covered with sedge or reeds,' 'ridged,' 'fringed with matted grass,' or 'smeared with mud.'
 Twink, *sb.* a twinkling, an instant, Temp. iv. 1; Tam. of S. ii. 1.
 Tween, *prep.* between, Ven. and A. 269; Ham. v. 2.
 Twire, *v.i.* to twinkle, Sonn. xxviii.
 Twist, *sb.* a thread, Cor. v. 6.
 Twixt, *prep.* betwixt, Ven. and A. 76; Temp. i. 2.
 Type, *sb.* badge, distinguishing mark, R. III. iv. 4; H. VIII. i. 3.
 Tyrannically, *adv.* violently, Ham. ii. 2.
 Tyrannous, *adj.* tyrannical, Wint. T. ii. 3. Cruel, inhuman, R. III. iv. 3; Ham. ii. 2.
 UMBER, *sb.* a brown colour or pigment, As You Like It, i. 3.
 Umbered, *p.p.* darkened, embrowned, H. V. iv. chor.
 Umbrage, *sb.* shadow, Ham. v. 2.
 Unable, *adj.* weak, feeble, H. V. epil.; Lear, i. 1.
 Unaccommodated, *p.p.* unfurnished with what is necessary, Lear, iii. 4.
 Unactive, *adj.* inactive, Cor. i. 1.
 Unadvised, *adj.* without intention, Lucr. 1488; Two G. iv. 4. Inconsiderate, rash, John, ii. 1; v. 2.
 Unadvisedly, *adv.* inconsiderately, R. III. iv. 4.
 Unagreeable, *adj.* unsuitable, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Unealed, *adj.* without having received extreme unction, Ham. i. 5.
 Unapproved, *adj.* unconfirmed, Lover's Compl. 53.
 Unaptness, *sb.* disinclination, Tim. of A. ii. 2.
 Unattainted, *adj.* unimpaired, unprejudiced, R. and J. i. 2.

Unavoided, *adj.* inevitable, R. II. ii. 1; R. III. iv. 4.
 Unbanded, *adj.* without a band, As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Unbarbed, *adj.* unarmoured, bare, Cor. iii. 2.
 Unbated, *adj.* unblunted, Ham. iv. 7; v. 2.
 Unbegot, *adj.* unbegotten, R. II. iii. 3.
 Unbid, *adj.* uninvited, 3 H. VI. v. 1.
 Unbidden, *adj.* uninvited, 1 H. VI. ii. 2.
 Unblown, *adj.* unopened, R. III. iv. 4.
 Unbolt, *v.i.* to open, reveal, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Unbolted, *adj.* unsifted, coarse, Lear, ii. 2.
 Unbonneted, *adj.* without taking off the cap, on equal terms, Oth. i. 2.
 Unbookish, *adj.* ignorant, unskilled, Oth. iv. 1.
 Unbraced, *adj.* unbuttoned, J. C. i. 3; Ham. ii. 1.
 Unbraided, *adj.* perhaps for 'embroidered,' Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Unbreathed, *adj.* unexercised, untrained, M. N's Dr. v. 1.
 Unbroke, *adj.* unbroken, R. II. iv. 1.
 Uncapable, *adj.* incapable, M. of V. iv. 1; Oth. iv. 2.
 Uncape, *v.t.* to throw off the hound-, uncouple, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Uncase, *v.i.* to undress, L's L's L. v. 2, Tam. of S. i. 1.
 Uncharge, *v.t.* to acquit of blame, make no accusation against, Ham. iv. 7.
 Uncharged, *adj.* unassailed, Tim. of A. v. 4.
 Unchary, *adv.* heedlessly, Tw. N. iii. 4.
 Unchecked, *adj.* uncontradicted, M. of V. iii. 1.
 Unchilded, *p.p.* deprived of children, Cor. v. 6.
 Uncivil, *adj.* unmannerly, rude, uncivilized, Two G. v. 4; Tw. N. ii. 3; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.
 Unclasp, *v.t.* to disclose, reveal, Much Ado, i. 1; Wint. T. iii. 2.
 Unclew, *v.t.* to unwind, unfasten, undo, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Uncoined, *adj.* not stamped and passed from one to another like current coin, but plain metal which had received no impression, H. V. v. 2.
 Uncoltd, *adj.* deprived of one's horse, 1 H. IV. ii. 2.
 Uncomprehensive, *adj.* incomprehensible, Ti. and Cr. iii. 3.
 Unconfinable, *adj.* unrestrainable, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Unconfirmed, *adj.* inexperienced, Much Ado, iii. 3; L's L's L. iv. 2.
 Uncouth, *adj.* unknown, strange, As You Like It, ii. 6; Tit. And. ii. 3.
 Uction, *sb.* an ointment, salve, Ham. iii. 4; iv. 7.
 Uncurse, *v.t.* to free from a curse, R. III. iii. 2.
 Undeaf, *v.t.* to free from deafness, R. II. ii. 1.
 Undeuded, *adj.* not marked by any feat of arms, Macb. v. 7.
 Under, *adj.* the under-fiends = the fiends below, Cor. iv. 5.
 Underbear, *v.t.* to undergo, endure, John, iii. 1; R. II. i. 4.
 Underborne, *p.p.* bordered, or perhaps lined, Much Ado, iii. 4.
 Undercrest, *v.t.* to wear as a crest, Cor. i. 9.
 Undergo, *v.t.* to undertake, Two G. v. 4; J. C. i. 3. To endure, sustain, enjoy, M. for M. i. 1; Ham. i. 4.
 Undergoing, *adj.* enduring, Temp. i. 2.
 Under-skinker, *sb.* an under-drawer or tapster, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.

Undertake, *v.t.* to engage with, Merry Wives, III. 5; Tw. N. I. 3. To assume, Tam. of S. IV. 2.
 Undertaker, *sb.* one who takes upon himself the business of others, as surety or agent, Tw. N. III. 4. 'Let me be his undertaker' = let me be responsible for him, Oth. IV. 1.
 Undervalued, *adj.* inferior in value, M. of V. I. 1. II. 7.
 Underwrite, *v.t.* to subscribe to, submit to, Tl. and Cr. II. 3.
 Underwrought, *p.p.* undermined, John, II. 1.
 Undeserve, *sb.* a person of no merit, 2 H. IV. II. 4; J. C. IV. 3.
 Undeserving, *adj.* undeserved, L's L's L. v. 2. Taken by some as a substantive, in the sense of 'want of merit.'
 Undisposed, *adj.* not inclined to merriment, Com. of E. I. 2.
 Undistinguished, *adj.* that cannot be distinctly traced, inexpressible, Lear, IV. 6.
 Undividable, *adj.* undivided, Com. of E. II. 2.
 Undone, *p.p.* solved, Per. I. 1.
 Uneared, *p.p.* unploughed, Sonn. III.
 Uneath, *adv.* hardly, with difficulty, 2 H. VI. II. 4.
 Uneffectual, *adj.* ineffectual, Ham. I. 5.
 Unexperient, *adj.* inexperienced, Lover's Compl. 318.
 Unexpressive, *adj.* inexpressible, As You Like It, III. 2.
 Unfair, *v.t.* to deprive of beauty, Sonn. v.
 Unfathered, *adj.* not produced in the ordinary course of nature, 2 H. IV. IV. 4.
 Unfellowed, *adj.* without an equal, Ham. v. 2.
 Unfenced, *adj.* unprotected, defences, John, II. 1.
 Unfolding, *adj.* 'The unfolding star' is the star which by its rising marks the time for letting the sheep out of the fold, M. for M. IV. 2.
 Unfool, *v.t.* to take away the reproach of folly, Merry Wives, IV. 2.
 Unfurnish, *v.t.* to deprive, Wint. T. v. 1.
 Unfurnished, *p.p.* unprovided with a companion, M. of V. III. 2.
 Ungentured, *adj.* without the power of procreation, M. for M. III. 2.
 Ungird, *v.t.* to relax, Tw. N. IV. 1.
 Ungored, *adj.* unwounded, Ham. v. 2.
 Ungot, *p.p.* unbegotten, M. for M. v. 1.
 Ungotten, *p.p.* unbegotten, H. V. I. 2.
 Ungracious, *adj.* graceless, wicked, Tw. N. IV. 1; Ham. I. 3.
 Ungravely, *adv.* without dignity or seriousness, Cor. II. 3.
 Unhair, *v.t.* to strip the hair from, An. and Cl. II. 5.
 Unhaired, *adj.* unbearded, John, v. 2.
 Unhandsome, *adj.* unbecoming, As You Like It, epil.; 1 H. IV. I. 3.
 Unhappied, *p.p.* rendered unhappy, R. II. III. 1.
 Unhappily, *adv.* unluckily, unfortunately, Ham. IV. 5. Lear, I. 2.
 Unhappiness, *sb.* mischievousness, capacity for evil, R. III. I. 2. Mischievous, Much Ado, II. 1.
 Unhappy, *adj.* mischievous, unlucky, All's Well, IV. 5; Cym. v. 5.
 Unhatched, *p.p.* undisclosed, Oth. III. 4. Untracked, Tw. N. III. 4.
 Unheart, *v.t.* to dishearten, Cor. v. 1.
 Unheedy, *adj.* inconsiderate, M. N's Dr. I. 1.

Unhelpful, *adj.* unavailing, 2 H. VI. III. 1.
 Unhoused, *adj.* without the care of a household, unmarried, Oth. I. 2.
 Unhouselled, *p.p.* without having received the sacrament, Ham. I. 5.
 Unhurtful, *adj.* harmless, M. for M. III. 2.
 Unimproved, *p.p.* unchecked, ungovernable, Ham. I. 1.
 Unintelligent, *adj.* not being aware, Wint. T. I. 1.
 Union, *sb.* a large pearl, Ham. v. 2.
 Unjoined, *adj.* disjointed, incoherent, 1 H. IV. I. 3.
 Unjust, *adj.* dishonest, Wint. T. IV. 4; 1 H. IV. IV. 2.
 Unjustly, *adv.* dishonestly, unfairly, All's Well, IV. 2.
 Unkennel, *v.t.* to disclose, Ham. III. 2.
 Unkind, *adj.* unnatural, Lear, I. 1; III. 4; As You Like It, II. 7. Childless, Ven. and A. 204.
 Unkinged, *p.p.* deprived of royalty, dethroned, R. II. IV. 1; 5.
 Unkinglike, *adj.* unkingly, Cym. III. 5.
 Unkiss, *v.t.* to undo by a kiss, R. II. v. 1.
 Unlace, *v.t.* to undo, Oth. II. 3.
 Unlike, *adj.* unlikely, M. for M. v. 1. Cor. III. 1.
 Unlived, *p.p.* deprived of life, Lucr. 1754.
 Unlooked, *adj.* unexpected, R. III. I. 3.
 Unlustrous, *adj.* dim, wanting lustre, Cym. I. 6.
 Unmanned, *adj.* untamed, untrained, used of a falcon, R. and J. III. 2.
 Unmastered, *adj.* unrestrained, Ham. I. 3.
 Unmeasurable, *adj.* immeasurable, Merry Wives, II. 1; Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Unmeet, *adj.* unfit, Much Ado, IV. 1.
 Unmeritable, *adj.* devoid of merit, R. III. III. 7; J. C. IV. 1.
 Unmeriting, *adj.* undeserving, Cor. II. 1.
 Unmuzzled, *adj.* unrestrained, Tw. N. III. 1.
 Unnerved, *adj.* strengthless, Ham. II. 2.
 Unnoble, *adj.* ignoble, An. and Cl. III. 2.
 Unnumbered, *adj.* innumerable, J. C. III. 1; Lear, IV. 6.
 Unowned, *adj.* unowned, having no owner, John, IV. 3.
 Unparagoned, *adj.* matchless, Cym. I. 4; II. 2.
 Unpartial, *adj.* impartial, H. VIII. II. 2.
 Unpathed, *adj.* trackless, Wint. T. IV. 4.
 Unpaved, *adj.* without stones, Cym. II. 3.
 Unpay, *v.t.* to do away by payment, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Unpeaceable, *adj.* quarrelsome, Tim. of A. I. 1.
 Unperfect, *adj.* imperfect, Sonn. XXIII.
 Unperfectness, *sb.* imperfection, Oth. II. 3.
 Unpoked, *adj.* not poked or pierced with eyelet holes, I. am. of S. IV. 1.
 Unpitied, *adj.* unmerciful, M. for M. IV. 2.
 Unplausible, *adj.* unapplauding, disapproving, Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Unpromised, *adj.* devoid of policy or foresight, An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Unpossessing, *adj.* without possessions, Lear, II. 1.
 Unpossible, *adj.* impossible, R. II. II. 2.
 Unpregnant, *adj.* unable to conceive, having no sense or understanding, M. for M. IV. 4; Ham. II. 2.
 Unprevailing, *adj.* unavailing, Ham. I. 2.
 Unprizable, *adj.* invaluable, Cym. I. 4; Tw. N. v. 1.
 Unprized, *adj.* unvalued, Lear, I. 1. Or perhaps, priceless.

- Unprofited, *adj.* profitless, Tw. N. i. 4.
 Unproper, *adj.* not one's own, common, Oth. iv. 1.
 Unproperly, *adv.* improperly, Cor. v. 3.
 Unproportioned, *adj.* unsuitable, not in harmony with the occasion, Ham. i. 3.
 Unprovide, *v.t.* to furnish, make unprepared, Oth. iv. 1.
 Unprovided, *p.p.* unprepared, H. V. iv. 1. Unfurnished, Per. ii. 1.
 Unprovident, *adj.* improvident, Sonn. x.
 Unqualified, *adj.* deprived of one's faculties, An. and Cl. iii. 11.
 Unquestionable, *adj.* averse to conversation, As You Like It, iii. 2.
 Unquiet, *sb.* disquiet, Per. prol. 2. *adj.* restless, M. of V. iii. 2.
 Unquietness, *sb.* disquiet, disturbance, Much Ado, i. 3; Oth. iii. 4.
 Unraised, *adj.* depressed, not elevated, H. V. prol.
 Unraked, *adj.* not raked together, not made up for the night, Merry Wives, v. 5.
 Unready, *adj.* undressed, 1 H. VI. ii. 11.
 Unrecalling, *adj.* past recall, Lucr. 993.
 Unreclaimed, *adj.* untamed, Ham. ii. 1.
 Unreconcilable, *adj.* irreconcilable, An. and Cl. v. 1.
 Unrecurring, *adj.* incurable, Tit. And. iii. 1.
 Unremoveable, *adj.* irremoveable, Lear, ii. 4.
 Unremoveably, *adv.* irremoveably, Tim. of A. v. 1.
 Unretrievable, *adj.* not to be relieved, John, v. 7.
 Unresisted, *adj.* irresistible, Lucr. 282.
 Unrespected, *adj.* unregarded, Sonn. xliii. liv.
 Unrespective, *adj.* heedless, R. III. iv. 2. An 'unrespective sieve' or voider is one into which things are carelessly thrown, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
 Unrest, *sb.* disquiet, R. II. ii. 4; R. III. iv. 4; Lucr. 1725.
 Unreverend, *adj.* irreverend, Two G. ii. 6; M. for M. v. 1.
 Unreverent, *adj.* irreverend, Tam. of S. iii. 2; R. II. ii. 1.
 Unrightful, *adj.* illegitimate, R. II. v. 1.
 Unrolled, *p.p.* struck off the roll, Wint. T. iv. 3.
 Unroosted, *p.p.* driven from the roost, Wint. T. ii. 3.
 Unroot, *v.t.* to uproot, All's Well, v. 1.
 Unrough, *adj.* beardless, Macb. v. 2.
 Unsatiated, *adj.* insatiate, R. III. iii. 5.
 Unscanned, *adj.* unobservant, inconsiderate, Cor. iii. 1.
 Unseam, *v.t.* to rip open, Macb. i. 2.
 Unseasonable, *adj.* not in season, Lucr. 581.
 Unseasoned, *adj.* unseasonable, 2 H. IV. iii. 1.
 Untrained, All's Well, i. 1.
 Unsecret, *adj.* wanting in secrecy or reticence, Tr. and Cr. iii. 2.
 Unseeming, *p.p.* not seeming, L's L's L. ii. 1.
 Unseminared, *p.p.* deprived of seed or virility, An. and Cl. i. 5.
 Unseparable, *adj.* inseparable, Cor. iv. 4.
 Unset, *p.p.* unplanted, Sonn. xvi.
 Unsevered, *adj.* inseparable, Cor. iii. 2.
 Unshaken, *p.p.* unshaken, J. C. iii. 1; Cym. ii. 1.
 Unshape, *v.t.* to disorder, derange, M. for M. iv. 4.
 Unshaped, *adj.* without form, artless, Ham. iv. 5.
 Unshapen, *adj.* misshapen, R. III. i. 2.
 Unshunnable, *adj.* inevitable, Oth. iii. 3.
 Unshunned, *adj.* inevitable, M. for M. iii. 2.
 Unsifted, *p.p.* untried, inexperienced, Ham. i. 3.
 Unsisting, *adj.* unresting, M. for M. iv. 2. A doubtful word.
 Unsmirched, *adj.* unsoiled, Ham. iv. 5.
 Unsorted, *adj.* unsuitable, 1 H. IV. ii. 3.
 Unsphere, *v.t.* to remove from its orbit, Wint. T. i. 2.
 Unspoke, *p.p.* unspoken, Lear, i. 1.
 Unsquarred, *p.p.* unsuitable, Tr. and Cr. i. 3.
 Unstanch'd, *p.p.* that cannot hold water, Temp. i. 1. Unquenchable, 3 H. VI. ii. 6.
 Unstate, *v.t.* to deprive of dignity, Lear, i. 2; An. and Cl. iii. 13.
 Unsubstantial, *adj.* insubstantial, immaterial, R. and J. v. 3; Lear, iv. 1.
 Unsure, *adj.* insecure, unsafe, 2 H. IV. i. 3; Ham. iv. 4. Uncertain, John, iii. 1; Oth. iii. 3; Macb. v. 4.
 Unsure, *p.p.* rendered insecure, John, ii. 1.
 Unswear, *v.t.* to recant, retract, John, iii. 1; Oth. iv. 1.
 Untainted, *p.p.* unblemished, Sonn. xix. Not stained by any charge of crime, R. III. iii. 6.
 Untangle, *v.t.* to disentangle, unravel, Tw. N. ii. 2; R. and J. i. 4.
 Untaught, *adj.* rude, unmannerly, M. for M. ii. 4; 1 H. IV. i. 3; R. and J. v. 3.
 Untempering, *adj.* incapable of exercising any softening influence, H. V. v. 2.
 Untent, *v.t.* to bring out of a tent, Tr. and Cr. ii. 3.
 Untented, *adj.* that cannot be tented or probed, incurable, Lear, i. 4.
 Unthread, *v.t.* to withdraw the thread from, John, v. 4.
 Unthrift, *sb.* a prodigal, spendthrift, Sonn. ix. xiii. R. II. ii. 3. *adj.* prodigal, good for nothing, Tim. of A. iv. 3; M. of V. v. 1.
 Unthrifty, *adj.* good for nothing, M. of V. i. 3; R. II. v. 3.
 Untie, *v.t.* to solve, Cym. v. 4. To dissolve, break, Temp. v. 1.
 Untirable, *adj.* indefatigable, Tim. of A. i. 1.
 Untoward, *adj.* refractory, unmannerly, Tam. of S. iv. 5; John, i. 1.
 Untraded, *adj.* unhackneyed, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Untread, *v.t.* to retrace, M. of V. ii. 6; John, v. 4; Ven. and A. 908.
 Untreasured, *p.p.* robbed, deprived as of a treasure, As You Like It, ii. 2.
 Untried, *p.p.* unexamined, Wint. T. iv. 1.
 Untrimmed, *p.p.* with hair dishevelled or hanging loose, as was the custom with brides, John, iii. 1.
 Untrod, *adj.* untrodden, pathless, J. C. iii. 1.
 Untrussing, *sb.* unfastening the points of one's dress, M. for M. iii. 2.
 Untucked, *p.p.* dishevelled, Lover's Compl. 31.
 Unvalued, *adj.* inestimable, R. III. i. 4.
 Unwares, *adv.* unintentionally, 3 H. VI. ii. 5.
 Unwarily, *adv.* unexpectedly, at unawares, John, v. 7.
 Unweighed, *adj.* inconsiderate, reckless, Merry Wives, ii. 1.
 Unweighing, *adj.* thoughtless, M. for M. iii. 2.
 Unworthy, *p.p.* deprived of intelligence, Oth. ii. 3.
 Unworthy, *adj.* undeserved, R. III. i. 2.
 Unyoke, *v.t.* to put off the yoke, as at the end of a day's work, Ham. v. i. *v.t.* to disjoin, John, iii. 1.

Unyoked, *adj.* uncontrolled, licentious, 1 H. IV. 1. 2.

Up, *adv.* up in arms, 1 H. IV. iii. 2; 2 H. IV. 1. 1; R. III. iv. 4.

Up-cast, *sb.* the final throw at the game of bowls, Cym. ii. 1.

Upfill, *v.t.* to fill up, R. and J. ii. 3.

Upboarded, *p.p.* boarded, stored up, Ham. 1. 1.

Up-locked, *p.p.* locked up, Sonn. Lii.

Upmost, *adj.* uppermost, topmost, J. C. ii. 1.

Up-pricked, *p.p.* pricked up, Ven. and A. 271.

Upright, *adv.* upward, straight up, Lear, iv. 6; 2 H. VI. iii. 1.

Uprise, *sb.* the rising of the sun, Tit. And. iii. 1; An. and Cl. iv. 12.

Uprising, *sb.* ascent, L's L's L. iv. 1.

Uproar, *v.t.* to throw into confusion, Macb. iv. 3.

Upshoot, *sb.* the decisive shot, L's L's L. iv. 1.

Upspring, *sb.* a boisterous bacchanalian dance.

Used adjectively, Ham. 1. 4.

Upstaring, *p.p.* standing on end, Temp. 1. 2.

Upswarmed, *p.p.* raised in swarms, 2 H. IV. iv. 2.

Up-till, *prep.* up to, against, Pass. Pilgr. 82.

Upward, *adv.* upwards, H. VIII. ii. 4. *sb.* top, Lear, v. 3.

Urchin, *sb.* a hedgehog, Temp. 1. 2; Tit. And. iii. 3. A goblin, Merry Wives, iv. 4.

Urchin-shows, *sb.* apparitions of urchins or goblins, Temp. ii. 2.

Urchin-shouted, *adv.* with a snout like an urchin or hedgehog, Ven. and A. 1105.

Usance, *sb.* interest, M. of V. 1. 3.

Use, *sb.* in use = in trust, not in absolute possession, M. of V. 1. 1; An. and Cl. 1. 3.

Interest, M. for M. 1. 1; Much Ado, ii. 1; Tw. N. iii. 1. *v.t.* to behave oneself, H. VIII. iii. 1.

Uses, *sb.* manners, usages, Ham. 1. 2.

Usuring, *adj.* taking usury, usurious, Tim. of A. iii. 5, iv. 3.

Utis, *sb.* boisterous merriment, outcry, 2 H. IV. iii. 4.

Utterance, *sb.* to the utterance = Fr. *à outrance*, to the last extremity, Macb. iii. 1. 'At utterance' = at all hazards, Cym. iii. 1.

VACANCY, *sb.* leisure, An. and Cl. 1. 4.

Vade, *v.t.* to fade, Pass. Pilgr. 131.

Vagrom, blunder for 'vagrant', Much Ado, iii. 3.

Vail, *sb.* the setting or going down of the sun, Tr. and Cr. v. 8. *v.t.* to let fall, lower, M. of V. 1. 1; 1 H. VI. v. 3; Ham. 1. 2. *v.t.* to bow, Per. iv. prol.

Vails, *sb.* profits or perquisites received by servants, Per. ii. 1.

Vain, *adj.* for vain = to no purpose, M. for M. ii. 4.

Vainly, *adv.* erroneously, 2 H. IV. iv. 5.

Vainness, *sb.* boastfulness, Tw. N. iii. 4. Vanity, H. V. chor.

Valance, *sb.* fringes, Tam. of S. ii. 1.

Valenced, *p.p.* fringed, Ham. ii. 2.

Valiantness, *sb.* bravery, Cor. iii. 2.

Validity, *sb.* strength, efficacy, Ham. iii. 2.

Value, All's Well, v. 3. Tw. N. 1. 1.

Valued, *p.p.* 'The valued file' is the catalogue in which the items are distinguished according to their worth, a price list, Macb. iii. 1.

Van, *sb.* the vanguard, first line of battle, An. and Cl. iv. 6.

Vantage, *sb.* advantage, profit, John, ii. 1; Cor. 1. 1. Opportunity, occasion, Merry Wives, iv. 6; M. of V. iii. 2. 'Of vantage', from an advantageous position, Ham. iii. 3. 'To the vantage', to boot, into the bargain, Oth. iv. 3.

Superiority, M. N's Dr. 1. 1; H. V. iii. 6; iv. 1; 2 H. IV. ii. 3.

Vanbrance, *sb.* armour for the fore-arm, Tr. and Cr. 1. 3.

Vara, *adv.* very, L's L's L. v. 2.

Variance, *sb.* quarrel, An. and Cl. ii. 6.

Varlet, *sb.* a servant, H. V. iv. 2; Tr. and Cr. 1. 1. Used as a term of reproach, like knave, Temp. iv. 1; Much Ado, iv. 2.

Varletry, *sb.* rabble, An. and Cl. v. 2.

Varnished, *p.p.* painted, M. of V. ii. 5.

Vary, *sb.* variation, caprice, Lear, ii. 2.

Vassalage, *sb.* vassals, subjects, Tr. and Cl. iii. 2.

Vast, *adj.* waste, desolate, and in a secondary sense limitless, R. III. 1. 4; Tit. And. iv. 1; v. 2; John, iv. 3. *sb.* a boundless ocean, Wint. T. 1. 1; Per. iii. 1. 'Vast of night' is the desolate and dark period of night when no living thing can be seen, Temp. 1. 2; Ham. 1. 2.

Vastitude, *sb.* vastness, immensity, M. for M. iii. 1.

Vastly, *adv.* desolately, like a waste, Lucr. 1740.

Vasty, *adj.* vast, boundless, M. of V. ii. 7; 1 H. IV. iii. 1.

Vaults, *sb.* vaults, caverns, H. V. ii. 4.

Vaulty, *adj.* arched, vaulted, John, iii. 4; v. 2; R. and J. iii. 5.

Vaunt, *sb.* the van, first beginning, Tr. and Cr. prol.

Vaunt-couriers, *sb.* forerunners, Lear, iii. 2.

Vaunder, *sb.* a boarder, Tit. And. v. 3.

Vaward, *sb.* the vanguard, H. V. iv. 3; Cor. 1. 6. The forefront, M. N's Dr. iv. 1; 2 H. IV. 1. 2.

Vegetives, *sb.* vegetables, plants, Per. iii. 2.

Velure, *sb.* velvet, Tam. of S. iii. 2.

Velvet-guards, *sb.* velvet-trimmings, applied metaphorically to the persons who wear them, 1 H. IV. iii. 1.

Venev or Venue, *sb.* a bout or turn at fencing, a hit, Merry Wives, 1. 1. Used figuratively, L's L's L. v. 1.

Venge, *v.t.* to avenge, R. II. 1. 2; Lear, iv. 2.

Vengeance, *sb.* mischief, As You Like It, iv. 3; Tit. And. ii. 3. Used adverbially, Cor. ii. 2.

Vengeful, *adj.* revengeful, vindictive, 2 H. VI. iii. 2; Tit. And. v. 2; Sonn. xcix.

Venom, used adjectively, venomous, pernicious, R. III. 1. 3; Lucr. 850.

Venomed, *p.p.* poisonous, R. III. 1. 2; Tim. of A. iv. 3.

Venomous, *adj.* 'Venomous wights' are those filled with venom and spite, T. and Cr. iv. 2.

Vent, *sb.* a discharge, An. and Cl. v. 2. 'Full of vent', like wine, full of working, effervescent, opposed to 'mulled', Cor. iv. 5. It is also explained as a hunting term, of dogs full of the scent of the game and eager for pursuit. *v.t.* to dispose of, vend, Cor. 1. 1.

Ventages, *sb.* apertures, Ham. iii. 2.

Ventricle, *sb.* a cavity. The old anatomists divided the brain into three ventricles, in the hindmost of which, the cerebellum, they placed memory, L's L's L. iv. 2.

- Verbal, *adj.* playing with words, Cym. II. 3.
 Verge, *sb.* compass, R. II. II. 1; R. III. IV. 1.
 Verified, perhaps blunder for 'certified,' Much Ado, v. 1.
 Veronesa, a ship of Verona, Oth. II. 1.
 Versal, blunder for 'universal,' R. and J. II. 4.
 Verse, *v.t.* versing love = writing love songs, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Very, *adj.* true, Two G. III. 2; M. of V. III. 2.
 Via! *int.* away with you, get forward; on! Merry Wives, II. 2; M. of V. II. 2.
 Viand, *sb.* food, victuals, Cor. I. 1.
 Vice, *sb.* the buffoon in the old morality plays, Tw. N. IV. 2; R. III. III. 1; Ham. III. 4. *v.t.* to screw, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Vicious, *adj.* blameable, wrong, Oth. III. 3; Cym. v. 5.
 Victual, *sb.* victuals, Much Ado, I. 1.
 Vie, *v.t.* to stake at cards; hence, to challenge, contend with, An. and Cl. v. 2; Tam. of S. II. 1; Per. III. 1.
 Viewless, *adj.* invisible, M. for M. III. 1.
 Vigilant, blunder for 'vigilant,' Much Ado, III. 3.
 Villagery, *sb.* village population, peasantry, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
 Villain, *sb.* a bondman, serf, As You Like It, I. 1; Lear, III. 7. Used in familiar addresses, without any opprobrious sense, like 'rogue,' Wint. T. I. 2; Tw. N. II. 5; Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Villain-like, *adv.* villainously, Lear, v. 3.
 Villanous, *adv.* villainously, Temp. IV. 1.
 Villany, *sb.* mischief, Merry Wives, II. 1; Tam. of S. IV. 3.
 Villiagio, Ital. *nightacco*, a base coward, 2 H. VI. IV. 8.
 Vindicative, *adj.* vindictive, Tr. and Cr. IV. 5.
 Vinewedst, *adj.* mouldiest, Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
 Viol, *sb.* a six-stringed guitar, R. II. I. 3.
 Viol-de-gamboys, *sb.* a bass-viol or violoncello, Tw. N. I. 3.
 Violent, *v.t.* to act violently, rage, Tr. and Cr. IV. 4.
 Virgin, *v.t.* to virgin it, is to play the virgin, remain a virgin, Cor. v. 3.
 Virginal, *adj.* maidenly, 2 H. VI. v. 2; Cor. v. 2.
 Virginalling, *pr.p.* playing with the fingers as upon the virginals, Wint. T. I. 2.
 Virtue, *sb.* valour, courage, Lear, v. 3; Cor. I. 1. Essence, essential quality, Temp. I. 2; M. N's Dr. IV. 1; Tim. of A. III. 5.
 Virtuous, *adj.* efficacious, powerful, Oth. III. 4. Essential, M. N's Dr. III. 2; 2 H. IV. IV. 5. 'Virtuous season' = benignant influence, M. for M. II. 2.
 Visited, *pr.p.* attacked by the plague, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Visitings, *sb.* attacks, Macb. I. 5.
 Visor, *sb.* a mask, Much Ado, II. 1; L's L's L. v. 2.
 Vizaments, *sb.* advisements, in Sir Hugh Evans's language, Merry Wives, I. 1.
 Vizard, *sb.* a mask, R. III. II. 2; Macb. III. 2.
 Vizarded, *pr.p.* masked, disguised, Merry Wives, IV. 6; Tr. and Cr. I. 3.
 Vizard-like, *adj.* like a mask, 3 H. VI. I. 4.
 Voice, *sb.* vote, R. III. III. 2, Cor. II. 2. *v.t.* to vote, nominate, Cor. II. 3. To proclaim, Tim. of A. IV. 3.
 Void, *v.t.* to avoid, Cor. IV. 5. To quit, H. V. IV. 7. To emit, vomit, M. of V. I. 3; H. V. III. 5; Tim. of A. I. 2.
 Voiding lobby, *sb.* an ante-room into which the apartments of a mansion, as it were, emptied themselves, 2 H. VI. IV. 1.
 Volable, *adj.* quick-witted, L's L's L. III. 1.
 Volley, *v.t.* to discharge, utter with violence, An. and Cl. II. 7; Ven. and A. 921.
 Volquessen, Vexin, John, II. 1.
 Voluntary, *sb.* a volunteer, John, II. 1, Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
 Votaress, *sb.* a female votary, M. N's Dr. II. 1; Per. IV. prol. 4.
 Votarist, *sb.* a votary, M. for M. I. 4; Oth. IV. 2.
 Vouch, *sb.* testimony, guarantee, M. for M. II. 4; Cor. II. 3; Oth. II. 1. *v.t.* to assert, solemnly affirm, warrant, Temp. II. 1; Macb. III. 4; Oth. I. 3.
 Vowed, *pr.p.* sworn, M. for M. v. 1; L's L's L. v. 2.
 Vow-fellow, *sb.* one bound by the same vow, L's L's L. II. 1.
 Voyage, *sb.* enterprise, Merry Wives, II. 1; Tw. N. III. 1.
 Vulgar, *adj.* common, ordinary, Tw. N. III. 1; Ham. I. 2; I. 3. Public, An. and Cl. III. 13; Sonn. cxii. Common to all, John, II. 1. 'The vulgar heart' = the heart of the people, 2 H. VI. I. 3. 'A vulgar station' = a standing-place in the crowd, Cor. II. 1. *sb.* the common people, H. V. IV. 7; J. C. I. 1. The common tongue, As You Like It, v. 1.
 Vulgarly, *adv.* publicly, M. for M. v. 1.
 WAFT, *v.t.* to beckon, M. of V. v. 1; Com. of E. II. 2. To turn, Wint. T. I. 2. To convey by water, John, II. 1; 2 H. VI. IV. 1.
 Waftage, *sb.* conveyance by water, Com. of E. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Wafture, *sb.* the gesture of waving, J. C. II. 1.
 Wag, *v.t.* and *v.t.* to move, stir, R. III. III. 5. To move to and fro, Ham. III. 4; v. 1; M. of V. IV. 1. To go one's way, Merry Wives, I. 3; Much Ado, v. 1.
 Wage, *v.t.* to stake, Lear, I. 1; Cym. I. 4. To venture, hazard, 1 H. IV. IV. 4; Oth. I. 3. To remunerate, Cor. v. 6. *v.t.* to contend, Lear, I. 4. To be on an equality, An. and Cl. v. 1; Per. IV. 2.
 Wagging, *sb.* wagging, shaking, Much Ado, II. 1.
 Waggon, *sb.* chariot, Wint. T. IV. 4; R. and J. I. 4.
 Waggoner, *sb.* charioteer, R. and J. I. 4; III. 2.
 Waifful, *adj.* doleful, Two G. III. 2.
 Wainropes, *sb.* waggon-ropes, Tw. N. III. 2.
 Waist, *sb.* the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and fore-castle, Temp. I. 2.
 Wake, *sb.* waking, 1 H. IV. III. 1; Lear, I. 2; III. 2. *v.t.* to keep late revels, Ham. I. 4; Sonn. LXI.
 Wakes, *sb.* feasts, late revels, L's L's L. v. 2; Wint. T. IV. 3; Lear, III. 6.
 Wallet, *sb.* a bag, sack, Temp. III. 3; Tr. and Cr. III. 3.
 Wall-eyed, *adj.* fierce-eyed; properly used of eyes in which the iris is white or wanting in colour, John, IV. 3.
 Wall-newt, *sb.* a lizard, Lear, III. 4.
 Wan, *v.t.* to turn pale, Ham. II. 2.
 Wanion, *sb.* With a wanion = with a vengeance, Per. II. 1.
 Wanting, *pr.p.* deficient in, unskilled in, R. II. III. 3.

Wanton, *sb.* one brought up in luxury, an effeminate person, John, v. 1; Ham. v. 2. *v.i.* to play, dally, Wint. T. II. 1; Ven. and A. 106.
 Wantonly, *adv.* playfully, sportively, Sonn. LIV.
 Wantonness, *sb.* sport, frivolity, John, IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. III. 3. Lasciviousness, Merry Wives, IV. 2. Affectation, Ham. III. 1.
 Want-wit, *sb.* an idiot, M. of V. I. 1.
 Wappened, *p.p.* worn out, stale, Tim of A. IV. 3.
 Ward, *sb.* guardianship, All's Well, I. 1. Defence, L's L's L. III. 1. Guard in fencing, posture of defence, Temp. I. 2; 1 H. IV. II. 4. Prison, custody, 2 H. VI. v. 1. A cell, Ham. II. 2. A bolt, Tim. of A. III. 3; Lucr. 303. *v.t.* to guard, R. III. v. 3; Tr. and Cr. I. 2.
 Warden, *sb.* a large baking pear, Wint. T. IV. 3.
 •Warder, *sb.* a guard, Macb. I. 7; IV. 1. A truncheon, R. II. 1. 3.
 •Ware, beware, L's L's L. v. 2; Tr. and Cr. v. 7.
 Ware, *adj.* aware, As You Like It, II. 4; R. and J. I. 1.
 War-man, *sb.* warrior, L's L's L. v. 2.
 War-marked, *adj.* bearing the marks of war, An. and Cl. III. 7.
 Warn, *v.t.* to summon, John, II. 1; R. and J. v. 3. God warn us = God forbid, As You Like It, IV. 1.
 Warp, *v.t.* to change, turn, distort, As You Like It, II. 7; All's Well, v. 3.
 Warrant, *v.t.* to guarantee, attest, Much Ado, IV. 1; Cor. II. 1. To secure, M. for M. IV. 2; Com. of E. IV. 4. Lord warrant us! = Lord protect us! As You Like It, III. 3.
 Warranted, *p.p.* upon a warranted need = upon an occasion which required a warrant or guarantee, M. for M. III. 2.
 Warrantise, *sb.* security, guarantee, 1 H. VI. I. 3.
 Warranty, *sb.* authorisation, warrant, permission, M. of V. I. 1; Ham. v. 1; Oth. v. 2.
 Warrenner, *sb.* the keeper of a warren, a game-keeper, Merry Wives, I. 4.
 Wash, *sb.* used of the sea, Ham. III. 2.
 Washford, Wexford, 1 H. VI. IV. 7.
 Waspish-headed, *adj.* irritable, petulant, Temp. IV. 1.
 Wassail, *sb.* a drinking bout, carousing, L's L's L. v. 2; Macb. I. 7.
 Waste, *sb.* In the way of waste = for the purpose of ruining us, Merry Wives, IV. 2.
 Wat, a familiar word for a hare, Ven. and A. 697.
 Watch, *sb.* want of sleep, wakefulness, Ham. II. 2. A watch candle which marked the hours, R. III. v. 3. A stated interval of time, R. II. v. 5. *v.t.* to keep from sleeping, and so to tame, Tam. of S. IV. 1; Tr. and Cr. III. 2; Oth. III. 3. *v.t.* to keep awake, sit up, R. II. II. 1.
 Watch-case, *sb.* a sentry-box, 2 H. IV. III. 1.
 Watching, *sb.* waking, Macb. v. 1.
 Water-gall, *sb.* a secondary rainbow, Lucr. 1588.
 Waterside, *adj.* well-watered, Lear, I. 1. Watery, Oth. III. 3.
 Water-rugs, *sb.* rough water-dogs, Macb. III. 1.
 Waters, *sb.* For all waters = ready for anything, Tw. N. IV. 2. The origin of the expression is not certain.
 Water-work, *sb.* painting in water colour, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
 Watery, *adj.* watering, as with eager desire, Tr. and Cr. III. 2.
 Wave, *v.t.* to beckon, Ham. I. 4. *v.i.* to waver, Cor. II. 2.

Wawl, *v.i.* to cry as an infant, Lear, IV. 6.
 Wax, *sb.* a man of wax is a man as perfect as if he had been modelled in wax, R. and J. I. 3. In 'a wide sea of wax,' Tim. of A. I. 1, there is a reference to writing tablets covered with wax.
 Wax, *v.t.* to grow, Cor. II. 2; Ham. I. 3.
 Waxen, grow. Waxen in their mirth = grow merrier and merrier, M. N's Dr. II. 1. *adj.* soft as wax, penetrable, R. II. 1. 3. Perishable, easily effaced, H. V. I. 2.
 Way, *sb.* course of life or conduct, practice v. 3. H. VIII. I. 3; 211. thinking, H. VIII. v. 1.
 ways, in the phrase 'come ye along, As You Like It, I. 2; 1.
 Weaken, *v.t.* to grow weak, Lear.
 Weal, *sb.* welfare, happiness, Lear, I; Ham. III. 3. Commonwealt
 Macb. III. 4; v. 2; Lear, I. 4.
 Wealsmen, *sb.* commonwealth's men, Cor. II. 1.
 Wealth, *sb.* welfare, prosperity, M. of Ham. IV. 4.
 Weaponed, *adj.* armed with a weapon, Ot.
 Wear, *sb.* fashion, M. for M. III. 2; As You It, II. 7; All's Well, I. 1; Wint. T. IV. 4. to be worn, be in fashion, All's Well, I. 1. wear out, 1 H. IV. II. 4; Ven. and A. 506 grow fitted by use like a garment, Tw. I. 4. *v.t.* to fatigue, exhaust, As You Like It 4; All's Well, v. 1.
 Weather, *sb.* Keeps the weather = keeps on the windward side, has the advantage, Tr. and Cr. v. 3.
 Weather-bitten, *adj.* corroded by the weather Wint. T. v. 2.
 Weather-fend, *v.t.* to protect from the weather, Temp. v. 1.
 Web and pin, *sb.* the disease of the eyes now called cataract, Lear, III. 4.
 Wee, *adj.* very small, tiny, Merry Wives, I. 4.
 Weed, *sb.* a garment, M. N's Dr. II. 1; Cor. II. 3.
 Weeding, *sb.* weeds, L's L's L. I. 1.
 Week, *sb.* To be in by the week, is a phrase for being a close prisoner v. 2.
 Ween, *v.i.* to suppose, imagine H. VIII. v. 1.
 Weeping-ripe, *adj.* ready v. 2; 3 H. VI. I. 4.
 Weepings, *sb.* lamentation
 Weet, *v.t.* to know, As You Like It, I. 1.
 Weigh out = outweigh
 Weird, *adj.* fatal, 1 H. VI. v. 1. Sisters are the Fates
 Welkin, *sb.* the sky
 Used adjectively, 1 H. VI. v. 1.
 Well, *sb.* a spring
 Pilgr. 281.
 Well-a-day, *int.* alas! N. IV. 2. Used substantively
 Well-a-near, *int.* alas! prolat.
 Well-breathed, *adj.* well exercising, Ven. and A. 678.
 Well-favoured, *adj.* good-looking, Two G. II. 1; Much Ado, III. 3.
 Well-foughten, *adj.* well fought. H. V. IV. 6.
 Well desired, *adj.* much sought after, in great request, Oth. II. 1.

- Verbal, *adj.* playing with words, *Cym.* II. 3.
 Verge, *sb.* compass, *R. II.* II. 1; *R. III.* IV. 1.
 Verified, perhaps blunder for 'certified,' *Much Ado*, v. 1.
 Veronesa, a ship of Verona, *Oth.* II. 1.
 Versal, blunder for 'universal,' *R.* and *J.* II. 4.
 Verse, *vt.* versing love = writing love songs, *M. N's Dr.* II. 1.
 Very, *adj.* true, *Two G.* III. 2; *M. of V.* III. 2.
 Via! *int.* away with you, get forward; on 'Merry Wives,' II. 2; *M. of V.* II. 2.
 Viand, *sb.* food, victuals, *C. II.* I. 1.
 Vice, *sb.* the buffoon in the old morality plays, *Tw. N.* IV. 2; *R. III.* III. 1; *Ham.* III. 4. *vt.* to screw, *Wint.* T. 1. 2.
 Vicious, *adj.* blameable, wrong, *Oth.* III. 3; *Cym.* v. 5.
 Victual, *sb.* victuals, *Much Ado*, I. 1.
 Vic, *vt.* to stake at cards; hence, to challenge, contend with, *An.* and *Cl.* v. 2, *Tam.* of S. II. 1; *Per.* III. 1.
 Viewless, *adj.* invisible, *M.* for *M.* III. 1.
 Vigilant, blunder for 'vigilant,' *Much Ado*, III. 3.
 Villagery, *sb.* village population, peasantry, *M. N's Dr.* II. 1.
 Villain, *sb.* a bondman, serf, *As You Like It*, I. 1; *Lear*, III. 7. Used in familiar addresses, without any opprobrious sense, like 'rogue,' *Wint.* T. 1. 2, *Tw. N.* II. 5; *Tr.* and *Cr.* III. 2.
 Villain-like, *adv.* villainously, *Lear*, v. 3.
 Villanous, *adv.* villainously, *Temp.* IV. 1.
 Villany, *sb.* mischief, *Merry Wives*, II. 1; *Tam.* of S. IV. 1.
 Villiagio, *Ital.* *vigliaccio*, a base coward, 2 *H. VI.* IV. 8.
 Vincidative, *adj.* vindictive, *Tr.* and *Cr.* IV. 5.
 Vinewedst, *adj.* mouldiest, *Tr.* and *Cr.* II. 1.
 Viol, *sb.* a six-stringed guitar, *R. II.* I. 3.
 Viol-de-gamboys, *sb.* a bass-viol or violoncello, *Tw. N.* I. 3.
 Violent, *vt.* to act violently, rage, *Tr.* and *Cr.* IV. 4.
 Virgin, *vt.* to virgin it, is to play the virgin, remain a virgin, *Cor.* v. 3.
 Virginal, *adj.* maidenly, 2 *H. VI.* v. 2; *Cor.* v. 2.
 Virginalling, *pr. p.* playing with the fingers as upon the virginals, *Wint.* T. 1. 2.
 Virtue, *sb.* valour, courage, *Lear*, v. 3; *Cor.* I. 1.
 Essence, essential quality, *Temp.* I. 2; *M. N's Dr.* IV. 1; *Tim.* of A. III. 5.
 Virtuous, *adj.* efficacious, powerful, *Oth.* III. 4.
 Essential, *M. N's Dr.* III. 2; 2 *H. IV.* IV. 5.
 'Virtuous season' = benignant influence, *M.* for *M.* II. 2.
 Visited, *pr. p.* attacked by the plague, *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Visitings, *sb.* attacks, *Macb.* I. 5.
 Visor, *v.* a mask, *Much Ado*, II. 1; *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Vizaments, *sb.* adviseiments, in *Sir Hugh Evans's* language, *Merry Wives*, I. 1.
 Vizard, *sb.* a mask, *R. III.* II. 2; *Macb.* III. 2.
 Vizarded, *pr. p.* masked, disguised, *Merry Wives*, IV. 6; *Tr.* and *Cr.* I. 3.
 Vizard-like, *adv.* like a mask, 3 *H. VI.* I. 4.
 Voice, *sb.* vote, *R. III.* III. 2. *Cor.* II. 2. *vt.* to vote, nominate, *Cor.* II. 3. To proclaim, *Tim.* of A. IV. 3.
 Void, *vt.* to avoid, *Cor.* IV. 5. To quit, *H. V.* IV. 7. To emit, vomit, *M.* of V. I. 3; *H. V.* III. 5; *Tim.* of A. I. 2.
 Voiding lobby, *sb.* an ante-room into which the apartments of a mansion, as it were, emptied themselves, 2 *H. VI.* IV. 1.
 Volable, *adj.* quick-witted, *L's L's L.* III. 1.
 Volley, *vt.* to discharge, utter with violence, *An.* and *Cl.* II. 7; *Ven.* and *A.* 921.
 Volquessen, *Vexin*, *John*, II. 1.
 Voluntary, *sb.* a volunteer, *John*, II. 1, *Tr.* and *Cr.* II. 1.
 Votaress, *sb.* a female votary, *M. N's Dr.* II. 1; *Per.* IV. prol. 4.
 Votary, *sb.* a votary, *M.* for *M.* I. 4, *Oth.* IV. 2.
 Vouch, *sb.* testimony, guarantee, *M.* for *M.* II. 4; *Cor.* II. 3; *Oth.* II. 1. *vt.* to assert, solemnly affirm, warrant, *Temp.* II. 1; *Macb.* III. 4; *Oth.* I. 3.
 Vowed, *pr. p.* sworn, *M.* for *M.* v. 1, *L's L's L.* v. 2.
 Vow-fellow, *sb.* one bound by the same vow, *L's L's L.* II. 1.
 Voyage, *sb.* enterprise, *Merry Wives*, II. 1; *Tw. N.* III. 1.
 Vulgar, *adj.* common, ordinary, *Tw. N.* III. 1; *Ham.* I. 2; I. 3. Public, *An.* and *Cl.* III. 13; *Sonn.* CXX. Common to all, *John*, II. 1. 'The vulgar heart' = the heart of the people, 2 *H. VI.* I. 3. 'A vulgar station' = a standing-place in the crowd, *Cor.* II. 1. *sb.* the common people, *H. V.* IV. 7; *J. C.* I. 1. The common tongue, *As You Like It*, v. 1.
 Vulgarly, *adv.* publicly, *M.* for *M.* v. 1.
 WAFT, *vt.* to beckon, *M.* of V. v. 1; *Com.* of E. II. 2. To turn, *Wint.* T. 1. 2. To convey by water, *John*, II. 1; 2 *H. VI.* IV. 1.
 Waftage, *sb.* conveyance by water, *Com.* of E. IV. 1; *Tr.* and *Cr.* III. 2.
 Wafture, *sb.* the gesture of waving, *J. C.* II. 1.
 Wag, *vt.* and *vt.* to move, stir, *R. III.* III. 5. To move to and fro, *Ham.* III. 4; v. 1; *M.* of V. IV. 1. To go one's way, *Merry Wives*, I. 3; *Much Ado*, v. 1.
 Wage, *vt.* to stake, *Lear*, I. 1; *Cym.* I. 4. To venture, hazard, 1 *H. IV.* IV. 4; *Oth.* I. 3. To remunerate, *Cor.* v. 6. *vt.* to contend, *Lear*, II. 4. To be on an equality, *An.* and *Cl.* v. 1; *Per.* IV. 2.
 Wagging, *sb.* wagging, shaking, *Much Ado*, II. 1.
 Waggon, *sb.* chariot, *Wint.* T. IV. 4; *R.* and *J.* I. 4.
 Waggoner, *sb.* charioteer, *R.* and *J.* I. 4; III. 2.
 Waulful, *a ly.* doleful, *Two G.* III. 2.
 Wauropes, *sb.* waggon-ropes, *Tw. N.* III. 2.
 Waist, *sb.* the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and fore-castle, *Temp.* I. 2.
 Wake, *sb.* waking, 1 *H. IV.* III. 1; *Lear*, I. 2; III. 2. *vt.* to keep late revels, *Ham.* I. 4; *Sonn.* LXXI.
 Wakes, *sb.* feasts, late revels, *L's L's L.* v. 2; *Wint.* T. IV. 3; *Lear*, III. 6.
 Wallet, *sb.* a bag, sack, *Temp.* III. 3; *Tr.* and *Cr.* III. 3.
 Wall-eyed, *adj.* fierce-eyed, properly used of eyes in which the iris is white or wanting in colour, *John*, IV. 3.
 Wall-newt, *sb.* a lizard, *Lear*, III. 4.
 Wan, *vt.* to turn pale, *Ham.* II. 2.
 Wanon, *sb.* With a wanon = with a vengeance, *Per.* II. 1.
 Wanting, *pr. p.* deficient in, unskilled in, *R. II.* III. 3.

Well-famed, *adj.* famous, Tr. and Cr. iv. 5.
 Well-found, *adj.* fortunately met with, Cor. ii. 2.
 Well-furnished, skulled, All's Well, ii. 1.
 Well-graced, *adj.* graceful, R. II. v. 2.
 Well-learned, *adj.* well-instructed, versed in learning, R. III. iii. 5.
 Well liking, *adj.* in good condition, plump, L's L's L. v. 2.
 Well seen, *adj.* well skilled, Tam. of S. i. 2.
 Well-took, *adj.* well taken, Ham. ii. 2.
 Well-took, *sb.* a leading bill, with a curved blade and long handle, 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Wend, *v.i.* to go, Com. of E. i. 1; M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
 Westward ho! a cry of the watermen on the Thames, Tw. N. iii. 1.
 Whet, *sb.* the windpipe, Temp. iii. 2.
 What he for a fool? = what manner of fool is he, Much Ado, i. 3.
 Whet, *sb.* either the burden or refrain of a song, the spinning-wheel to which it might be sung, Am. iv. 5. *v.i.* to fetch a compass, go round, Cor. i. 6. To roam, Tr. and Cr. v. 7.
 Wheeling, *adj.* roaming, Oth. i. 1.
 Wheels, to go on wheels = to go smoothly round, An. and Cl. ii. 7. To set on wheels = to cause smoothly, Two G. iii. 1. In each instance pun intended.
 Whet, *v.i.* to hit, 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Whet, *sb.* a pimple, pustule, wheal, H. V. iii. 6.
 Whet, *adj.* covered with wheels or knobs, 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Whet, *v.i.* to overwhelm, Merry Wives, ii. 2.
 Whet, *v.i.* an exclamation of impatience, Temp. i. ii. 1.
 Whet, *adv.* when, Ven. and A. 999; Sonn. XLIX; Pass. Pilgr. 299. Since, Tit. And. iv. 4.
 When? can you tell? an expression of contempt, Com. of E. iii. 1; 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Where, used substantively, Lear, i. 1. *adv.* whereas, M. of V. iv. 1; 1 H. VI. v. 3; Cor. i. 1.
 Whereagainst, *adv.* against which, Cor. iv. 5.
 Whereas, *adv.* where, 2 H. VI. i. 2.
 Wherein, *adv.* in what dress, As You Like It, i. ii. 2.
 Whiffer, *sb.* one who went in front of a procession to clear the way. He was so called from the wiffle or staff with which he was armed, which was originally a kind of axe. The whiffers in Norwich carried a sword of lath or latten, H. V. v. chor.
 While, *conj.* till, Macb. iii. 1.
 While as, *conj.* while, 2 H. VI. i. 1.
 While-ere, *adv.* a short time before, Temp. iii. 2.
 Whiles, *conj.* while, Temp. ii. 1; As You Like It, iv. 3. Till, Tw. N. iv. 3.
 Whipping-cheer, *sb.* the entertainment of the lash, 2 H. IV. v. 4.
 Whipster, *sb.* a schoolboy still liable to be whipped, Oth. v. 2.
 Whipstock, *sb.* the handle of a whip, Tw. N. iii. 3; Per. ii. 2.
 Whir, *v.i.* to hurry away, Per. iv. 1.
 Whist, hushed, still, Temp. i. 2.
 Whit, *sb.* No whit = no jot, not at all, R. II. ii. 1; J. C. ii. 1. Not a whit, Ham. v. 2. Ne'er a whit, Tam. of S. i. 1.
 White, *sb.* the bull's eye of a target, Tam. of S. v. 2.
 White-livered, *adj.* cowardly, faint-hearted, H. V. iii. 2; R. III. iv. 4.

Whitely, *adj.* pale-faced; the old reading in L's L's L. iii. 1.
 Whither, *adv.* whithersoever, 1 H. IV. v. 3.
 Whiting-time, *sb.* bleaching-time, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Whitster, *sb.* a bleacher, Merry Wives, iii. 3.
 Whittle, *sb.* a common clasp-knife, Tim. of A. v. 1.
 Who, *pron.* he who, Two G. v. 4; Oth. iii. 3.
 Whoever, Wint. T. v. 1; J. C. i. 3; Ham. iv. 5.
 Whole, *adj.* sound, Macb. iii. 4. Restored to health, 2 H. IV. iv. 1; J. C. ii. 1.
 Wholesome, *adj.* sound, healthy, Ham. i. 5; iii. 4.
 Whoo-bub, *sb.* hubbub, outcry, Wint. T. iv. 4.
 Whoreson, *sb.* bastard, Lear, i. 1. Used with coarse familiarity as a substantive, R. and J. iv. 4; H. VIII. i. 3; and as an adjective, Temp. i. 1; 2 H. IV. i. 2.
 Why. For why = because, Two G. iii. 1; R. II. v. 1.
 Wicked, *adj.* baneful, mischievous, Temp. i. 2.
 Wide, *adv.* wide of the mark, far from the purpose, remote from, Much Ado, iv. 1; Tr. and Cr. iii. 1; Merry Wives, iii. 1.
 Widow, *v.t.* to dower, M. for M. v. 1. To be widow to, An. and Cl. i. 2.
 Widowhood, *sb.* rights as widow, Tam. of S. ii. 1.
 Wight, *sb.* a person, being, Tr. and Cr. iv. 2; Oth. ii. 3.
 Wightly, *adj.* nimble, L's L's L. iii. 1. The old reading is 'whitely,' and is perhaps right, though it introduces an inconsistency.
 Wild, *adj.* rash, heedless, Wint. T. ii. 1; iv. 4; Cor. iv. 1. *sb.* weald, 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Wilderness, *sb.* wildness, M. for M. iii. 1.
 Wildly, *adv.* disorderly, in confusion, John, iv. 2.
 Wild-mare, *sb.* to ride the wild-mare is to play at see-saw, 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
 Wilful-blame, *adj.* deliberately incurring blame, 1 H. IV. iii. 1.
 Wilful-opposite, *adj.* wilfully obstinate, capriciously hostile, John, v. 2.
 Wimpled, *adj.* blindfolded, L's L's L. iii. 1. A wimple was a wrapper for the neck.
 Winchester goose, *sb.* A cant name for a venereal swelling in the groin, the stews in Southwark being in the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, 1 H. VI. i. 3.
 Wincot, Wilmeote, near Stratford-on-Avon, Tam. of S. ind. 2. Called Wincot in 2 H. IV. v. 1.
 Wind, *sb.* To have the wind of = to keep to windward of, be in a position of advantage, Tit. And. iv. 2. *v.t.* to scent, Tit. And. iv. 1. To make to turn or wheel, 1 H. IV. iv. 1. To enshrine, enfold, M. N's Dr. iv. 1. *v.t.* to wheel, J. C. iv. 1. To gain one's confidence surreptitiously, Lear, i. 2. *v.t.* to insinuate oneself, Cor. iii. 3.
 Windgalls, *sb.* swellings near the fetlocks of a horse, Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Windlasses, *sb.* circuitous courses, roundabout ways, Ham. ii. 1.
 Window-bars, *sb.* lattice-work embroidery worn by women across the bosom, Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Windowed, *pp.* placed in a window, An. and Cl. iv. 14. Full of holes, Lear, iii. 4.
 Windring, *adj.* winding, Temp. iv. 1.
 Wind-shaked, *adj.* tossed by the wind, Oth. ii. 1.
 Wind-swift, *adj.* swift as the wind, R. and J. ii. 5.

- Windy, *adj.* To keep on the windy side is to be in a position of advantage. The figure is taken from seamanship, and is equivalent to keep to windward of, have the weather-gage of, Much Ado, II. 1; Tw. N. III. 4.
- Wink, *sb.* the closing of the eyes, Temp. II. 1; Wint. T. I. 2. *v.t.* to close the eyes, Temp. II. 1; Ven. and A. 90.
- Winking, *adj.* closed, John, II. 1. Blind, with closed eyes, Cym. II. 4. *sb.* 'given my heart a winking' = closed the eyes of my heart, Ham. II. 2.
- Winter-ground, *v.t.* to protect a plant from frost, Cym. IV. 2.
- Wipe, *sb.* a mark of infamy, a brand, Lucr. 537.
- Wise, *sb.* manner, fashion, Pass. Pilgr. 277.
- Wiseness, *sb.* wisdom, Ham. V. 1.
- Wish, *v.t.* to commend, Tam. of S. I. 1. 1. 2. To desire, M. for M. V. 1; L's L's L. V. 2.
- Wishful, *adj.* longing, 3 H. VI. III. 1.
- Wisp, *sb.* A wisp of straw was the badge of a scold, 3 H. VI. II. 2.
- Wist, knew, 1 H. VI. IV. 1.
- Wistly, *adv.* wistfully, Lucr. 1355; R. II. V. 4.
- Wit, *sb.* mental faculty, sense, Much Ado, I. 1; Tw. N. IV. 2. Intelligence, wisdom, Two G. I. 1; Merry Wives, V. 5. Lucr. 153. *v.t.* to know, Per. IV. 4. To wit = namely, that is to say, M. of V. II. 9; H. V. I. 2.
- Witch, *sb.* used of a man, Com. of E. IV. 4; An. and Cl. I. 2; Cym. I. 6.
- Wit-cracker, *sb.* a jester, Much Ado, V. 4.
- With, *prep.* after passive participles = by, Temp. II. 2; Much Ado, II. 1; Wint. T. V. 2. He is not with himself = he is beside himself, Tit. And. I. 1.
- Withers, *sb.* the juncture of the shoulder bones of a horse at the bottom of the neck, Ham. III. 2; 1 H. IV. II. 1.
- Withold, a corruption of Vitals, Lear, III. 4.
- Without, *prep.* beyond, M. N's Dr. IV. 1; Temp. V. 1.
- Without-door, *adj.* external, Wint. T. II. 1.
- Witness, *sb.* testimony, evidence, Merry Wives, IV. 2; Ham. I. 2.
- Wit-snapper, *sb.* a picker up of wit, M. of V. III. 5.
- Wittily, *adv.* ingeniously, Ven. and A. 471.
- Witting, *pr.p.* knowing, 1 H. VI. II. 5.
- Wittingly, *adv.* knowingly, intentionally, 3 H. VI. II. 2; Ham. V. 1.
- Wittol, *sb.* a contented cuckold, who is aware of his wife's unfaithfulness, Merry Wives, II. 2.
- Wittolly, *adj.* cuckoldly, Merry Wives, II. 2.
- Witty, *adj.* cunning, Much Ado, IV. 2; R. III. IV. 2. Intelligent, 3 H. VI. I. 2.
- Wive, *v.t.* and *v.t.* to marry, M. of V. I. 2; Tw. N. V. 1.
- Woe, *sb.* used adjectively, woeful, sorry, Temp. V. 1; 2 H. VI. III. 2; An. and Cl. IV. 14; Sonn. LXXI.
- Wolvish ravening, *adj.* devouring greedily like a wolf, R. and J. III. 2.
- Woman, *v.t.* 'Can woman me' = can make me show my woman's feelings, All's Well, III. 2.
- Woman-queller, *sb.* a woman-slayer, 2 H. IV. II. 1.
- Woman-tired, *adj.* henpecked, Wint. T. II. 3.
- Womb, *v.t.* to enclose, Wint. T. IV. 4.
- Womby, *adj.* hollow, H. V. II. 4.
- Wonder, *v.t.* to wonder at, Lucr. 1596.
- Wondered, *pr.p.* able to perform wonders, Temp. IV. 1.
- Wonder of = wonder at, M. N's Dr. IV. 1.
- Wonder-wounded, *adj.* struck with astonishment, Ham. V. 1.
- Wood, *adj.* mad, M. N's Dr. II. 1; 1 H. VI. IV. 7; Ven. and A. 740.
- Woodbine, *sb.* the budweed or convolvulus, M. N's Dr. II. 1; IV. 1.
- Woodland, *sb.* forest land; used adjectively, All's Well, IV. 5.
- Woodman, *sb.* a forester, huntsman, Merry Wives, V. 5; Cym. III. 6. Used in a wanton sense, M. for M. IV. 3.
- Woodmonger, *sb.* a dealer in wood, H. V. I. 1.
- Woollen, *sb.* To lie in the woollen (Much Ado, II. 1) is generally explained to lie in the blankets without sheets. But it may mean to be buried in flannel, a practice enforced by law in Shakespeare's time. *adj.* coarsely dressed, Cor. III. 2.
- Woolward, *adj.* To go woolward = to wear woollen only, without linen, a form of penance, L's L's I. V. 2.
- Woo't = wilt thou, 2 H. IV. II. 1; Ham. V. 1.
- Word, *sb.* a watchword, Ham. I. 5; Lear, IV. 6. A motto, Per. II. 2. 'With a word' or 'at a word' = in short, in truth, Merry Wives, I. 1; 1 H. IV. II. 2. 'I am at a word' = I am as good as my word, Merry Wives, I. 3. See 2 H. IV. III. 2. *v.t.* to describe, Cym. I. 4. To ply or put off with words, An. and Cl. V. 2. To repeat in words, Cym. IV. 2.
- Work, *sb.* a fortification, H. VIII. V. 4; Oth. III. 2.
- Working, *sb.* an operation of the mind, Ham. II. 2; 2 H. IV. IV. 2. Action, 2 H. IV. V. 2.
- Worky-day, *adj.* work-day, common, An. and Cl. I. 2.
- World, *sb.* to go to the world = to be married, Much Ado, II. 1; All's Well, I. 3. A woman of the world = a married woman, As You Like It, V. 3.
- Worm, *sb.* a serpent, M. for M. III. 1; Macb. III. 4. Used as an expression of pity or contempt, like creature, Temp. III. 1; Merry Wives, V. 5.
- Worser, *adj.* and *adv.* worse, Temp. IV. 1; Ham. III. 4; Oth. I. 1; IV. 1.
- Worship, *sb.* honour, dignity, Wint. T. I. 2; John, IV. 3; R. III. I. 1. *v.t.* to honour, H. V. I. 2; 1 H. VI. IV. 2.
- Worth, *sb.* wealth, Tw. N. III. 3; Lear, IV. 4; Oth. I. 2. His worth of contradiction = his full quota or proportion, Cor. III. 3.
- Worthy, *v.t.* to gain reputation for, make a hero of, Lear, II. 2.
- Wot = know, L's L's I. 1; H. V. IV. 1.
- Wotting, *pr.p.* knowing, Wint. T. III. 2.
- Would = wouldst, Merry Wives, II. 2; H. V. V. 2.
- Wound, *pr.p.* twined, twisted about, Temp. II. 2.
- Woundless, *adj.* invulnerable, Ham. IV. 1.
- Wrangler, *sb.* an opponent, adversary, H. V. I. 2; Tr. and Cr. II. 1.
- Wrath, *adj.* wrath, angry, M. N's Dr. II. 1.
- Wrath-kindled, *adj.* inflamed by anger, R. II. I. 1.
- Wreak, *sb.* revenge, Cor. IV. 5; Tit. And. IV. 3; IV. 4. *v.t.* to revenge, R. and J. III. 5; Tit. And. IV. 3.

Wreakful, *adj.* revengeful, Tit. And. v. 2; Tim. of A. iv. 3.
 Wreath, *v.t.* to twine, fold, Two G. ii. 1.
 Wreathed, *p.p.* twined, folded, As You Like It, iv. 3; Ven. and A. 879; Tit. And. ii. 3.
 Wreckful, *adj.* destructive, Sonn. Lxv.
 Wrest, *sb.* a tuning-key, Tr. and Cr. iii. 3.
 Wretch, *sb.* used as a term of endearment, R. and J. i. 3; Oth. iii. 3; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Wretched, *adj.* hateful, vile, R. III. v. 2, Lucr. 999.
 Wring, *v.t.* to writhe, Much Ado, v. 1; Cym. iii. 6.
 Wringing, *sb.* torture, H. V. iv. 1.
 Wrinkle, *v.t.* to make wrinkled, Tr. and Cr. ii. 2.
 Writ, *sb.* Scripture, All's Well, ii. 1; 2 H. VI. i. 3; R. III. i. 3. A written document, Ham. v. 2; Tit. And. ii. 3. 'For the law of writ and the liberty' may mean for observing the parts set down for them, and for freedom of improvising, Ham. ii. 2. Or it may refer to the two forms of dramatic composition as represented by Seneca and Plautus respectively.
 Write, *v.t.* to describe oneself, claim to be, All's Well, ii. 3; 2 H. IV. i. 2; Lear, v. 3. 'Writ as little beard' = claimed or professed to have as little beard, All's Well, ii. 3.
 Writhled, *adj.* shrivelled, wrinkled, 1 H. VI. ii. 3.
 Wrong, *sb.* 'You have done yourself some wrong' = you have not done yourself justice; an ironical way of saying you have uttered a falsehood, Temp. i. 2.
 Wrath, *sb.* wrath, so spelt for the rhyme, M. of V. ii. 9. So 'wrath' for 'wroth,' M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
 Wry, *v.t.* to swerve, Cym. v. 1.
 YARE, *adj.* ready, active, quick, Temp. v. 1; M. for M. iv. 2; Tw. N. iii. 4, An. and Cl. iii. 7. As an adverb, Temp. i. 1; An. and Cl. v. 2.
 Yarely, *adv.* briskly, deftly, Temp. i. 1; An. and Cl. ii. 2.

Yaw, *v.t.* to move unsteadily, as a ship which does not answer her helm, Ham. v. 2. An intentionally obscure passage.
 Yclad, *p.p.* clad, 2 H. VI. i. 1.
 Ycleped, or Ycliped, *p.p.* called, L's L's L. i. 1 v. 2.
 Yeard, diminutive of Edward, Merry Wives, i. 1.
 Yearn, *v.t.* and *v.t.* to grieve, Merry Wives, iii. 5, R. II. v. 5; H. V. ii. 3; J. C. ii. 2.
 Yeward, Edward, 1 H. IV. i. 2.
 Yellowness, *sb.* jealousy, Merry Wives, i. 3.
 Yellows, *sb.* the jaundice in horses, Tam. of S. iii. 2.
 Yeoman, *sb.* the attendant upon a sheriff's officer, 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
 Yerk, *v.t.* to jerk, kick, H. V. iv. 7. To strike with a quick motion, Oth. i. 2.
 Yest, *sb.* foam, Wint. T. iii. 3.
 Yesty, *adj.* foamy, frothy, Macb. iv. 1; Ham. v. 2.
 Yield, *v.t.* to reward, requite, An. and Cl. iv. 2.
 Yoke-fellow, *sb.* companion, H. V. ii. 3; iv. 6; Lear, iii. 6.
 Yond, *adv.* yonder, Temp. i. 2; R. II. iii. 3.
 Yore, *sb.* Of yore = of old time, Sonn. LXVIII.
 Young, *adj.* early, R. and J. i. 1. Recent, H. VIII. iii. 2.
 Youngling, *sb.* a youngster, strpling, Tit. And. ii. 1. iv. 2.
 Youngly, *adv.* early in life, Cor. ii. 3; Sonn. xi.
 Youngster, *sb.* a youngster, novice, 1 H. IV. iii. 3. 3 H. VI. ii. 1.
 Y-ravish, *v.t.* to ravish, Per. iii. prol.
 Yslaked, *p.p.* sunk to repose, Per. iii. prol.
 ZANY, *sb.* a buffoon, who awkwardly imitated the real fool, L's L's L. v. 2; Tw. N. i. 5. Zanni is John in the dialect of Bergamo.

ADDENDA.

By-peep, *v.t.* to peep slyly, leer, Cym. i. 6.
 Fats, *sb.* vats, An. and Cl. ii. 7.
 Oblivious, *adj.* crusing forgetfulness, Macb. v. 3.

THE END

